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"THE OLD SHEKARRY."

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THE

# FOREST AND THE FIELD.

BY


## H. A. L.

THE "OLD SHEKARRY."

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE OLD WORLD," "THE CAMP FIRE," &c.


"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

LONGFELLOW.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.


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ac.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS, OTLEY AND CO.,
66, BROOK STREET, W.

1867.



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Nassau Steam Press—W. S. Johnson, 60, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

# PREFACE.

From the earliest ages "the glories of the chase" have been blended with "the triumphs of war," for there is much in common between the life of a hunter and the career of a soldier. Both lead a predatory existence, which, although inseparable from fatigue, privation, hardship, and danger, is full of fascinating excitement, and possesses irresistible charms that amply compensate for the loss of the more refined pleasures and luxuries of civilised life. Never yet did a Soldier worth his salt in the Field, or the Hunter versed in the lore of the Forest, sigh for the prosy vegetation of the days of peace and pipeclay, or yearn for the artificial existence of the dwellers of cities. Men accustomed to be face to face with danger, never know-

ing what an hour may bring forth, soon become weary of the unnatural restraints and dull routine of every-day life; and the voices of the wild woods, the whimper of the hound, the neighing of the war-horse, or the rolling of the drum, awaken old recollections, and bring back "*the past*," when *events*, not *years*, marked their journey along the road of life.

Some of my ancestors must have belonged to a migratory tribe, for the nomadic propensity was innate in me; and bred up a soldier and a hunter, since my boyhood I have been a wanderer over the face of the earth, leading—what some of my friends term—a vagabond life, which I do not feel inclined to change, even now that the future looks small in comparison with the past.

My own experience leads me to believe in the quaint sayings of the descendants of Ishmael: "Mortal, if thou wouldst be happy, change thy home often, for the sweetness of life is variety, and

the morrow is not mine or thine. You will find without trouble a friend to take the place of him whom you leave; so travel, for water which remains still, turns stagnant—it flows over a bed of sand and becomes pure."

Although, during my wanderings, I have trodden lands where the white man was unknown, climbed heights on which neither the foot of man nor beast had ever before rested, and traversed forests that had hitherto only been penetrated by wild animals, I make no pretensions to the title of "*a scientific explorer*," as all my trips were either made in the pursuit of game, or for the purpose of contemplating Nature in its wildest forms. I ever loved the intense solitude of the boundless, primeval, virgin forest; and the sublime grandeur of the highest altitudes—where the eternal silence is only broken by the roar of avalanches, the crackings of glaciers, or the war of elements—to me presented irresistible attractions.

There is a strange fascination in traversing unknown regions, that ever lures the traveller onward, and the trials, difficulties, and perils he may encounter, *en route*, are to him only like so many rough stepping-stones, which enable him to pass over a turbulent stream.

In the following pages, some of which have previously appeared in "Baily's Magazine," I have endeavoured to record my impressions of some of the grandest scenery on the earth, as well as the dreary swamps of the West Coast of Equatorial Africa. I have painted the Negro as I found him in his natural state, and have shown the absurdity of placing "*the ignorant savage*" upon an equality with "*the civilised man*," which appears to be the object of a certain influential party in England, whose philanthropic feelings have been worked upon by false representations, and who, perhaps unconsciously, are doing their country an injury which they can never repair. Although I am

aware of the difficulty of correcting errors of long standing—as my views on this subject are corroborated by the authority of Captain Burton, Mr. Winwood Reade, and almost all the Officials on the Coast—I have entered fully into the evil; and should this work stimulate further inquiry, I shall consider that my labour has not been in vain.

If "the school" to which I allude would exert their philanthropy and power over the Government in a right direction, they could do much good; and our statesmen, instead of uselessly wasting treasure and lives in the dismal swamps of West Africa, would turn their attention to Abyssinia, and take peremptory measures to ensure the release of the representative of Her Majesty, Captain Cameron, from his chains, and use their efforts to restore the lost *prestige* of the British name in those regions. Were the "Powers that be" to give any encouragement, voluntcers are not wanting who would gladly undertake every risk to

deliver a brother countryman from undeserved captivity—which the author does not believe to be a very difficult task.

> "The wise and active conquer difficulties
> By *daring to attempt them.* Sloth and folly
> Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
> And make the impossibility they fear."

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# THE FOREST AND THE FIELD.

## CHAPTER I.

### MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.

"And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace
So swift, it seemed a flight, and not a race."

ILIAD.

The ravages of time.—Indian sportsmen.—The rose-coloured note and its consequences.—"The Land of the East."—"Moonlight."—My first steeple-chases.—Preliminaries.—The start. The race and the result.

THERE is not a more jolly station between the Himalaya and Cape Comorin than Secundrabad, or rather there was not in my day, for the episode I am about to relate occurred more than twenty years ago, and since then the country has undergone great changes for the worse. *Tempora mutantur*, I have only to look at my own dilapidated hulk to mark the ravages that time and the chances of war have effected, and I am painfully

made aware that it would require a great stretch of the imagination to idealise the fact that the writer of these pages once rode seven stone eight, and is the same slim curly-headed youngster who, in those days, glamoured the heart of many a bearded veteran when he trod the Thespic boards, arrayed in the *corsage et jupons* that once belonged to a fascinating and piquante little *partie* who shall be nameless. Heigh ho!—

> "Fair woman was made to *bewitch*,
> A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
> A slave or a tyrant, a blessing, a curse,
> Fair woman was made to be *which?*"

But to my story. Never were a merrier set of fellows assembled than met at the Hydrabad Club to settle the preliminaries of Sky races, and discuss the prospect of the Deckan hunt, then one of the most celebrated meets in India.

Tiffin was over, and had been voted a complete success—how could it have been otherwise? for was not the roast ruled by the mighty Tatiah, aided by the inspirations of the greatest gastronome of his day, Riddell, of the Nizam's service, the

benefactor of the whole Anglo-Indian race, for his famous work upon cookery in tropical climates? Rarely had such a gathering taken place, for crack sportsmen and hard riders had come together from all parts of India to attend the meet. First and foremost was Captain Garrow, of world-wide reputation as an elephant shot, and one of the best flat-race riders in the presidency of "the Benighted;" then came Fane and Johnstone, the champions of the "Qui hy" division and their followings, with Gordon, Anstruther, and a fair sprinkling of "Ducks" from the far West. Then there was Malcolm, the Assistant Resident, Eric Sutherland, Davidson, Orr, and a host of "the Nizam's Irregulars," Nolan, who afterwards fell at Balaclava, and some of the hardest riders of Lovel's hussars from Bangalore, Otter, Shortt, Chetewode, Glassbrooke, Madigan, and a host of "The King's Own," Bul-bul, Wylde, and a few other choice spirits from the Nagpore, Nebudda, and Sanger districts, and every mother's son in the Hydrabad Subsidiary Force who laid any claim to be considered "a sportsman," and their name was legion.

All had been satisfactorily arranged, donations had tumbled in, and subscriptions had swelled the coffers of the treasurer; even the ladies (bless them!) had not been behindhand, for they contributed a cup and a purse, and there was every prospect of a jolly gathering and plenty of sport. The meeting having broken up, many of the party sat down to cards—bragg, loo, and vingt-et-un being the order of the day. Others amused themselves with looking on, and studying the game of a celebrated whist quartette, in which William Palmer, the banker, and Colonel Buxey Bird (said to be the two best players in India) were engaged. The billiard room, where "chick"* pool was going on, formed another attraction, and there was a good deal of outside betting upon the result of each stroke. Gambling was not my forte, and there were too many "knowing ones" about to make the game salubrious for a beginner, so I contented myself with watching their moves, cogitating upon the state of things in general, with a manilla in my mouth, and a glass of sherry and

* A chick, or pagoda, is about seven shillings.

soda handy, when a peon entered, and to my surprise handed me a suspicious-looking little billet on highly-scented rose-coloured paper, with the address evidently in a lady's handwriting. Three chums looked queerly at me whilst I tried to decipher the motto on the seal, and an uncouth animal, a red-headed Scotch doctor, making a peculiarly significant motion, drew up the end of his neckcloth so as to bring the knot under his left ear, exclaimed, "Noosed! by the piper that played before Moses." A roar of laughter followed this remark, and I felt that every eye was upon me.

Receiving a love-letter is undoubtedly a sensation, and not an unpleasant one when the writer is young and pretty; but I fancy a fellow always feels awkward and nervous when his little game is found out, and I have seen the wildest dare-devil in the field, whose nerves no danger could shake, blush like a great school-girl whilst disclosing in confidence to his bachelor chums that he "had put his foot in it," and was about to be married. Gentle reader, imagine my feelings under the circumstances! When the roar had somewhat sub-

sided, I opened the letter, and a glance at the contents showing me that my correspondent was of the male genus, I determined to have a bit of fun, and pretended to walk off in order to read the suspicious document on the quiet. This movement had the desired effect, and immediately I had half-a-dozen volunteers in case I might require a private secretary. "Hould him up while he blushes," cried one. "Sure, I'll bet five gould mohrs he's not game to show us his letter," roared the medico, as he prepared to bar my passage to the door. "Done with you, Sawbones," I exclaimed. "There's the letter, now down with your dust." "Read it out, Pills; read it out," was now the cry, and when the row had somewhat subsided, the following document was made public:

"DEAR HAL,

"Clara has made me promise not to ride 'Moonlight' in the Moul Allee steeple-chase; and as I gave the Soucar Bunseedar a long figure for the horse on purpose for this race, and have invested no little coin upon him, I am quite at a

nonplus. Will you ride for me? The nag is in good condition, and, if he is not in one of his tempers, may do the trick. 'The Nina,' who is looking over my shoulder, says she will bet any amount of gloves upon you.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED."

After the letter had been read, I chaffed the doctor to no small extent, for he looked unhappy at the price he had to pay for the gratification of his curiosity, and then wrote to have the horse transferred to my stable, as I wished to train him myself.

After dinner we sat out in the open, and songs were the order of the evening. One of "the Ducks" gave us "The Land of the West" in very fair style, and as my stock of chaunts was rather limited, I extemporised the following:

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

AIR—*Bonnie Dundee.*

Oh! the Land of the East is the land I love best,
It has charms far beyond any clime of the West;
For the heavens there shine with an ever-bright blue,
And none of the girls catch a tint of the hue,

*Chorus.*—I kiss girls in the East, and drink wine in the West,
Until I'm not sure which game I like best.
They may say I'm a rake, but fill up my can,
For wine and fair women were both made for man.

In the Land of the East the maidens are kind,
My heart, if I have one, is there left behind;
But with which, or with whom, I'm sure I can't tell,
For I've bask'd in the charms of many a belle,
*Chorus*—I kiss girls, &c.

Mahomet the prophet—tho' no patron of mine,
Because he forbade us the use of good wine—
Allowed us four wives: Pray don't say he's a beast,
The law still holds good in the land of the East.
*Chorus*—I kiss girls, &c.

Now I, child of earth, don't see any harm
To drink deeply of wine with a girl on each arm,
For I'm fond of the sex, and enjoy a carouse,
And old wine and young women are good for the blues.
*Chorus*—I kiss girls, &c.

We had a very jolly evening; many a good song was sung, and many a witty yarn told; and it was not until the first streaks of daylight were visible in the east that the party broke up, although some of the old and steady ones who valued a cool head sloped away quietly during the short hours.

Early the next morning Moonlight was brought

into my stable. He was a high caste dark bay Arab, standing very little under fifteen hands, and had many good points evincing great power and endurance, but his temper had been soured by ill-treatment, and my friend bought him at one-fifth of his value on account of his vicious tendencies. In fact, he had been turned out of a celebrated racing stable because George Smith the jockey had declared him to be dangerous, and would have nothing to do with him, and his character had become so notorious that Fred's intended had forbidden his ever mounting him again. Not being under petticoat government, I resolved to try his metal at once, and ordered him to be saddled and led to the horse artillery parade-ground, a large sandy plain, where I did not care for his bolting. I followed with Fred in his buggy, and on arrival at the ground had the girths drawn as tightly as possible, not merely to keep the saddle in its place, but to compress the lungs, a plan which I can recommend when riding an unbroken horse, as to a certain extent it prevents rearing and buck-jumping. When I first mounted he began all

kinds of capers, and I was obliged to flog the wickedness out of him ; then he tried all he knew to throw me, but finding his efforts in vain, he bolted, and, having a good plain before me, I allowed him his head, and gave him such "a gruelling" that in less than an hour he became perfectly passive in my hands, and we began to understand each other. I found him to have great bottom, and was altogether so pleased with his going that, in spite of his character, I made Fred an offer, which was accepted, and the horse became my own with half his engagement. I now devoted a good deal of my time to training and getting him into running condition. I had trenches dug and hurdles constructed in a quiet place behind the lines, where I could give him his gallops, and by the time of the races he was perfectly fit, whilst by dint of firm but kind treatment he had become thoroughly gentle and much improved in temper.

The flat races passed off with great *éclat*, the whole cantonment turning out to witness them. The Resident, General Fraser and his suite, the

General and his staff, and all the heads of departments, turned out in grand style, whilst the Dewan and many of the Ameers and native noblemen of Hydrabad, accompanied by some thousands of gaily-dressed retainers, came out to see the tamasha of the Feringhee. Troops of dancing-girls, gorgeously got up, and covered with jewels, mingled amongst the crowd on richly caparisoned elephants or in many-coloured hackeries; and he must have been a stoic indeed who would not have been fascinated by some of the many lovely faces and graceful forms that met the eye at every turn. It was a pageant such as is rarely seen, except in certain parts of India where the native rulers have not yet been subjugated.

The momentous day at last arrived when I was to make my *début* in the pigskin as a steeple-chase rider, and I must own the excitement was tremendous, although I tried hard to dissemble my feelings and appear cool. The race was to be run at five o'clock in the afternoon, as by that time the intense heat of the day had passed away, and the power of the sun's rays was diminished. Soon

after dawn I had Moonlight saddled, and rode him quietly over the ground, which described a large circle round the usual course, the last half-mile being a straight run in past the stand. The distance was about three miles, and the fences would have been considered stiff even in Leicestershire, whilst the water-jumps were decidedly "yawners." Moonlight cleared his fences like a deer, and his easy, springy action and superb condition was all that I could have desired. After breakfast I went to a large marquee near the stand, where a good deal of gambling was going on, and found, to my disgust, that my horse was not even mentioned in the betting, as several well-known performers were entered. So little, indeed, was Moonlight thought of, that the man who drew his number in the lottery the night before sold me his chance for a single gold mohr, which was only half the price of a ticket. However, I was not discouraged, and, in spite of the sneers of the knowing ones, I backed my horse to win 5000 rupees, easily getting 25 to 1.

Having paid considerable attention to my toilet,

and made sure that there was nothing in my "get-up" likely to invite criticism or betray greenness, I made my way to the weighing-room, where, without saddle and bridle, I pulled down very little over eight stone and a-half, being only a couple of pounds over weight, for I received seven pounds, my horse never having run in a previous race, whilst winners had to carry seven pounds extra.

These arrangements were hardly settled when the bugle for saddling sounded, and, having seen to this myself, I mounted for the preliminary canter. As I rode slowly past the stand, in which all the beauty and aristocracy of the cantonment were assembled, a waving of handkerchiefs attracted my attention, and there was "the Nina" and her party arrayed in light blue (my colours), whilst another who, in my opinion, was quite as fair, looked "unutterable things." Moonlight was in the best of tempers, and, although a dark horse, attracted considerable attention, for his coat shone like velvet, showing his condition. His appearance was hailed with a shout by some of the soldiers,

who recognised me; and an Irish sergeant roared out, "Sure it's the little black captain that'll show 'em the way entirely, for my month's pay."

After the preliminary canter we took our station, and seven horses came to the post. I kept behind a short distance until I saw that the others were ready, for I wished to keep Moonlight from becoming excited by the company of other horses. The favourite was a magnificent chesnut Arab that had won several races, but he appeared fretful and impatient, and I remarked that his flanks were white with foam before we started. His rider sat him like a centaur, and I knew, if the race could be gained by horsemanship, where to find the winner. The second favourite was a gray belonging to a well-known sportsman in the Civil Service, but his rider looked far too heavy, and I did not fear him. The horse that took my fancy was a flea-bitten gray belonging to a jemedar in the Nizam's service, and had his rider only nursed him properly he would have proved dangerous. An officer of Irregular cavalry rode a celebrated hog-hunter, but he carried too much weight. As

the horses walked up the interest evinced was immense, and for a moment scarcely even the slight hum of the crowd could be heard. At last the word "Go!" was given, and we were away. The jemedar on the gray made the running, and the pace was severe to commence with; but I kept close to the chesnut, as I felt that he was the most dangerous. Moonlight was doing his work well, and I had only to sit steady and keep his head straight. The first and second fences were cleared by the whole field, but one swerved at the water and two fell in. The jemedar by this time was three or four lengths ahead, and at his girths rode the civilian. I still kept close to the favourite, who was going as if he was conscious of what he had to do, whilst his rider's countenance was as calm and unmoved as if he was only taking a constitutional canter. We rode side by side, taking our jumps together, with our knees within a yard of each other, and for a mile there was hardly any perceptible difference in our horses' stride. Although the ground was rather broken the pace was tremendous, and I knew could not long last.

I therefore held in, and allowed the favourite to forge a little a head, and though I felt my horse was full of running I determined to nurse him. My anticipations were correct, for in a very few strides I perceived the jemedar's horse was pumped, and the second favourite's heaving flanks and convulsive twitching of the tail showed me that his bolt was shot.

The race now lay between the favourite and Moonlight, and so nearly were we matched that the slightest mistake on the part of either horse would have given the other the race. I had the advantage of a stone in weight, but that was counterbalanced by the superior riding of my adversary, who was the very *beau-idéal* of a gentleman-rider. All at once I noticed that the captain held his horse more in hand, and allowed me to take the lead at the water-jump, behind which there was only one more fence of any consequence, and then a straight run in past the stand. Could I but win! I felt almost wild with excitement, and giving my horse the spur for the first time during the race, I crammed him at the water, which he

cleared at a fly, and then pulled him together, so as to collect his stride before taking the last fence. On looking back I saw the chesnut evidently labouring hard, for, having jumped short at the water, the bank had given way beneath his hind legs, and he was heavily shaken on landing. He scrambled out, however, very cleverly, and, struggling on, with the expiring effort of a thoroughly game horse rose at the last fence; but nature was exhausted, his strength was spent, and he fell on landing; whilst Moonlight cleared it, and cantered in past the Grand Stand a winner, amidst deafening shouts and yells of delight from the soldiers who lined the course. The race was closely contested throughout, and at the last was so near a thing that the victor could hardly triumph or his antagonist feel mortified at the result. Had the favourite not met with the accident at the water, I might have come off second best. It was, however, a red-letter day in my career; and my heart still glows with delight when I recall to mind my first steeple-chase.

# CHAPTER II.

## A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

An Indian spread.—Lieut. Wedderburn.—"The dead charger."—News of elephant.—Arrangements and start.—A voyage in a strange craft.—Alligators.—The Moyaar jungle.—The Muntjak.—The silent approach of deer.—The Loris.—Native superstition.—The route.—A Mulcher village.—News of a rogue elephant.—The rencontre.—An awkward position.—The rogue's cunning.—The charge.—Life and death on the shot.—An unlooked-for coincidence.—The bivouac.—Evident traces of a comrade's handiwork.—The elephant his own doctor.—The bivouac.—The bullets recognized.—No fresh spoor to be found.—Return to camp.—Pot hunting.—A blank hunt for spoor.—Wedderburn's non-appearance.—Return to the Hills.—Sad news.—The Mulchers' prophecy fulfilled.—Lieut. Wedderburn's shocking death from an enraged wounded elephant.

FEASTING and revelry were at their height in the Shekarry's den (Burnside Cottage, above the Malamund), and never were there a merrier set of fellows than those assembled that evening to "wet"

the promotion of Kenny, an old chum of H.M.'s 84th Regiment, who happened to be staying with me at the time. "Five Minutes," my *chef de cuisine*, who was celebrated even on the Hills for his attainments in the gastronomic art, on this occasion had done more than sustain his reputation. The standing Anglo-Indian dishes, a fatted turkey stuffed with cachew nuts, Yorkshire ham, and saddle of gram-fed mutton, were flanked by boars' chops, snipe-trail pie, jugged hare, and venison pasty, followed by curried trout, cabobbed ortolans, woodcocks on toast, bison's marrow-bones, and grey teal, all of which delicacies had been contributed by some of the sturdy sportsmen then gathered round the table.

There is a kind of freemasonry amongst military and naval men that does not exist in any other class of society, and this "mystic tie" is most undoubtedly strengthened when they also happen to be sportsmen. Among the guests was a Scotchman belonging to the 37th Native Infantry, of the name of Wedderburn, deservedly accounted one of the best shots in the country. Above common height,

his limbs were moulded in most exquisite symmetry, developing an extraordinary play of muscle matured by constant exercise. A profusion of curls black as raven's wing shaded a forehead bearing the stamp of remarkable intelligence, and the characteristic expression of his dark handsome face was innate good humour. Open as the day, and full of the milk of human kindness, he was one of those happy beings only met with now and then, whose lives seem all sunshine. The cheerful tones of his voice and inspiriting flash of his bright sparkling eye enlivened and animated the whole company. Never had he been more brilliant than on this occasion; and after the cloth was removed, the healths of Her Majesty and the newly-promoted one drunk, cheroots lighted, and a brew made, he gave us the late Tom Morris's well-known chant, "The Boar, the mighty Boar," in which all joined until "the whole welkin" rang with the chorus—

"Here's luck to all who fear no fall,
And the next gray boar we see."

Hardly had the reverberated echo of our voices

died away in the glen than I was called upon, and gave

## THE DEAD CHARGER.

Farewell my good steed! thy long service is o'er;
Thou wilt bear me in war and in pastime no more:
No more thou 'lt be cheer'd by the sound of my voice;
No more in thy speed shall my spirit rejoice!
Stiff, stiff are those limbs, which in life used to fly
Like a storm-driven rack through the hurricane sky,
And cold is that ardour, so generous and true,
Which age could not weaken nor labour subdue.

In the pride of thy strength thou hast borne me along,
And hast shared in the risk of the battle's hot throng,
Where the arrows have whirred and the bullets have showered,
But thine eye never quailed, and thine ear never cowered.
Thou hast seen the fierce Khalsa's sharp murder-stained spear;
Thou hast heard the "hurrah" of our headlong career,
And hast witnessed, when on them our vengeance was wreaked,
How the desperate have striven, and the timid have shrieked.

We have gone through strange scenes, my lost steed, I and thou,
And thy valour hath saved me from peril ere now;
I have shared with thee oft my scant morsel of bread,
And lain by thy side on the same chilly bed;
('Twas the fortune of war). And in mischievous whim
I've had cause to exult in thy fleetness of limb;
For thou'st borne me right well through morass and through wood,
And gallantly breasted both upland and flood.

No spur ever galled thee, my noble old horse ;
I used thee not so as to now feel remorse ;
In thy wildest career, or to guide thee, or check,
A word from my lip, or my hand to thy neck,
Was of magical power; and for pleasure or need,
A touch of thy bridle could urge thee to speed ;
The loud-booming gun could not quiver thy nerve,
Nor the wounded gray boar ever force thee to swerve.

No more shall the trumpet's shrill note of command
Make thy hoof spurn the earth and thy nostrils expand;
No more to thy curvets my sabre shall clank,
No more make thee bound as it swings to thy flank ;
Nor again shall that eye with proud rapture be lit
'Midst the toss of thy head and the champ of thy bit.
So mild, yet so mettled; so steady, yet free :
Oh, never will steed be what thou wert to me !

I have laid thee too deeply beneath the broad plain
For the loathsome-beaked vulture thy limbs to profane,
Or the ravenous wolf, or the jackal to feed
On the mangled remains of my long-cherished steed.
In decent repose and in safety they lie,
And oft shall I yield thee a merited sigh :
Thou hast earned it by service, long, varied, and true,
Then to all but thy memory, old charger, adieu !

Other songs followed, tale after tale of past prowess and wild adventure was related, with prophecies of the future, anecdote and jest followed

each other in startling rapidity, and the gray streaks of dawn were visible in the east before the company separated.

I had hardly turned in more than a couple of hours when Chineah awoke me with the intelligence that a Curumber had come in the cantonment to say that a large herd of elephants had been seen the day previously near a nullah that flowed into the Moyaar river, about three miles from the foot of the Hills. Wedderburn, who had also got hold of the news, came to my bungalow, and it was arranged that he should go down the Seegur, or northern ghaut, and work towards the eastward, whilst I went down that of Coonoor and made for Gujelhulli, where we were to meet on the third day, it being a capital hunting-quarters, close to a narrow belt of jungle between the Hills and Moyaar river, through which elephants had to pass whether *en route* for the Ballyrungum Hills or the southern forests.

Having completed my preparations I sent on the guns, &c., Chineah, Googooloo, the Gooroo, and a horsekeeper, also two coolies laden with prog; and

after they had started four or five hours, I mounted my nag Gooty, and caught them up at the bottom of the ghaut just as the sun was setting. We passed the night at the Metrapolliam bungalow, after having ordered the head man of the village to send to Seremogay and have a boat prepared for us against the morrow, as I purposed going down the Bowani as far as the confluence of the Mooyaar.

At the dawn next morning we embarked in our strange craft, which was nothing more than a round saucer-shaped basket about fourteen feet in diameter and thirty inches in depth, made of bamboo, and covered with raw bullock hides sewn together. At the bottom we strewed branches and bundles of straw, so as to prevent the horses' hoofs from breaking through, and, all being prepared, our boatman pushed off. No rowing was required, as we were driven down the stream by the force of the current at the rate of about five miles an hour, the boatman keeping in deep water by means of a broad paddle, which not only acted as a rudder, but prevented the boat from turning round and round,

as it would have done when left to itself. There is no possibility of upsetting these primitive craft, and the only accident that can arrive is, that the leather may be torn by sharp ledges of rocks or trees half buried in the bed of the river, which is of rare occurrence, as, although they carry an immense weight (from three to four tons), they rarely draw more than from four to six inches of water. Besides, this accident is easily remedied, as the boatman always carries the necessary materials for repairing damages; the boat is drawn ashore, and a leather patch makes it as water-tight as ever.

In about two hours we came to the village of Danayankottei, where we breakfasted, whilst Chineah and the Gooroo went to glean intelligence from a Mulcher tribe, who lived in the jungle not far off. The party returned with five of the men, two of whom had been with me on a previous hunting expedition, but they brought no news of elephants; however, I bade them accompany us, their services as trackers being always useful in the jungle, and we continued our voyage. As

we were gliding down the stream, which in many parts was fringed by dense jungle, the howling of my dogs repeatedly attracted my attention to the numerous alligators that were swimming with only just their noses above water on the look out for prey; and I had some very pretty rifle practice, turning several of them over with a conical ball between the eyes, when they would show their dark yellow throats, lash the water with their tails for a moment, and sink to the bottom.

By ten p.m. we arrived at the junction of the two rivers, where we disembarked, striking into the belt of thick jungle that lies between the Mooyaar and the north side of the Hills just below Rungasawmy's peak, which, being over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, is a conspicuous landmark. Here we fell in with another party of Mulchers, whom we induced to accompany us for a bribe of some tobacco, and forming a kind of irregular line, we proceeded to hunt for tracks. We came across several old *spoor* of elephant, numerous fresh *slots* of deer and pig, and the *pugs* of a tiger that had passed by early in the morning,

which I could tell by most unmistakable signs, but I saw no trail to lead me to suppose that any elephants had been lately in that part of the forest. I therefore dismissed all the Mulchers except the two who had been with me before, who knew the country well, and struck the Mooyaar again, continuing my course up stream by a deer run, every now and then making a cast in the jungle for the chance of falling in with a trail. As we were going quietly along, our footsteps hardly making a sound on the green sward, I saw at about eighty yards' distance, in a little opening of the trees, two jungle sheep picking up some fallen moura* berries, but at the same moment, before I could throw up my rifle, the dogs Hassan and Ali, that were being led in a slip by the Gooroo, also perceived them, and whimpered. Alarmed by the noise, they were bounding off through the bush, when by a snap shot I rolled over the buck with a broken shoulder, and he was immediately secured by the dogs. As I found him to be a good specimen I had his skin

* A jungle tree bearing a dark purple fruit, somewhat resembling a sloe, which is much sought after by bears, deer, and hogs.

carefully taken off, whilst the flesh was divided, so as to be more easily carried. Jungle sheep, or, more properly speaking, the muntjak, are of a reddish-brown colour, rather darker on the back and face, and lighter under the belly and the inside of the legs. Their great peculiarity is a curious bony substance about three inches long, covered with skin, growing out of the skull, to which the horns are attached. These latter are about six inches in length, with one tine near the root, and the point rather bent forward. They are generally found in pairs, and their flesh, which is very dark in colour, is excellent eating, being delicate, fine grained, and partaking something of the flavour of the hare.

Towards noon we came upon a small river that rises in the hills and winds through the celebrated Orange Valley, from whence it descends the steep mountain-side in a series of cascades, and gliding through almost impenetrable forest finally falls into the Mooyaar. Here I made a halt, sending the gang up the stream to look out for tracks, and whilst they were away I sat down to rest in the

fork of a tree, the foliage of which completely sheltered me from the piercing rays of the sun. A quarter of an hour might have passed, during which time I remained perfectly quiet, having fallen into a brown study as to the best means of proceeding, when all at once a kind of low snort attracted my notice. I caught up my rifle, silently cocked it, and peered carefully round, listening attentively, but nothing was to be seen. Not a twig cracked, nor a leaf rustled; still I could distinctly hear a hard breathing, evidently close at hand. At last, while keeping my eye upon a large clump of bush, from which I thought the sound proceeded, I saw the long brown hairy face and expressive black eyes of a deer issue forth close to the ground from under the foliage. For a moment the head remained perfectly motionless, although I observed the nostrils expand and the eyes reconnoitre the glade in a most suspicious manner; however, the height of my position above the ground not only enabled me to escape notice, but also prevented the *taint* in the air from being discovered, for I again heard a significant low

grunt, evidently denoting satisfaction, and almost immediately a noble buck axis stole stealthily forward so noiselessly that I did not hear a stir in the foliage. He stood for a moment drawing in the air, scratched his back with his wide-spreading antlers, which had still their velvety skin upon them, and then gave a sharp bark, evidently a signal to the rest of the herd, for they immediately came trotting up, and all entered the opposite thicket. I could easily have rolled over the buck and a couple of does, as my spare guns were hanging within my reach by their slings on the fork of the tree; but I did not care to do so, as, having the jungle sheep, my people did not want for venison, and it had now become my practice never to kill more game than was absolutely required for food.

Chineah and the rest of the people came back without having fallen upon any fresh spoor of elephant, although one of their number managed to catch a young loris* alive, and brought it back

* A rather scarce animal of the sloth species, having a face like a fox, and about the size of a young gray tufted monkey.

clinging to his hair, to the great disgust of the two Mulchers, who declared that it was the most unfortunate animal that could be met with in the jungle, as it always portended death or misfortune at hand. Chineah and the gang laughed heartily at their superstition, but as subsequent events turned out, they often recalled to mind the Mulchers' saying, and a loris was ever afterwards an object of extreme dread to them. We now pushed forward rapidly, and soon came to our proposed rendezvous, the village of Gujelhulli, where I bought half-a-dozen sheep, a basket of fowls, and a bullock load of rice for food, at the same time engaging a party of Mulchers who knew the country to accompany us. We then held a consultation as to what was best to be done, and it was arranged that we should immediately continue our journey to Mayanduroa, a little Mulcher village said to be four coss distant,* which was to be made our temporary head-quarters, as the most likely ground was in that neighbourhood.

Accordingly, as soon as we had partaken of some

* A coss is two English miles.

refreshment, which the curnam or head man of the village was polite enough to offer us, we again set out *en route*, and after a tramp of three hours by a jungle path reached our destination. The village consisted of only seven bamboo and grass huts: but no sooner did the inhabitants understand that I was going to remain in that neighbourhood, than they all, men, women, and children, turned out to cut bamboos and gather dry leaves and long grass, for the construction of a hut, under Chineah's directions.

Whilst these preparations for passing the night were being made, two men of the Mulcher village, who had just returned with a load of roots which they had gathered for food in the jungle, came up with the intelligence that they had been chased by a *rogue* elephant that afternoon near a shallow tank about a coss distance. Although somewhat fatigued with my long walk, as it yet wanted a couple of hours to sunset, I determined to go after him, and leaving Chineah in charge of the camp, accompanied by Googooloo and the Gooroo carrying spare guns, I set out under the guidance of the

two Mulchers. Their coss proved a very long two miles, for I found myself close to the foot of the hills before they pointed me out a fresh spoor, evidently that of a solitary elephant of no great dimensions. After tracking it up for a short distance, I came to a jheel, or marsh full of high reeds and stunted bush, and there, in the centre of a shallow pool, I saw the object of my search, evidently enjoying the luxury of a bath. At first sight I thought it was a large female, as no tusks were perceivable, but on a closer inspection with my field glass I found it to be a bull, although of that caste called by the natives "*hyjera*," or "barren males." The Mulchers told me that he was a very vicious brute, as not only had he repeatedly charged them without provocation, but when he found they had eluded his pursuit by climbing up a large tree and hiding themselves amongst the foliage, he wreaked his fury on a bamboo which he plucked up and trampled to pieces under his feet, screaming with rage the whole time. Such being the case, I did not care to have more people about me than was absolutely necessary, so giving the

two spare guns to Googooloo, I bade all the rest climb into high trees, from whence they could see the sport without danger.

This matter arranged, I tried the wind by a feather, which, when after elephants I generally kept pinned by a bit of fine silk to my hunting-cap, but as circumstances turned out, this precaution was hardly required. I now put fresh caps upon my guns, taking care to see that the powder was well up in the nipple, reconnoitred the ground carefully, and made a half-circuit of the marsh, in order to get behind the cover of a patch of high reeds which appeared about seventy yards distant from the spot where the elephant was standing. We both kept well under cover, making as little noise as possible, and approached *up wind;* but the keen-scented animal, although he had his back turned towards us, perceived the taint in the air when we were three hundred yards distant, and with a hoarse scream of rage came rushing, tail on end, in our direction, flourishing his trunk about and sniffing the wind. Luckily, the loud splashing of his great feet betrayed his movements, for we

The Death of a Rogue Elephant.

were knee deep in the mud, and the reeds in some places were considerably higher than our heads. This was an awkward position to be in; moreover, the setting sun shone right in my face, and as I was much afraid that it would dazzle my eyes and prevent me from taking proper aim, I pushed on until I came to a place where the reeds were only up to my waist, when I halted, looked to see that my guns were dry, and then told Googooloo to get on my shoulders to look round over the reeds for the enemy. Scarcely had he mounted than I knew he was discovered by the hoarse appalling scream of rage that rang through the air, sounding as if close at hand; and barely had he time to reach the ground and catch hold of the spare guns, than the infuriated monster burst through a patch of high reeds in our rear that had hitherto concealed him from our sight, and charged splashing up towards us. When I first caught a glimpse of him, he was certainly not more than five-and-thirty paces distant, and I immediately raised my trusty rifle; but life and death were on the shot, and it did not belch forth its deadly contents until he had charged to

within fifteen paces, when I let him have it, aiming full at the centre of the hollow just over the trunk. The ragged bullet flew true to the mark, burying itself in the brain; but the impetus of his headlong charge carried him on, and with a mighty splash that might have been heard at a quarter of a mile's distance, he fell with his outstretched trunk close to my feet, covering us over with mud from head to foot. I felt sure that my aim was fatal, but had it not been so, we should have been in a pretty predicament, for we were both completely blinded for the moment, and if he had not been very severely hit, he might have caught us, one after the other, before we could have cleared the mud away from our eyes. Poor Googooloo got much the worst of it, being also nearly choked; but after some spluttering and coughing, he wiped his eyes on the tail of my shooting coat, and we simultaneously burst out into a loud laugh at each other's queer appearance.

This elephant was evidently a most dangerous rogue, for he had not only tracked us up entirely by his extraordinarily keen scent (in following the

taint in the air), but he also showed such desperate cunning in *doubling* before he made his attack, so as to take us in the rear and cut off our retreat. Luckily, however, for us, clever as he might have been in the doctoring line, he could not recover himself after the settling effects of a single pill administered by the arm of *the most worthy* Bishop (of Bond Street).

Having washed off some of the extraneous mud in a neighbouring pool, I went to examine the dead elephant, whose almost rabid state I could now easily account for, as besides the hole my bullet had made, from which the blood was still oozing, there were three other recent wounds in nearly the same place, with a fourth that had passed through the off ear, and two more in the off shoulder. What astonished me more particularly was, that none of the three wounds which the animal had previously received should have proved mortal, although all were planted in the most vital part of the elephant's skull, and one within an inch of my own shot, from which death was instantaneous.

On my attempting to probe the previous wounds

with a ramrod, in order to ascertain the direction the bullets had taken, I was much surprised to find them plugged up with red clay, which operation, I have no doubt, was performed by the sagacious animal himself, in order to stop the hæmorrhage. However, as night was drawing on, and I had a good hour's walk through the jungle to my camp, I deferred all further examination until the morrow; and having looked to my arms, in case they might be required *en route*, cut off the elephant's tail and the tips of his ears, to send to the collector's cutcherry for the Government reward,* and joined the Gooroo and Mulchers, who, hearing the shot, were approaching us. We then made the best of our way to the village, which we reached safely, after nearly missing our way once or twice from

* The East Indian Government used to give a reward of seventy rupees for each male elephant killed, and fifty for each female, on account of the damage they committed in sugar-plantations and rice-fields; but as a proof of their death they required that the tail, tips of the ears, and tusks should be sent to the cutcherry or collector's office. As the intrinsic value of a fine pair of bull elephant's tusks is often ten times greater, very often the reward is not claimed; therefore the amount of head-money paid by Government can afford no estimate as to the number of elephants killed.

the darkness of the night. I was regularly tired out when I arrived, but a bath, clean clothes, and good dinner, soon set me up all right again. Before I turned in for the night I smoked a cheroot, lying upon a carpet spread upon some dry leaves before a huge log-fire in front of the hut round which my gang and all the village men, women, and children were assembled. Chineah distributed tobacco to all, and concocted a brew of arrack-punch, that met with universal approbation; after which the trophies were handed round, whilst one of the Mulchers, with much gesticulation and humour, gave an account of the affair, as he had witnessed it from the top of a tree, which recital produced an extraordinary effect upon his listeners, for when he came to the part when we were discovered by the elephant, he imitated very correctly the different noises made by that animal; and as they sat on their heels cuddling their knees, they began to roll their eyes, grunt, and shake about, every now and then breaking out into strange noises and cries, as if the scene was actually before them; however, the relation produced a satisfactory effect,

for it was arrranged that all the men of the tribe should go out on the morrow to look for fresh trails, and earn the rewards of waist-cloths, Madras cotton handkerchiefs, and tobacco, which Chineah promised on my part in case of success.

On the morrow at daylight, I sallied out, accompanied by the gang and a large party of Mulchers, taking my course towards the jheel where I had killed the elephant the day before. Here I found that a pig had been paying a visit to the remains, for a bit of the hind quarters had been eaten away, and there were no fresh traces of animal life except the broad slots of a large boar, besides which I could plainly see the rips made by his sharp tusks in the flesh. The gang then set to work with their axes to cut out the tusks, which, although considerably thicker, much resembled those of a female, being only about sixteen inches in length, and hardly protruding from the lip. They were, however, perfectly solid,* the cavity at the end being only an inch in depth, and much heavier than ordinary ivory. I then cleared out the

* Their weight was just under eight pounds each.

mud, and with an iron ramrod probed the wounds in the forehead, when I found that, although they had all struck the vital spot, not one had been delivered at the proper angle so as to penetrate the brain, although they were, I imagined, sufficient to have caused the animal to die a lingering death.

As the ground about the jheel seemed a very likely-looking haunt for elephants, I and Googooloo took a stroll round, looking out for spoor, but not a fresh one was to be seen, except that of the rogue killed the day before, although there were signs of almost every other denizen of the jungle having drank lately at the pool. Whilst we were away, some of the gang, who were curiously inclined, with their axes extracted the bullets from the forehead of the dead rogue, and presented them to me on my return, when to my surprise I recognized two cylindro-conical projectiles made of a mixture of lead and pewter, as belonging to Wedderburn's two-grooved double rifle. The third was a round brass bullet that exactly fitted my Westley Richard's two-ounce smooth bore, of which Wedderburn had a sister gun.

"Ha, ha, sahib!" said Chineah, with a chuckle of satisfaction, for he was extremely jealous of my reputation as a shot; "master wipe dat gentleman's eye dis time. Him shekarry men now nebber can talkee verra too much, same like when take buck sumbur, at Pykarra." (This was said referring to an incident which happened some weeks before whilst out sambur shooting at Pykarra, near the Goodaloor ghaut, when after Wedderburn and I had each fired a shot at a buck elk, it was found dead, having only been struck with one bullet, which could not be found as it had passed through the body, and on a question arising between our people, I gave up my claim to the head and skin, much to Chineah's disgust.)

"Yes," I replied, "there can be no mistake this time as to who killed the elephant, but you must remember that it was not from bad shooting that Wedderburn sahib did not secure the tail."

Chineah said nothing, but shook his head as he walked away, for he did not at all like to entertain the notion that Wedderburn was a better shot than his master, which was really the case, as he was

well known to be one of the best marksmen in India at a target, although as yet he had not killed any great quantity of game.

As I felt rather stiff from over-exertion, and several of the gang were foot-sore, I determined to have a day's rest before commencing operations with Wedderburn, so bidding the Gooroo to take the Mulchers and hunt for spoor right across the belt of jungle between the Hills and the Moyaar, which the herd must have gone through if they had yet passed *en route* to Hassanoor and the Ballyrungam jungles, I and the rest of my people returned to camp, where I lay down during the heat of the day. Towards evening I strolled out with my rifle, and coming across the fresh slots of spotted deer, I followed them up, and after a little careful stalking, came up with the herd, and managed to kill a couple of does for venison, which was rather a windfall, as I had many mouths to feed. At sunset, the Gooroo's party returned, but they had seen no fresh spoor, so I determined to return on the morrow to Gujelhulli, and await the arrival of Wedderburn.

The next morning, after having distributed some rupees, and what remained of our stock of rice, etc., to the Mulchers, we set out, following the course of the river, until we arrived at the village of Gujelhulli, where I halted for four days, when, finding that Wedderburn did not make his appearance, and feeling convinced by repeated search that there were no elephants in that part of the jungle, I retraced my steps homeward, making a two days' march to Metripolliam, where I fell in with C——, a young sub who was coming up to the Hills on division leave from Trichinopoly.

It was a lovely evening when we rode into Ootacamund, accompanied by all my people, and although I had only been absent so short a time, I felt quite glad to be back again. To me the vernal Hills never appeared so refreshing and strikingly beautiful as when returning from the reeking plains below; and although long years have passed since that day, I can now mentally behold the scene, for on every side, as far as the eye could reach, the harmonious combination of

hill and wood, of rugged steep and ferny glen, presented a picture with that depth of colouring and exquisitely rich tints which Salvator Rosa would have been delighted to transfer to canvas. As we passed by the church I saw two coolies standing by a newly-made grave, upon which they had evidently been working, and with a strange presentiment that I can hardly explain, I rode up to the inclosure, and asked "*Kown murgia?*" ("Who is dead?")

"Wedderburn, sahib," replied one of the workmen. "*Hathee uskoo mardala dus rose hoa.*" ("An elephant killed him ten days ago.")

A cold chill came over me upon hearing this sad intelligence, and numberless scenes in which my late friend had borne a conspicuous part flashed in a moment before me, but I felt considerable satisfaction in thinking that I had settled scores with his murderer, for I was convinced that he must have been killed by the rogue I had fallen in with. C—— and the gang came up at that moment, and long and loud were the lamentations, for there were few among them who had not at one time

or another experienced some kindness or received some present from the generous and open-handed sportsman who was gone.

Chineah, who had always been a great favourite of his, was quite overcome for the moment, and when he had sufficiently mastered his emotion to speak, exclaimed, "*Nusseeb hy! Mulcher log such bola.*" ("It is fate! the Mulcher people spoke truly"); referring to their prophetic omen on falling in with the loris, which, strangely enough, happened at the very time of the accident.

The coolies could give no further particulars, so I continued my route homewards, where everything seemed to remind me of him whose sun had set whilst it was yet day. I sent Chineah to fetch some of the people who were with him at the time, and from them I learned that they had fallen in with fresh spoor soon after descending the ghaut, and early in the day came across a solitary elephant, apparently without tusks, who was standing fanning himself in a patch of open tree jungle, knee-deep in undergrowth. Wedderburn, in the first instance, tried to approach him

to leeward, but finding that he could not get a shot, the animal's back being turned towards him, crept round from tree to tree until he got a fair view of his forehead, when he let drive right and left with his double rifle, and dropped him. However, the elephant, who was only momentarily stunned, began to recover his knees, when Wedderburn, snatching his second gun from his shekarry (a double two-ounce smooth bore), again brought him to the ground with a third shot, and fancying he was dead, rushed forward, but the animal with a scream of rage regained his feet, and perceiving his antagonist, charged upon him tail on end, with his trunk thrown high up in the air. At this moment, Wedderburn either lost his presence of mind and fired without any aim, or finding that the mortal place in the centre of the forehead was hidden by the upraised trunk, must have endeavoured to bring him down by a side shot, but his fourth bullet (most likely the one that passed through the ear) produced no effect, and in the twinkling of an eye, before he could get out of the way, the infuriated animal was upon him,

twisted his trunk round his legs, and hurled him to the ground; Wedderburn, although much injured, and doubtlessly with some of his limbs broken, still moved, and at this moment one of the shekarries who carried a loaded gun fired two shots into the animal's side; but nothing attracted his attention from his victim, whose piercing shrieks rang through the forest, for regardless of the shouts and cries of the natives, he again seized him, placed his huge foot upon his chest, and trampled and knelt upon him until almost every bone was broken, when he flung the mangled and lifeless body on one side, and rushed trumpeting through the forest. Such was the melancholy fate of one of the best shots that India ever produced; and I must have fallen in with his vindictive adversary about eight hours after the fatal rencontre, for I am convinced, from the circumstantial evidence of the recognised bullets, that the "*rogue*" I slew was the guilty party, although each of the next half-dozen elephants that were killed round about the Hills was supposed to have had something to do with the transaction.

## CHAPTER III.

### TIGER SHOOTING IN THE DEHRA DOON.

"Ho for the mountains! ho away!
For merry men are we!"

The Himalayas.—The nature of the forest, and the variety of the game to be found at each elevation.—The great natural resources of the district.—Kheeree.—My first rencontre with Dr. S——.—The programme.—The Dehra Doon.—Glorious scenery.—Dehra and my reception.—Fred. G——.—The preparation.—Our armament.—The start.—Kalunga.—Than.—News of game.—We strike the trail of a tiger.—My shekarries' superiority in tracking.—The spoiler disturbed at his dinner.—Our proceedings.—The kakur, or barking-deer.—The Doctor's doings.—A wounded tiger's trail followed up.—Unexpected rencontre.—The issue.—The spoilers spoiled.—Forest harmony.—The return to Than.

To the north of Hindostan, between Kashmere and Cahar, stretching from the Indus on the north-west, to the Brahmaputra on the south-east, and dividing the plains of India from the steppes of Thibet and Tartary, is the mighty Himalaya, called by the Tartars "The Country of Snow" (Heema-

chul). This great natural barrier is a scarcely-known mountainous district about fourteen hundred miles in length, by from seventy to a hundred and twenty in breadth, consisting of a succession of snowy ranges rising one behind another, unassailable to man except in those places where the beds of rivers intersect it and afford him access to its wild fastnesses.

Every variety of temperature, from tropical heat to the cold of the Arctic regions, is to be found in the Himalaya, and as the nature of the forest changes with the climate, the variety of game the sportsman meets with in this district is something extraordinary.

A dense belt of forest from ten to twenty miles in width, usually called "The Terai," skirts the base of the mountains, and thickly-wooded spurs, jutting far out into the plain, form hot, damp, swampy valleys covered with long grasses, that at certain times of the year are almost impassable for Europeans on account of the pernicious exhalations and fatal malaria there engendered, which bring on the most deadly of jungle fevers. These virgin pri-

meval forests, which in many parts have never been explored, consist chiefly of sâl, send, sessum (valuable timber), kuldoo, cheer (Scotch pine), bamboo, the leguminosæ, and elephant creepers, tree-ferns, wild banana, vines, ferns, high grasses, parasitical orchids, and convolvuli of several varieties; and are the home of herds of elephant, rhinoceros, tigers, panthers, leopards, cheetas, black bears, hyenas, lynxes, boars, jackals, foxes, wild dogs, tiger-cats, sambur, spotted deer, muntjak, dodur, or four-horned deer, hog-deer, pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, kaleege, or silver pheasant, spur-fowl, black and gray partridge, chickore, bustard, flonkin, or lesser bustard, quail, and hares.

This tropical belt ceases at from four to five thousand feet, and the forest begins to wear quite a changed aspect, the trees being of a different character, for from this elevation to about eight or nine thousand feet we have beautiful woods of oak of three kinds (the banj, the khurso, and the moura, all evergreen), walnut, chestnut, sycamore, horse-chestnut, maple, rye and morenda pines, alder, holly, cedar, cypress, ash, poplar, yew, apple,

quince, peach, apricot, cherry, filbert, bramble, red and black currant, raspberry, strawberry, with groves of box, laurel, myrtle, white and purple magnolia, camelia, rhododendrons with blossoms of every shade from white and bright yellow to dark purple, fuchsias, geraniums, woodbine, honeysuckles, peppers, dog-rose, ivy, violets, primroses, anemone, cowslips, and mosses and lichens as in England. Here, in addition to many of the animals of the tropical belt, we find several species never to be met with in the plains, viz., the brown and yellow bear, the yellow solitary wolf, the gooral, or Himalayan chamois, the jerow, or hill stag, the thaar, or wild sheep, the surrow, or goat antelope, the eagle, the moonal, or blue pheasant, the koklas, or mottled pheasant, the peura, or hill partridge, the Himalayan grouse, the woodcock, thrush, blackbird, cuckoo, goldfinch, chaffinch, mountain sparrow, flying squirrel, otter, marten, pine-cat, lungoor, or black-faced gray-bearded monkey, black hill-monkey, boa, and gigantic damium, or rock-snake. At an elevation of about nine thousand feet we get to a third zone, and, with the

exception of a few cedars, khursoo oak, and stunted pine, no trees are to be seen but the white birch, dwarf rhododendron, a kind of willow, and three varieties of juniper. Here we find a third class of animals, viz., the kustooree, or musk-deer, the markhor, or serpent-eater (a kind of wild goat), the ibex, the black-eared fox, the cheer, or brown pheasant, and the argus, or horned pheasant.

At from twelve to thirteen thousand feet the limit of the forest generally ceases (although in some more sheltered places I have found it at over sixteen thousand feet, or about the height of the summit of Mont Blanc), and is succeeded by a fourth zone of grassy pastures, which rise to the snow line. Here in the summer the turf is enamelled with myriads of lovely flowers and aromatic herbs, which are nourished by the melting of the snows, and this is the habitat of the burrul, or snow sheep, nyau (*Ovis annum*), or gigantic snow sheep, the sna and sha, varieties of wild sheep (*Ovis montana*), the bonchour, or wild yak, the kyang, or wild horse, and the marmot.

Above the snow line, the elevation of which

varies considerably, is found a fifth class of animals, viz., the snow-bear, the snow-leopard, the white wolf, the white fox, the white hare, the lammergier, the kungul, or snow-pheasant, and the Burf ke teetur, or snow-partridge.

The above will show the general nature of the forest at the different altitudes, and the usual habitat of each animal; but the elevation of the line of demarcation varies in different parts, as some places are more or less exposed than others, and some animals change their place of abode to a higher or lower temperature, according to the season of the year, or as they may find food and pasturage.

Here man may have all he can wish for that is to be met with in this sublunary existence. If he is a lover of Nature's grandest works, what scenery can be likened to the unbroken range of perpetual snow in the Himalaya, the father of mountains, beside which, the highest peak of the Alps would appear an insignificant spur? Is he a botanist? Here is such a glorious field open to his research that it appears as if Nature had collected and

garnered all her most varied and choicest productions in one spot, so exuberantly luxurious is the vegetation. Is he a naturalist, a collector, or simply a lover and observer of the character and habits of the different *feræ naturæ?* This district affords a greater variety of animals than any other in the known world. Is he a geologist? In the ravines and deep chasms that intersect this region, violent convulsions of Nature have laid bare the most hidden strata of the earth. Is he an astronomer? What earthly observatory can be compared to these mountains for watching the heavenly bodies, on which the pure translucent atmosphere has the effect of magnifying every star, revealing constellations that are invisible from the plain? Is he fond of wild adventure and enterprise? Here are unexplored regions where man has never trod. Is he ambitious of gaining wealth? Gold is mingled with the sand of many of the rivers, valuable metals and gems have been found in the mountains, and the immense resources of the forest only require to be developed to produce incalculable riches. Is he a lover of the comfort-

able? Here he may change his climate at his pleasure, and choose the temperature that best suits his constitution; whilst the contents of his larder may be as varied as if he had at command the produce of many lands. Lastly, is he sportsman? If so, he need wander no further. Here are the happy hunting-grounds of earth, such as the Red Indian believes will be his paradise hereafter, when the voice of the Great Spirit Wahcondah calls him to his presence. Such is the Himalaya. *Zeāda ch'*. (What more can be added?)

About eight o'clock one gloriously cold morning in the end of January I was sitting performing my toilette at the door of my palanquin, which my bearers had laid down in the verandah of the travellers' bungalow at Kheeree, after having travelled through the night and the greater part of the previous day *en route* from Meerut to Mussoorie, when I heard the monotonous song of a second set of bearers in the distance. *Selon la règle Indienne*, the first comer is always the host, so I ordered my head bearer to kill a *table* (or fatted) sheep, and prepare a *burra hazree* (great breakfast), whilst I

strolled down to the gate to meet the new comer. It proved to be Dr. S——, a regimental surgeon, who, after twenty years' active service with his regiment in different parts of India, had obtained a year's leave of absence in order to recruit his health, or rather, as he said, "to exhale some of the superfluous caloric he had imbibed during that period." Although previously unacquainted we soon became friends, and, as our tastes appeared to assimilate, before breakfast was finished it was decided that he should join me in my shooting and exploring trips among the mountains. He proved to be an excellent companion and very well informed upon most matters, being perfectly acquainted with the use of barometers and other instruments for ascertaining altitudes, which at a future day proved very useful. At Dehra I was to meet an old school-chum, from whom I had last parted on board one of Green's Indiamen at Gravesend more than a dozen years before, when he was for the first time about to join his regiment, in which he was now a captain. Never was there a stancher friend, a merrier companion, or a better

fellow than this said Fred G——, and here, after such a lapse of time, we were about to meet thousands of miles away from home. He was to be our guide, as he knew the country about Mussoorie well, having hunted all over it with Colonel Markham, the late gallant old commandant of H. M.'s 32nd Foot, who, alas for his friends! has now gone "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Three is, in many respects, the best number for a shooting party, as it not only allows all the members to participate in any conversation that may take place, but, in case of argument or indecision of action, gives a majority; besides, three cots can be stowed very comfortably in a hill-tent, but not four: three can, in most cases, hunt well together; and lastly, three well-armed Europeans, with their attendants, form a little army in themselves, and in case of need, can hold their own against any marauding attempts by predatory hill tribes.

Toward three in the afternoon we again got into our palanquins, and made a start for the Dehra Doon, which we entered by the Kheeree or

Lal Durwaza (red door) Pass through the Sewalik Hills, a densely-wooded range about three thousand feet in height, and from eight to ten miles across. The far-famed valley of the Doon is about forty miles in length by sixteen in breadth, and is bounded on the north by the Mussoorie or Landour hills, on the east by the Ganges, on the west by the Jumna, and the south by the Sewalik Range, through which there are five passes. *En route*, we passed some extremely promising jungle and swampy grass jheels, round which we found innumerable signs of game. Twice the bearers stopped to point us out the pugs of a tiger which had crossed the road only a short time before, and several times we heard deer skirl through the underwood, disturbed by the noise made by our party, but we had no time to stay on the way to look after them.

As the sun was going down, the western horizon became tinged with the most glorious hues, and we got out of our palanquins and walked for some time in order to admire the extreme beauty of the scenery. The long, unbroken line of snow-clad

mountains, everywhere crowned with a continuous ridge of dome-like summits, and at intervals by strange fantastic peaks of every shape, seemed to rise like a mighty wall of alabaster from out of that sea of forest; and the unearthly contrast of the dark foreground, with the dazzling white masses of snow, and the deep blue azure sky, was heightened by the flood of light of declining day, gilding all the western faces with the most indescribable brilliant colours. These shades, like dissolving views, changed imperceptibly from gold to orange, ruby, purple, and blue, which latter shade gradually paled to a death-like whiteness, as the last rays of the sun disappeared, when all soon became obscured by rising mists. The evening was very chilly, so I wrapped myself up in my buffalo blanket and slept until about eleven, when the increased vociferations of the bearers awoke me, and I knew that we were near the end of the journey. I drew aside the palanquin doors, and found we had arrived in Dehra, and were passing along a lane with green hedges on each side, which recalled to mind similar scenes in the "auld

countrie." Shortly afterwards, Chineah and Goo-gooloo made their appearance (they having left Meerut some days before me with the rest of the servants, nags, dogs, and baggage), and under their guidance we turned into a drive leading up to a bungalow. Lights were blazing from the windows, and we were evidently expected, for a long stream of mellow light burst out from a door suddenly opened, and a tall figure clearly defined against the bright background was seen advancing from the threshold. A moment more, and I heard a voice I well recognized, exclaim, "Hurra, lads, he's here at last!" and before the palanquin stopped, my hand was grasped by my old friend, and right heartily were we both made welcome. He led us through a small vestibule, adorned with sundry grim-looking heads, tusks, antlers, and such like trophies of the chase, into a cosy-looking sitting-room, where we found two of his pals he had asked to meet us, sitting by the most cheerful-looking of log-fires, to whom we were introduced. Supper was served almost immediately, to which we did ample justice, and afterwards luxuriated in

the narcotic weed, lubricated by modicums from a steaming bowl, the ambrosial fragrance of which was most grateful to our olfactories after the journey. Fred and I found plenty to talk about, recalling old scenes to mind, and asking and receiving tidings of many an ancient friend. He seemed very little changed, although he had weathered many a frown of fortune, and seen his full share of active service, since we parted, and was still the same generous, open-hearted, careless dare-all, such as I had ever known him. Before we retired to roost that night, it was settled that we should commence operations with a fortnight's hunting in the Doon, to be followed by an excursion to Gangootree, the source of the Ganges, and to Jumnautri, the source of the Jumna, after which we were to cross the Nilung, pass into the valley of the Sutlej, and finish off with an expedition to Kashmere. The next day was to be devoted to preparation, and on the second we were to make a start. In the morning, after breakfast, my baggage was unpacked, the battery and ammunition overhauled, and four additional hands engaged, as, on

account of the immensely long march before me, I had only kept four of my Madras servants, viz., my head boy, cook, and two best shekarries. I had also disposed of my stud, and had now only two hill ponies, which I bought at Meerut from an officer who was going to England on sick certificate; but I had kept my three best dogs. The battery with which I intended to take the field consisted of two double eight-gauge smooth bores by Westley Richards, two double ten-gauge rifles by Purday, and two sixteen-gauge fowling pieces, one an old long Joe Manton, and the other a Purday. Fred had as pretty a set of guns for Indian shooting as I ever saw, consisting of a pair of rifles and a pair of smooth bores, all ten-gauge, and exquisitely finished, by Joseph Lang of the Haymarket. The Doctor had a pair of guns by Boss, and a very long, heavy pea rifle. In accordance with Fred's advice, the doctor and I each ordered to be made three waterproof 'kiltas,' in anticipation of our trip to the mountains. These are long, pottle-shaped baskets, lined with painted canvas within and leather without, having one side made flat to fit

the back, against which it is fastened by straps, this being the ordinary mode the Phaidees or hill coolies carry supplies. In the afternoon we visited a very decent hotel, rode round the race-course, and saw what was to be seen of the town; after which we dined and retired early to rest, in order to be up betimes.

It was still dark when we all assembled on the following morning, but early as it was, we found a glorious log-fire on the hearth, and a substantial breakfast laid out, to which we fell to like men who had their day's work before them. Our horses were then brought round, and mounting, we took the eastern road leading to the ruins of the hill-fort of Kalunga, at the taking of which the gallant Gillespie was killed. He and several other officers who fell are buried on a low hill at Mala Pani, where a monument has been raised to their memory. Here we branched off in a southerly direction, and towards noon arrived at our tent, which was pitched near the village of Than, where Fred's shekarries met us with the intelligence that a herd of elephant had been seen three days before by some wood-

cutters near a river two coss* distant. We dismounted from our horses, and after some refreshment, started off on foot towards the quarter where the game was said to be. Shortly after we fell in with the indicated stream, which was one of the tributary branches of the River Tonsee, and, as we went along, the signs of game—chiefly sambur, spotted deer, and hog—became extremely numerous. At length we fell upon the pugs of a tiger, that appeared so fresh, that we determined to follow them up. Here the superior tracking of Googooloo and Chineah put Fred out of conceit with the powers of his own people, as when they were quite at a nonplus, my men, without the slightest hesitation, pointed out the trail. After about an hour's tracking, we came to a patch of corrinda bush, and whilst we were making our way through it, a low growling noise was heard, and we suddenly came upon the carcass of a spotted doe, evidently killed very lately, and from which our approach had most likely scared the tiger.

Having reconnoitred the place, and made sure

* A coss, two English miles.

that he was not in the immediate neighbourhood, it was resolved that one of us should watch the carcass in case he might return, whilst the other two went further on, to look for elephant spoor. We tossed up to see who should remain, and the doctor won the toss; so we set to work and built him a kind of raised platform amid the branches of a tree within easy range, into which he mounted with one of Fred's people, whilst we continued our route down the stream. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the river, that formed a succession of very black and deep pools, connected with each other by foaming currents, in which now and again we saw large fish leap, which Fred declared were mahseer. The banks were fringed with clumps of overhanging bamboos, and every turn presented a view which was worthy of a halt to enjoy. Clusters of forest trees in all their primeval majesty were laced and bound together by an infinity of wild vines, forming immense bowers, which would have been no unsuitable abode for Bacchus and his train; whilst the gigantic elephant creeper hung in festoons like cables from trunks upwards of a

hundred feet in height, or lay twisted in snake-like coils upon the ground. As we were sauntering quietly along the river, I heard a rustling in a patch of low bush covered with convolvuli and other parasitical plants, and almost immediately I saw something brown moving quickly through the bushes. Without knowing what it was, for it was getting along very quickly, I threw up my rifle and fired a snap shot, which evidently took effect, for there was a violent struggling in the underwood, and running up I found a barking deer shot through the loins, but still trying to drag itself through the bushes, although the hind legs were paralysed, to which Chineah gave a *coup de grâce* with his knife. The kakur, or barking deer, is the smallest of the mountain deer, not being more than two feet three inches at the shoulder, and about four in length. The general colour is a brownish red, some parts of the head and flanks approaching to yellow, and under the belly and inside the thighs tawny white. The head is a dusky gray, darkening to black towards the muzzle, and furnished with horns about nine inches long, having

one spur, and inclining inwards towards the points, covered with hair for about four inches from their base. It has also two canine teeth about an inch in length, that serve it in digging up the roots and mosses on which it feeds. This little animal, which is generally found in pairs, has a most extraordinary bark, similar to that of a large dog, a single note being uttered at short intervals. Before I became accustomed to its sound, when I heard it in the forest I have often supposed it came from the dog of some other hunter, for the dhole, or wild dog does not bark, but howls and yelps more like a jackal, whereas the kakur emits a deep hoarse bark like that of an English mastiff. The flesh, although rather dry, is very good eating, especially when stewed gently in port wine.

Having broken up the venison, and rested for a short time, we struck into a grassy swamp, where we came across several old koj, as the Doon shekarries call the spoor of the elephant, but could not find any fresh trail; and we were hunting about, when Chineah suddenly exclaimed, "*Soono Sahib, bagh gholee khata hy, wo bundook ke awaz*

*tha*," ("Listen, sir! the tiger has eaten bullets; that was the noise of a gun,") and whilst he spoke I heard a second report. We immediately turned back to see what the doctor had done, and in a short time got to the spot, where we found the carcass, but neither he nor Fred's shekarry were to be seen. After a little examination, I found that the tiger had paid a second visit to the body, as the pugs were quite fresh, and also that he had been wounded, as gouts of blood were visible here and there, which the doctor and shekarry had evidently followed up, as we could tell by their tracks. Such being the case, we immediately joined the trail, and in a little while came up with the doctor and the shekarry.

"Well, doctor," exclaimed Fred, "you got a shot, did you not?"

"Indeed I did," answered the doctor; "and never was a chance so lost. I ought to have killed him over and over again; as it is, I believe I have hit him hard, but at first I was so intent on watching his movements that I did not think of firing, and this dolt here (Fred's shekarry) be-

coming impatient began to grumble, which noise attracted his attention, and he was off with a bound, when I let fly at his shoulder, and rolled him over for the moment; but he soon got on his feet again, and scrambled off, notwithstanding I gave him my second barrel, which I fancy must have missed, for he paid no more attention to it than if I had spat at him. It was, however, a splendid sight to see him advance. Without the slightest noise, onward he came with a slow and measured pace, turning his head and rolling his eyes in all directions. If a dry branch cracked, or a leaf rustled as he walked, he stopped, and looked anxiously round. For a moment he stood half-concealed behind a bush, and peered all round, then he began to purr loudly, and at last approached the carcass, near which a couple of jackals and half-a-dozen vultures were sitting, not daring to meddle with it, as they must have been aware of his presence. Then the jackals slunk away howling, whilst the vultures flew round in circles, uttering angry screams, and the tiger, with a fierce growl as if indignant that his prey should

The Tiger's Last Meal.

be molested in his absence, threw himself upon the carcass."

"I can well excuse your letting him go, doctor," said I, "for many a time have I experienced a similar forgetfulness, and allowed the game to escape in the same manner. You must not, however, give up your tiger as lost, for he is evidently badly hit, as I can tell by the helpless manner he has dragged himself through the bushes, and it will be strange to me if my knowledge of woodcraft, aided by my shekarries and dogs, cannot show us something more of him."

So saying, I bade Chineah loose Ponto (poor Walter's legacy), and going in front, I laid him on the trail. He, perfectly knowing his work, took up the scent immediately, and after half-an-hour's tramp, led us into a patch of high reeds interspersed with bush, jutting into a grassy swamp. Here we heard a low growling, which informed us that we had run the game close; so forming a line with our people in the centre, we pushed on, knowing that he must either break into the open, when we should get fair shots, or turn back against

us. It was exciting work, and with palpitating hearts we advanced abreast slowly, each peering forward among the reeds and tangled bush, expecting every moment that the wounded brute would charge. Ponto kept three or four paces in front of me, his apology for a tail moving to and fro, and his mouth slavering with intense excitement. Suddenly he started back and gave tongue, and without a roar or even a rustling in the grass, a yellow mass sprang from behind a bush in front of us. Three rifles cracked, the reports of which were blended like that of one shot, and a magnificent tigress lay sprawling in the last agonies within six paces of us, whom the doctor put out of her misery by a well-administered ball behind the ear. We were about to rush forward, and examine the stricken brute, which was still gasping, when again a savage growl was heard in the same bush, and a large tiger, with his off fore-arm broken endeavoured to drag himself across the swamp. Fred, who caught sight of him first, let drive, and rolled him over, and I gave him my second barrel, which finished him. We immediately set

to work, and began to despoil the fallen, as the day was far advanced, and, after the operation was finished, we set out on our homeward journey.

The sun had gone down some time before we arrived at our hut, and as we went along, strange wild cries appeared to rage through the forest, and among the voices which resounded together we could only distinguish those that were heard singly during momentary pauses that from time to time took place in the chorus. Elk were uttering their loud cries of defiance, which were answered on all sides until their hoarse bellowing became incessant, when the deep hollow roar of a tiger re-echoed through the arches of the forest, and for an interval all was still save the noise of the great cicadæ in the trees. Then the howling of a troop of jackals, or the melancholy cry of the hyena would pierce the night air, and again the almost deafening chorus would recommence.

At last we reached our tent; and, after the luxury of a bath in a large square bowrie or well, sat down to dinner with appetites well sharpened by our first day's hunting in the Dehra Doon.

# CHAPTER IV.

## ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE TERAI.

"Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn."

GAY.

Camp struck.—Game *en route*.—The kaleej, or silver pheasant.—Indian partridges.—Our new bivouac.—A turn-up in the woods.—The tiger-cat.—Our new bivouac.—Plans for the morrow.—A wild spot.—Game afoot.—A female panther wounded, and an unexpected rencontre.—Warm work satisfactorily concluded.—A cub caught.—More game.—We are early balked of our pork-chops by another hunter.—Two of a trade never agree: exemplification of the proverb.—Return to camp.—Fred's native guest.—The Doctor falls in with spoor.—Pleasant evening.—The start.—Signs of game.—The trail.—A herd in view.—Plan of operations.—Good sport.—The novice's success.—Return to camp.

THE next morning, some time before dawn, we were apprised that it was time to be stirring, from the noise made by the Lascars loosening the pegs preparatory to striking the tent; and donning our hunting gear, we partook of an early breakfast,

reclining on carpets placed near the embers of a huge log-fire, whilst our people packed up our goods and chattels, it having been determined to move our camp to a valley in the Ghuriali Hills, which was considered by Fred's shekarries to be a certain find for large game; moreover a herd of elephant had been seen in the vicinity a couple of days before. As soon as it was sufficiently light to discern the track, our tattoos (ponies) and coolies being laden, we commenced our march, ourselves and shekarries forming the advanced guard, whilst the baggage followed up in the rear.

Elk had already commenced bellowing, and their loud cries of defiance resounding from every side of the forest might by unaccustomed ears have been mistaken for the roaring of much more dangerous animals, so hoarse and hollow did they sound. At daybreak, pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and partridge began calling in all directions; and as we did not expect to meet with any large game *en route*, some of our people having been over the ground the day before, it was determined to make a general bag, and, advancing in skirmishing order, we had excellent sport, killing several silver pheasants—then

quite a new bird to me—besides black and gray partridge, chickore and hares.

The kaleej, or silver pheasant, is about the same size as our English breed, being twenty-six inches long and thirty-two across the wings, and has a white crest. Round the eye, the iris of which is a brownish hazel, is a naked red skin, which, although it varies in colour, is peculiar to all the castes of Himalayan pheasants. The plumage of the male is almost black, having a bluish shade on the back of the head, neck, and breast, and on the body at intervals are rows of silver-white feathers, broad at the base and tapering to a point. The female is smaller than the male, and is of a brown game colour. Their general habits much resemble those of the common jungle fowl. The gray partridge we killed were rather larger than the ordinary birds of the plains, the male being over thirteen inches long, and weighed about eleven ounces; the hen, twelve inches long, and two ounces less in weight. They are redder than the English bird, and more rapid in their flight, but are prone to run, being very nimble on foot. The female generally lays from twelve

to eighteen eggs of a grayish colour, speckled with red and brown, and she hatches them in twenty days, the chicks getting strong within a week from breaking the shell. Their ordinary cry resembles the syllables "Pu-tee-la! pu-tee-la!" repeated quickly. They are very pugnacious, and are often kept for fighting purposes, those being preferred that have double spurs, the second rising from the roots of the first. The black partridge is a most game-looking bird, the plumage being of a bright glossy black, speckled with white round spots. The cock is about fourteen inches in length, and often weighs fifteen ounces. They pair in May, the hen laying from ten to fifteen eggs of a light-blue colour. The chickore very much resembles the ordinary French partridge, the colours being rather brighter and the beak red. They are very hard to put up without dogs, being always on the run.

After a tramp of about four hours, during which time our people were laden with small game, we arrived at the Ghuriali Hills, and, skirting their base, made our way for a couple of miles up a densely wooded ravine, at the bottom of which

flowed a turbulent mountain torrent; and as Fred informed us that this was to be our temporary head-quarters, we halted the coolies, and commenced to reconnoitre the ground, in order to select a suitable place for our camp.

Following up the course of the stream, which came tumbling down the gorge, forming a succession of black and deep pools connected with each other by foaming cascades and whirling eddies, we fixed upon a small elevation by its banks for our bivouac, and forthwith set our people to clear it with their axes. Whilst so engaged my attention was attracted by the shrieking of a troop of monkeys, at no great distance up the valley; and leaving Fred to superintend the domestic arrangements, the Doctor and I, followed by Googooloo, carrying a spare gun, started off to ascertain the cause of the commotion amongst the sons of Haniman. Guided by the screaming, which still continued, we came to a patch of bamboo jungle, where we found a desperate encounter taking place between a tiger-cat and a huge black monkey. They appeared to be exceedingly well matched, and at

first the issue of the contest seemed doubtful; for although the tiger-cat exceeded the monkey in size and strength, the latter managed to keep hold of his adversary's fore paws with his hind feet, whilst his arms were clasped tightly round its neck, and his ferocious-looking fangs were buried in its throat. The rest of the troop watched the contest with intense excitement depicted in their countenances; and, not contented with encouraging their champion with the most passionate vociferations, regardless of fair play, every now and again one or two of their number would drop from the branches overhead and give the tiger-cat a sly bite, or attract his attention by making threatening grimaces and chattering within a few inches of his nose. One monkey, swinging down from an overhanging bamboo, instead of helping his companion, coolly commenced searching for fleas in the roots of the hair on the tiger-cat's hind-quarters, grunting and chattering with intense satisfaction as he caught his game, looked at it for a moment, and then ate it with great gusto. Notwithstanding the aid

Master Jacko received from his friends, the strength of his antagonist was beginning to tell; and growing faint from fright, he began to emit the most piteous cries of distress, which awakened the Doctor's compassion, and he terminated the contest by shooting his opponent through the head. As the fur was beautifully marked we took off the skin, and were much surprised at the mass of sinew and cartilage the body and limbs then presented, which accounted for its great physical power. The tiger-cat is a perfect tiger in miniature; and its nature and habits much resemble that animal, for it is seldom seen in the day, but at night prowls through the forest far and wide in search of prey, which it shows great cunning and skill in seizing. The havoc these animals commit amongst game must be immense, on account of the great quantity of food they require. I had frequently heard their strange, harsh, unearthly cry after nightfall in the deep jungle before I could account for it; but one quiet moonlight night, as I was watching by a pool of water, the usual drinking-place of a tiger, I heard two of these wild voices

calling and answering one another close at hand, which Chineah said was the cry of ghoonts or demons, but by the light of the moon I perceived that the noises came from a couple of tiger-cats. When wounded, these animals will fly at their assailant in the most ferocious manner; and I think I never saw any creature fight so desperately, or one that is so exceedingly tenacious of life. It takes a very good dog indeed that will kill a tiger-cat single-handed; and I have seen many a hound, that would pin a deer or tackle a bear without hesitation, fight shy of one of these wild-looking animals, for when they are enraged every hair on their body stands on end, making them look twice as large as they really are.

When we returned to our people we found the tent pitched, the dinner under weigh, and everything comfortably arranged for passing the night, so we adjourned to a pool at the foot of a small murmuring cascade, and refreshed ourselves with a most delightful bath before sitting down to table; after which we assembled our people round the log-fire, and held a solemn consultation as to the

morrow's proceedings. It was determined that Fred and two of his people should go along the Tiri road and meet a Ghoorka chief, who had been invited to join our party; whilst the Doctor and I, dividing our people into two parties, reconnoitred each side of the valley in search of game. A brew of Glenlivet was made, tobacco served out, and, after two or three hours' agreeable conversation, in which our people freely joined, the night-watch was set, and we retired to rest.

The next morning, refreshed and invigorated by wholesome sleep, we breakfasted at early dawn, and shortly afterwards each set out on his way. Googooloo and most of the other shekarries went with the Doctor along the course of the river, to look for elephant spoor; whilst Chineah and two of the Phaidee coolies, with the dogs, accompanied me in a clamber up the hills, where I hoped to get some venison for camp consumption.

We were obliged to follow the right bank of the stream for some distance, as the forest was too dense for us to penetrate; but at last, by creeping up the dry bed of a tributary torrent, and groping

our way, often almost in darkness, under overhanging boughs covered with heavy foliage, we got into a deep cleft or narrow gorge in the side of the mountain, which seemed to have been caused by some violent convulsion of Nature. At first it appeared that all further passage was closed by a precipitous wall of rock, often quite vertical, although fringed in places with trees growing out of fissures in the sides; but as it was such a strange wild kind of place, I determined to explore it, and, after some very difficult travelling along narrow ledges and jutting shelves of stratification, where the footing was most insecure, I managed to scramble into a hollow basin, where the ravine divided, each branch appearing to lead up the side of the mountain. Here were some noble teak trees, and a few clumps of bamboos of enormous proportions, besides patches of fern and luxurious grasses. From a crack in the solid rock, about fifteen feet from the base, issued two small streams, evidently having the same source, which fell into a beautiful natural basin, bordered with short green turf. The dogs immediately made

their way down to this spot to drink, and were engaged in chasing and diving after a couple of saucy-looking little dab-chicks or lesser grebe, when suddenly I heard Ponto give tongue, followed by an unmistakable whine, which told me that we were not alone in the glen, separated even as it appeared to be from the rest of the world. From his attitude, as he stood snuffing the air with his fore paw raised, his head lifted, his lips apart, showing his teeth, and now and then giving a low growl, I knew by experience that some of the feline race were in close proximity, and made my preparations accordingly; bidding Chineah fasten up the Poligars in their slips, and give them in charge of one of the Phaidee coolies, whilst he kept near me with the second gun, for I only happened to have two out with me that day. A small hill-dog, belonging to one of my people, kept running backwards and forwards about twenty paces in front, in spite of our endeavours to keep him back, to Ponto's great annoyance, as he and I were making casts about the place in search of the trail. A very few turns served to satisfy us both on this

point, for we almost immediately came upon the *pugs* of what appeared to be a family of either panthers or leopards, which we were steadily following up, when suddenly a female panther, with a short low growl, pounced upon the poor Puharee dog, breaking his back with a blow from her muscular paw, and carrying him off as a cat would a mouse. At this moment my view of the transaction was partially obstructed by an intervening bush; but getting a momentary glimpse, as she bounded along, I gave her the contents of both barrels, which tumbled her over, and made her relinquish her prey, but did not prove mortal, for in the twinkling of an eye she recovered her feet, and sprang towards us, uttering a savage roar, when the Poligars, who, on seeing the game, had forcibly broken away from the man who held them, dashed forward, and, scared by their sudden appearance, she swerved, raised her head, and looked round for a line of retreat; which action gave Ponto a chance, and the gallant dog rushed in and pinned her by the back sinew of the hind leg, whilst at the same time Hassan and Ali fastened

on each side of her, one by the ear, and the other on the throat. I had received my second gun from Chineah the moment my first was discharged, but I was afraid to fire lest I should injure my dogs, and was waiting for a fairer chance, when suddenly, with a scream of rage, the male panther appeared, and made a leap which would have very summarily disposed of poor Ponto, if I had not luckily stopped him in mid-career by almost simultaneously giving him the contents of both barrels, killing him at once. The game was now becoming hot, for a violent struggle was still going on between my dogs and the wounded female, whose strength was so great, notwithstanding one of her fore arms was shattered and useless, that she twice managed to shake off the Poligars, although Ponto still kept his hold; and fearing lest my favourite might get a mauling before I should have time to reload, I drew my hunting-knife, and, watching my opportunity, plunged it up to the hilt behind her shoulder-blade, when she reared up, gave a hollow groan, and dropped dead on her side. The Poligars, when they saw their

antagonist was dead, lay quietly down, and began to lick the scratches and bruises they had received in the conflict; but old matter-of-fact Ponto, in a most cautious manner, went up to each of the carcasses, examined them all round, as if to satisfy himself that there was no life remaining; after which he came trotting up to me as I was reloading, looked up in my face in a peculiarly knowing manner, wagged his apology for a tail, and lay down at my feet grunting with intense satisfaction.

Having rubbed the blood and dirt off the dogs, and examined their limbs carefully, so as to make sure that they had received no serious injury, we again took up the panther's trail, which led us to a shelving rock, where, in a small cave, we found two young panther cubs, one of which the dogs killed, and the other, a young male, we caught alive. He was not larger than a Clumber spaniel, but already very ferocious, scratching and biting at every one who approached; and as he would not walk, I had him slung to a bamboo so as to be more easily carried, having first taken the precaution of fastening up his mouth. I then sent

Chineah to despoil the dead panthers, bidding the rest of the people go to the water and there wait, whilst I, accompanied by Ponto, continued my survey of the glen. I had not gone far when I came upon the slots of a sounder of hog, and whilst I was following them up, I perceived the fresh pugs of a panther, to which I did not give much attention, supposing it to have been made by one of those I had killed. Ponto, however, was not so mistaken, but gave a peculiar whine, as if apprehensive of danger, which I not understanding, and fearing lest the noise might alarm the game, ordered him to fall back and lie down. Hardly had he done so, than I heard the grunting and shrill squeaking of a young hog, and, guided by the sounds, I crept quietly forward on my hands and knees through some high grass, until I got near enough to see a fine sow, surrounded by a numerous litter, turning up the soil and feeding upon the young roots of the grass. I watched her proceedings for a moment, and was considering whether to fire or not, being rather unwilling to kill the mother of such a numerous small family,

when I heard a slight rustling noise within a few paces to my left, which at first I imagined to have been caused by the dog, but on turning round, to my surprise I saw a fine full-grown panther gathering himself up as if to make a spring. His attention was evidently entirely centred in the prospect of a pork dinner, for he licked his slavering lips repeatedly, and his green eyes were fixed intently upon the sow, who, strangely enough, had not yet caught the taint in the air. I quickly raised my rifle, and aiming behind the massive shoulder, which was fully exposed as he couched, pulled trigger, and the panther sprang into the air stone dead. The sow, alarmed, dashed forward most courageously to protect her young, and in self-defence I was obliged to give her my remaining barrel as she charged close by me. The bullet passing through the body, "grassed" her at once, and with the aid of Ponto, who came up immediately on hearing the report, I managed to despatch her with my knife. We now turned our attention to the squeakers, and Ponto and I soon managed to catch five of them alive, which

I secured by fastening their legs together. This done, I made my way to the spring, where I waited until Chineah came up with the skins of the animals first killed, when I sent him and the coolies, under Ponto's guidance, to bring in the rest of the game. In the meantime I refreshed myself with a bath in the pool until their return, when we set out on our route towards camp, and, by following a deer-run, descended the hill much more easily than by the way we had mounted. We got to the tent an hour before sunset, and found Fred and his native friend, the Ghoorka chief, enjoying their manillas, and superintending the taking up of nets that had been laid across the stream in order to provide our table with a dish of the finny tribe somewhat resembling small trout.

I was not at all disappointed with the physiognomy of our guest, who had a pleasing and animated expression when he spoke, with none of that servile, cringing obsequiousness which is the general characteristic of most of the higher classes of natives in India. On the contrary, his manner was free and wholly unembarrassed, although he

was quite unaccustomed to meet Europeans. He had very large eyes, which would have been fierce if it had not been for the very long eyelashes with which they were fringed, an aquiline nose, small moustache, and well-formed mouth. Fred had first met with him whilst on a shooting expedition, when he and several of his people were prostrated with fever; and luckily having a medicine chest amongst his baggage, he managed, by a judicious administration of quinine, to set them all on their legs again. Since then a reciprocal friendship had sprung up between them, and Fred had visited his mountain fastness, where he was most hospitably entertained. We had a second tent pitched a short distance from ours, in case he might prefer to eat alone, but he very quaintly informed us that he left his caste prejudices with the Brahmins when he went out either to fight or hunt. The Doctor and his party had not yet arrived, although early in the day he had sent in a coolie with a young spotted deer he had shot; so, after waiting half-an-hour—which was strictly against camp law—we sat down to dinner without him; but had

hardly commenced than his musical voice was heard some distance up the valley trolling the air, "Lochaber no more," and shortly afterwards he made his appearance. Besides a couple of spotted deer, he had killed a large bear, and had fallen in with signs of elephant that Googooloo declared were not twelve hours old. We therefore determined to have a careful hunt in that direction the next day, and after dinner, when our people were assembled, gave the necessary directions.

The next morning, shortly after daybreak, our arms were overhauled, and as soon as there was light enough to distinguish our route, we set out for the spot where the doctor had seen the trail, under Googooloo's guidance ; and pursuing our way with difficulty, on account of the denseness of the forest, after a tramp of about three hours, we came to it, and sure enough there was the spoor of a herd of seven elephant, which appeared to me to be about two days old. Following up the track they had made by trampling through the bush, we found easier than clambering up the rocky watercourse, and in another hour we arrived at a grassy

swamp, which bore traces of having very lately been frequented by elephant, as it was covered in all directions with spoor varying from a few hours to three days old. On further examination I found signs that led me to suppose that the herd had there passed part of the night, for in two or three places I noticed marks of their having lain down on their broad sides; and one must have been a bull, as I distinguished the indentation of a large tusk in the soil. As neither the Doctor nor the Ghoorka had yet killed an elephant, and both were most desirous of doing so, Fred and I agreed to reserve our fire, so as to give them the first chance; and to obviate the necessity of having more people about us than necessary, each slung a second gun on his shoulder, Chineah and Googooloo, our best trackers, only taking up the trail, whilst the rest waited for our return. Roused to fresh exertion by the prospect of such noble game, we got over the ground very quickly, and following the trail up the side of the hill, at last got on some large teak forest, where we found much fresher spoor, and unmistakable signs that indicated the immediate

proximity of the animals we were in search of. Here I thought it advisable to halt the party whilst I and Googooloo went forward to reconnoitre; and bidding them be as quiet as possible, we crept forward along the trail, and in a few minutes caught a glimpse of a herd of five elephant, one of which was a respectably sized tusker. We watched them for a few moments, as, unconscious of our presence, they browsed on the young and tender branches of tufts of grass, which latter they beat against the trees to free from earth before eating, making a curious tapping noise, that had attracted our attention some time before we caught sight of them. Having made a cursory examination of the ground, so as to mark the best line of approach, we returned to our companions, who were looking out for us most anxiously; and it was arranged that Fred and I should make a circuit, so as to get up the hill on the other side of the herd, whilst the Doctor and the Ghoorka, under the guidance of Googooloo, should creep under cover as near as they could, and take the first shots, which plan might give us the chance of stopping those that

escaped. I then led them up to a clump of trees, from whence the herd were visible, and having counselled the Doctor to give us sufficient time to get round and take post before he commenced operations, Fred and I went back some distance before we began our circuitous route. Having worked up the hill until we had got into the proper line to cut off any stragglers, we commenced to descend slowly towards where we thought the herd were feeding, for we were some hundreds of feet above the spot where we left the Doctor's party, when suddenly I heard a low sound and snapping of branches a short distance below us, and peeping cautiously over a boulder of rock, I saw a male and two females feeding quietly within fifty yards of us. I pointed them out to Fred, telling him to take the tusker as soon as the Doctor's party had opened fire. We remained a few moments in suspense, anxiously watching the game, and listening for the first shot, when to our surprise we heard a running fire some distance to our right; and as the elephants near us pricked up their ears and rushed forward alarmed at the report, Fred brought

the male to his knees with his first shot, and despatched him with his second. I jumped up on the rock and shouted, to drive back the two females, who, struck with consternation at the fall of their companion, dashed up towards us too close to be pleasant, and I had just scared them off, when I heard Chineah shouting, "*Kubadar, sahib, kubadar!*" (Take care, sir, take care!) and a crashing and rending in the jungle below us at the same moment told us what to expect. Seeing nothing, both Fred and I were rushing down the hill in the direction from which the noise proceeded, when a huge bull, followed by three females, burst out of the forest, but, either seeing us or catching the taint in the air, they stopped short. Although the distance was far too great to make certain of hitting any vital part, I gave him the contents of both barrels in the ear as he was swerving round, and Fred gave him a similar dose, which rolled him over for the moment; but he soon was on his legs again, and, reckless of the injuries he had received, charged towards us, tail on end, when I got a fair shot, and brought him to the ground by lodging

a bullet in his brain. Whilst we were thus engaged, a continued file firing was kept up below; so, having made sure that our own game was secure, we joined the Doctor, who had killed a female and wounded a male (the one I subsequently killed). The Ghoorka had wounded another female, and, as he thought, killed her; but when he was about to secure the tail, to his surprise and consternation she got upon her knees, and would have made off, if he had not luckily managed to divide the tendons of her leg with a cut from his short sword, and prevented her from moving any distance. The continued firing we heard were his subsequent attempts to finish her, which at last he managed to do, to his own intense satisfaction. Having secured the tails as trophies, we returned to the swamp where we had left the rest of the people, and sending back some of them to watch the tusks until the bodies should be sufficiently decomposed to allow them to be pulled out, we made the best of our way to the tent. We remained hunting with various success in this part of the Dhoon for ten days longer, after which we returned to Fred's comfortable quarters at Dehra.

# CHAPTER V.

## A TRIP TO THE SACRED SHRINE OF GUNGA.

"My joy was in the wilderness to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's tops.
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite."—MANFRED.

Dhoon shooting.—An Indian pic-nic.—The Dripping Well of Sansa-Dharna.—An impromptu bear-hunt.—Return to Dehra.—The Doctor discovers a strange peculiarity in the atmosphere of the Hills.—Wedlock after Shakspere.—Preparations for a trip.—Puharree coolies.—The start.—Mussoorie.—Himalayan game.—The snow bear.—Musk deer.—Gooral.—Surrow.—Ibex.—Burrul and Thaar.—The route.—The Valley of the Ganges.—The Sacred River.—Snow streams.—Daily marches.—The Kanoolee Hills.—Gooral stalking.—Bear shooting.—Thaar stalking.—Successful work.—The hunter's fire.—Difficult travelling.—Changes in the forest.—Wild scenery.—The Brahmin's retreat.—The Jad Gunga.—The Sacred Shrine of Gungajee.—Gangoutrie.—Rudru Himaleh.

DEHRA, being so central, is the best head-quarters for Dhoon shooting, and during our sojourn there we made several expeditions to different parts of the valley, enjoying first-rate sport, and rarely meeting

with blank days. Elephant, however, were not so numerous as might have been expected from the likely appearance of the forest, having been driven into the more remote parts by the periodical burning of the Dhoon grass, which takes place in January and February. Notwithstanding we explored all the most favourable haunts, we only twice came across them; once near Jobrawallah, on the banks of the Sooswa river, and again in the Sankote Forest when on both occasions we killed. We also had some excellent tiger-shooting in different parts of the Dhoon and amongst the Sewalic Hills, but as these hunts afforded no incidents out of the common, I shall not enter into any description of them.

My companion, Fred, who was quite a ladies' man, and fond of what on the Hills is termed "peacocking," or paying morning visits and discussing the weather, had a most extensive female acquaintance, and he and sundry others of his kidney managed to get up an impromptu pic-nic to the Dripping Well of Sansa-Dharna, which was attended by all the reigning spinsters and grass-

widows of the station. The former, it was currently reported, had each a certain set-speech for "juwabing" (literally, giving an answer to) aspirants for connubial bliss, it being no uncommon event in these parts for a *belle* to have the question popped, on an average, some seven times per week, or to receive half a score similar honours the morning after a club ball or the bachelors' bi-weekly reunion-party.

On the appointed morning we all met at the house of one of the principal personages of the station at daybreak, and, after a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, prepared for a start. Forming an imposing cavalcade of gaily-caparisoned elephants, horsemen, amazons, palanquins, tonjons, and jampanees, we passed through the small village of Nagul, and wound along the banks of the River Soane by a rocky and rather precipitous path, which somewhat tried the nerves of the female equestrians, and gave ample opportunity for displays of gallantry, each fair one being attended by one or more *cavaliers servante*. After a ride of about three hours, we arrived at the dripping well, which is close to a

bend in the river, and here we found a couple of tents pitched, whilst hard by, on a green knoll, shaded by a giant peepul-tree, was spread a table-cloth covered with all the necessary accessories for invigorating the system. In a few moments elephants and horses were picketed under the trees round about, the palanquins, etc., drawn up in rows, and the party proceeded to examine this strange natural phenomenon, which is caused by a small stream flowing over a high shelving rock, about sixty paces in length, of so porous a nature as to allow the water to filter through and fall in a perpetual shower. The under face of the rock is covered with stalactites, and in a natural basin below the water is collected, which the doctor discovered to be strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. On the right of the rock is a large natural grotto, filled with water to the depth of two feet, and here the stalactites were very beautiful, assuming the appearance of pillars and quaint gothic arches supporting the roof. The "assembly" sounding on a key-bugle stopped several learned dissertations and explanatory theories on this na-

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tural shower-bath, to the great relief, I imagined, of the ladies, who good-temperedly were trying to look patient under the infliction; and all met round the "spread," where, having disposed of our persons upon mats and carpets, in the style we are told the ancient Romans adopted under similar circumstances, we did ample justice to our good cheer, which was seasoned with appetite, joviality, and harmony. Sallies of wit flowed with the champagne and sparkling Moselle, calling forth many a smart repartee from the gentler sex; jest followed jest, and never had the arches of the old forest rung with such peals of merry laughter, or echoed such wild shouts of revelry. Songs, sentimental and comic, succeeded; and one fair girl warbled some of those touching melodies of auld lang syne with a feeling and expression that went home to every heart, recalling bygone scenes to mind, awakening recollections that for years had slept, and causing tears to glisten in the eye of more than one rough, weather-beaten veteran. After a time a dance was proposed, and the forethought of our master of the ceremonies now showed itself con-

spicuous, for a band had been provided; and although a gentleman (whom it was presumed had corns, or whose parents had not paid the extra twopence for accomplishments,) was heard to observe that there was not plain enough to swing a cat round, waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, and country-dances followed each other in rapid succession, which again gave place to sundry games, such as blind-man's buff, forfeits, and hunt-the-slipper, the old hands enjoying the fun as much as the young ones. Whilst we were all sitting in a circle engaged in the latter amusement, a servant, having intense excitement depicted in his countenance, came up with the intelligence that a large bear had just been seen making his way down a nullah close at hand. Immediately all who had brought guns with them started off and followed up the trail, which was soon found, evidently quite fresh, and after a sharp run he was caught sight of leisurely picking his way up a deep sot or cleft in the side of a low hill, at about a hundred yards distant. A young officer of the Ghoorka corps, stationed at Dehra, who had outstripped the rest in running,

fired, and rolled him over, with a ball in the hind quarters; but giving vent to his indignation by a savage roar, he instantly recovered his legs, and came straight at us. Being perceived by some of the rest, a straggling volley was directed against him, and he disappeared, having fallen, as we thought, killed, although, from the broken nature of the ground, he remained hidden from our view. Then there was a general rush to secure the prize, and on we all pressed in a body up the gully, clambering over the loose rocks and boulders in no little confusion, when suddenly a tremendous roar was heard in the front, and most unexpectedly a hūge mass of black fur came rolling amongst us, capsizing three or four in its course. I was a little behind, and could not fire on account of those in front, some of whom, appalled by the awful noise, fairly turned tail; but Fred, who was directly in the line of the charge, let drive right and left almost simultaneously from the hip, for the bear being almost upon him, he had not time to raise his rifle to the shoulder, and both shots taking effect in the chest, with a noise between a grunt

and a moan (the peculiar death-note of a bear) our assailant rolled over dead, to the intense satisfaction of more than one of the party, several of whom were not a little bruised by tumbling amongst the rocks in their hasty endeavours to get out of his clutches. The bear was a handsome specimen; so, when the people came up the carcass was slung on poles and carried down to the tents. After this little episode, dancing and other amusements were carried on as before, pistol-practice at bottles was introduced, and several matches got up between the ladies, some of whom proved quite proficients in the art; then, as the sun began to get low, we mounted our animals and commenced our homeward route towards Dehra, where, with the aid of cheel pine-torches, we arrived about midnight. As we were supping in Fred's comfortable quarters, the Doctor, looking significantly at our host, who had only just turned up from escorting some fair party home, remarked, in his dry, quaint manner, that he imagined there was something peculiarly "cornific" in the atmosphere so near the mountains, the influence of which extended to other

animals besides ibex and wild sheep, and he forthwith commenced spouting after Shakspere.

To wed or not to wed—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous love,
Or to take arms against the powerful flame;
And by opposing quench it—to wed—to marry—
To marry perchance a scold. Ah! there's the rub,
For in that married life what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our single state;
Must give us serious pause—there's the respect
That makes us bachelors a numerous race,
Else who could bear the dull unsocial life
Spent by unmarried men—cheered by no smile,
To sit like hermits at the lonely board in silence?
Who could bear the cruel gibes
With which the bachelor is daily teased,
When he himself might end such heart-felt griefs
By wedding some fair maid? Oh! who would live
Yawning and staring sadly in the fire
'Till celibacy becomes a weary life,
But that the dread of something after wedlock—
That undiscovered state from whose strong chains
No captive can get free (puzzles the will),
And makes us rather choose those ills we have
Than fly to others which a wife may bring.
Thus caution would make bachelors of us all,
And thus our natural wish for matrimony
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

> And love adventures of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents run away,
> And miss the name of wedlock.

After this trip, a couple of days were devoted to preparations for our expedition amongst the mountains to the Source of the Ganges. Stores, groceries, and supplies of all kind were provided and packed securely in our waterproof "kiltas," iron-shod alpenstocks were made, and a light portable bridge and ladder of my own invention constructed; which latter arrangement I shall describe, as it proved on many occasions very useful during our trip, for with it we could in a moment either bridge a nullah eighteen feet wide, or climb a scarp of twenty. It somewhat resembled the arm of a fire-escape, having a canvas back and strong male bamboo sides, bound with iron, strong hooks being fastened at one end and spikes at the other. The rings, however, were all of rope, except those at the top and bottom, which were of stout iron, and moveable, so that the whole could be taken to pieces for carriage, or put together in a moment.

As the roads, or rather tracts, were impassable,

even for ghoonts, or mountain ponies, all our baggage had to be carried by Puharree coolies, which considerably swelled the number of our camp followers. The Puharrees, a cast of Hindoos, are divided into two classes, the Gungarees or low-country men (from gunga, "a valley"), and the Purbutees, or hill men (from purbut, "a peak"). The latter are stout, robust, and hardy mountaineers, generally short in stature, but capable of undergoing much exertion and fatigue on very simple fare, their ordinary food being chapaties, or girdle cakes made of coarse flour mixed into a paste with water, seasoned with a little salt, and baked upon an iron plate. The men wear loosely-fitting tunics, gathered in and fastened at the waist with a cotton belt, and wide peg-top trousers, tight at the ancle, both garments being made of a coarse blanket-like material, round cap of the same, or sometimes a white turban and network sandals of curious construction. The coolies we engaged were all of the latter class, and had been carefully selected as good men some days before by Surmoor, their chief, who had been with Fred on several former occasions.

They all received a month's pay in advance, with a thick, coarse, country blanket, and as they mustered in front of the bungalow, I thought I had never seen a more likely-looking set of fellows for the work. Our next step was to procure a couple of "purwanahs," or letters of authority—one from the civil powers, and the other from the Teeree rajah—without which we might have been subject to much inconvenience in procuring supplies. The vakeel of the rajah also sent us one of his peons to enforce every assistance, and he proved a very useful fellow in coercing the Brahmin and Rajpoot mookias, or head men of villages, who, for the most part, are an apathetic set of scoundrels, that do as little as they can to assist travellers.

Our baggage consisted of a good-sized routee, or hill tent, which, slung on the portable bridge, was easily carried by four men, two small scouting tents, somewhat resembling the *tentes d'abri* of the French chasseurs, but larger and more commodious, although each was a light load for one coolie; three painted canvas packages, containing bedding, blankets, etc.; and twenty-six kiltas, sixteen of

which were filled with clothes, ammunition stores, and supplies of every kind that we calculated would last us for two months; four contained "atar," or coarse flour, rice, curry stuff, and salt for our people; two held our cooking utensils, two cheel-pine torches and firewood; and two contained a complete breakfast kit, which, with one of the scouting tents, was sent on the day before, so that our breakfast was always ready by the time we arrived on the new ground, or half-way, when the march was very long. Thus, although we eschewed beer, and curtailed all extraneous baggage, we had thirty-two coolie loads, each man carrying about fifty pounds' weight. All our preparations and arrangements being completed, we bade adieu to our friends in Dehra, and sending on our people, drove to Rajpoor, at the foot of the Mussoorie hills, the first range of the Himalaya, that rise about four thousand feet above the Doon. The eastern part, on which is Landour, the military cantonment, rises about a thousand feet higher.

After a first-rate breakfast at a comfortable hotel kept by a *ci-devant* trooper, we commenced the

ascent, one of the most delightful walks that I ever met with in any part of the globe. The road winds in zig-zags cut along the face of the hill, but we frequently availed ourselves of native paths, which, although much steeper, cut off corners and shortened the route considerably. As we ascended, a great change was observable in the nature of the forests, although the vegetation was everywhere most luxuriant. At the base the prevalent trees were sal and send, varied with banians, patches of bamboo, wild banana, or acacia. Here and there gigantic festoons of leguminosæ, or the Pothos creeper, stretched high over head, whilst wild vines, peppers, and convolvuli of every colour, formed natural bowers of living verdure that courted repose on every side. At an elevation of three thousand feet, the alteration of the appearance of the forest became strikingly apparent. The tropical trees gradually disappeared, and were replaced by evergreen oaks of magnificent foliage, noble rhododendrons with enormous lemon-scented blossoms, pines, magnolias, camellias and tree-ferns; whilst the underwood consisted chiefly of yellow

raspberries, ivy, honeysuckle, and other plants of the temperate regions. The banks on the road-side, also, now began to be clothed with wild strawberry, geranium, violets, and different kinds of mosses and lichens never seen in the plains. It is difficult to conceive more beautiful forest scenery than the Mussoorie Pass exhibits. At every turn a varied view presents itself, either of magnificent vistas in the woods, or glorious landscapes of the park-like Dhoon below. We fully enjoyed it, and although the ascent was a stiff seven miles' tramp, we were not the least fatigued on our arrival at Mussoorie, where we put up at Wolf's Crag, a comfortable and elegant little bungalow belonging to a friend of Fred's, that was beautifully situated on a rising ground facing the valley of the Dhoon. So much has been written about this far-famed salutarium, that I shall not enter into any detailed account of it; suffice it to say that the most glowing descriptions I had read did not come up to the reality. The scenery exceeded anything I had hitherto seen in magnitude and grandeur, and I passed hours away gazing at the magnificent views

that present themselves at every turn. We visited the club, one of the oldest and best establishments of the kind in India, and pretty well divided our time between billiards and lounging on the Mall. This beautiful promenade is a level road cut along the Saddle-back hill between Mussoorie and Landour, from which a splendid view of the low country may be obtained. The hill behind serves as an efficient shelter against the cold, raw north winds that blow from the snowy regions. The houses, or rather bungalows, for few have upper stories, are generally perched on little undulations that crown the crest of the ridge facing the Dhoon, the north side being very bleak, and as each is situated in its own ground, and many have extensive gardens, the station occupies a large area. When we arrived Mussoorie was nearly empty, the season not having yet commenced; but it is generally very full from April to October, after which time the visitors return to the low country, scarcely any one remaining on the Hills during the winter.

The first view of the Himalayas from the north side of the Landour ridge is, I believe, scarcely to

be equalled for grandeur. Wave upon wave of snowy ranges, surmounted by majestic peaks of every conceivable shape, rise from the dark dense forest below, clearly and sharply defined against the deep-blue firmament. This panorama is sublime beyond conception, and offers a striking contrast to the southern view, where the valley of the Dhoon, the Sewalic hills, and the reeking plains of India, with the windings of the Ganges and the Jumna, lay stretched before the eye as in a map. Even the genius of a Turner could not do justice to such scenery. How faintly, then, would words portray it! Language cannot convey an adequate impression of such magnitude, so "I am compelled to throw the reins on the neck of the steed of description, and relinquish the pursuit."

Before describing our route, I shall enter upon the different varieties of game that are to be found in the Ghurwal, describing such as are peculiar to the range. The feline species are commonly supposed to frequent only the warmer regions; but many of them are not very susceptible of cold, for in the Himalaya I killed a

tiger above the snow limit, and have frequently come across the tracks of leopards at altitudes above fifteen thousand feet.

There are two kind of bears found on this part of the range. The first is the ordinary black bear of the plains, previously described; and the second is the Himalayan, or snow bear, which is only found in the higher regions. They measure about nine feet long, stand about forty inches at the shoulder, and are covered with shaggy hair, which varies both in length and colour according to the season of the year. The winter coat, which is long, and of a grayish, or dirty yellowish shade, falls off in the summer, and is replaced by a shorter and much darker one approaching a reddish-brown, that lengthens and grows gradually lighter as the cold season again approaches. The female and cubs are generally light-coloured, the latter having a circle or collar of white round the neck, which diminishes as they grow older, and finally disappears. In April the female generally gives birth to two cubs, which, when first born, are scarcely larger than rats, and of a tawny yellow

colour. Within a month their eyes open, and in three months more they attain the size of a poodle dog, and are very playful, always wrestling together. Up to this time they are in considerable danger of being devoured by the male, if the mother does not guard them most carefully. They remain in the den with their parents until more offspring are born, when they are driven out to shift for themselves. Bears attain maturity at about five years of age, and the duration of their lives is estimated at over fifty years. In winter, snow bears retire to caves and clefts in the rocks, where they construct a kind of litter or bed of brushwood and moss, and, without becoming torpid, sleep for days together. At this time the Puharries say that they cast the skin from the soles of their feet, but I cannot vouch for the fact. In the spring, when the snow begins to melt, they emerge from their dens, and feed upon young and tender shoots, grass, berries, roots, insects, and herbs. In summer time their favourite food is fruit and honey, in autumn acorns and grain, and at such times they go very long distances to forage. The bear is rarely wantonly ferocious, except when

molested and wounded, or when awakened suddenly from sleep, then he becomes a dangerous opponent, as he seldom shows any lack of courage. Rising on his hind legs, with head erect, he endeavours to close with his assailant, and strikes tremendous blows with his forepaw, invariably aiming at the face or head, and inflicting most ghastly wounds with his powerful claws. Although a carnivorous animal, the Himalayan bear feeds much more on vegetables than flesh, rarely attacking cattle or animals unless when forced by hunger.

Yellow wolves, hyenas, jackals, black-eared foxes, and dholes or wild dogs, are common in some parts of the range; but as their nature and habits much resemble those of their brethren of the plains, I shall not enter into them. I have frequently come across packs of the latter animals in the birch forests, and watched them hunt down gooral or burrul, always running against the wind, and often chasing by relays. The game chiefly sought by the sportsman is the musk deer, and the different species of wild goats and sheep peculiar to the range. Of the former class there are three

varieties, the gooral, surrow, and ibex; and the latter two the burrul and thaar.

The musk deer, or kustooree, a solitary animal, is about the size of a roebuck, measuring forty inches in length and twenty-two in height. The male is furnished with a sharp-pointed canine tooth, or tusk, curving backwards on each side of the upper jaw, which in a full-grown animal is about three inches in length. The general colour is speckled gray, approaching to black on the shoulders, back, and outside of the legs; reddish fawn along the lower part of the sides and inside the thighs, and dirty white under the throat and belly and inside the legs. The fur is very thick, coarse, and brittle, the hairs being nearly white at the roots, and becoming gradually darker towards the end, not unlike the small under-quills of the porcupine. The head is delicately formed, the ears broad and erect, and the tail very small, not being over an inch in length. In males this appendage is quite naked, except a small tuft at the end caused by continued shaking about; but in females and young it remains covered with

gray hair at the top, and white underneath. The legs are very slender, the hoofs long and pointed; and they always go in bounds, all four feet leaving the ground, except when grazing. The female and young are rather lighter in colour than the males, and have no tusks; otherwise they are much alike. The musk pod, which is only found in males, is situated between the skin and the flesh close to the navel, and much resembles the gizzard of a fowl, having a small orifice through the skin, but no apparent internal connection with the stomach. The musk is found in dark-brown rounded grains, and the pod of a full-grown animal may yield about an ounce on an average. Scarcely any is found in animals under two years old, and more in proportion as they become aged, although this is not always the case, as at times the musk is discharged through the orifice in the skin. Musk deer much resemble hares in their habits, making forms in the same manner, and generally choosing to feed early in the morning or towards the evening. Their food chiefly consists of young leaves, grass, tender shoots, herbs, berries,

grain and moss seeds. The female generally gives birth to twins, which are deposited at some distance from each other, the dam only visiting them at times during the day. Thus are those habits of solitude and retirement engendered which continue through life, for they are rarely seen two together, and the fawns never associate with the dam. Musk deer are found in all kinds of forest, but seldom at lower altitudes than eight thousand feet. The flesh is fine grained.

The gooral, or Himalayan chamois, is a gregarious animal, about the size of an ordinary goat, with rough coat about two inches long, of brownish-gray colour, rather lighter under the belly and inside the legs, and white under the throat. Both male and female, which are much alike, have black ringed horns about eight inches long and three and a half in circumference, tapering to a point, and curved backwards. They breed in the end of May, the female rarely having more than one at a birth. Gooral are generally found feeding at dawn and near sunset, lying under bushes and rocks during the day. They frequent

the steepest grass-covered hills and rugged ground, and never forsake a district, however much they may be disturbed. When alarmed they give a peculiar hissing grunt.

The surrow, also a kind of chamois, stands about three feet and a-half at the shoulder, and is about five feet and a-half long from the point of the nose to the end of the tail. The general colour of the fur is a reddish-gray, deepening to black on the back, head, and hind quarters, with yellow and dirty white under the belly and inside the legs, and a light ash muzzle, with a white streak running along the sides of the lower jaw. Having large coarse ears, the expression of the head resembles that of an ass more than a deer, and the legs are thick and clumsily proportioned, occasioning an awkward gait.** The male has a black forelock and mane, which he erects when alarmed, and a large and fiery black eye. Both male and female have highly-polished, black, tapering, sharp-pointed horns, about twelve inches long and four inches in circumference at the base, annulated for the first five inches and curved backwards almost

on to the neck. The surrow is rather a rare animal, and is generally found in the most inaccessible parts of the forest in the vicinity of water. He is a dangerous customer for dogs to bring to bay, often killing and maiming several with his horns before being pulled down.

The ibex of the Himalaya takes the foremost place amongst the varied game of that district, being the largest of the goat species. The male measures forty-two inches in height at the shoulder, and is about five-feet in length including the head; the female is very small in comparison. The horns of the buck vary from three feet to fifty inches in length, and from eight to thirteen inches in circumference; those of the female are round, and rarely exceed a foot in length. The general colour of the buck ibex is a yellowish-gray, with a darker stripe along the centre of the back, ash-coloured muzzle, and black beard about eight inches long. The females and young are uniformly of a reddish-gray colour. The head of the ibex is rounder and the nose shorter than any other of the goat tribe, and the ears are

placed further back. Ibex seem little affected by cold, for in the day-time they remain in the most secluded and rugged spots above the limits of vegetation, and in the evening move downwards towards their feeding grounds, which often lay at a great distance. In summer the males separate from the females, and in a body resort to the higher regions, where they may sometimes be met with in troops of fifty.

The burrul, or snow sheep, is a gregarious animal, found only upon the loftier ranges. The male stands thirty-eight inches high at the shoulder, and is about four feet and a-half in length, often weighing over two hundred weight. The female is scarcely half the size. Their general colour is a light ash with white under the belly; but an old male has also black breast and points, as well as a narrow stripe between the ash on the upper part of the body and the white of the belly. The horns of the male are about twenty-two inches long by eleven in circumference, and they have a single curve like a ram's, but the reverse way. The female has small flat horns, half the size.

Burrul are generally found on the grassy slopes between the limits of the forest and the snow line, and there, in unfrequented regions, they may be seen several score together browsing like tame sheep. They are not difficult stalking, except in places where often disturbed; then they become shy and wary. When alarmed they utter a shrill kind of snort, retiring rather leisurely, and stopping at times as if to satisfy their curiosity as to the cause of alarm. They breed in June and July the males and females associating all the year round, although flocks of young males are occasionally met with in the summer. On the Ladac side of the Himalaya, there is a variety of this species called the napor.

The thaar, or Himalayan wild goat, a most noble-looking animal, is gregarious, being often found in large flocks. A ram before the rutting season frequently weighs over three hundred pounds, measuring five feet and a half including the head, and forty-six inches at the shoulder. The female is a most inferior-looking animal in comparison with the male, not being one half the size.

The ram is generally of a brownish-dun colour, almost deepening to black on the head and points, the neck and shoulders being furnished with long shaggy hair. The female and young are of a reddish-brown colour, rather lighter under the belly. The thaar has horns about twelve inches long and ten in circumference, curving backwards, with flat sides. · Those of the female are smaller.

Gratifying as the magnificent scenery of these almost unknown regions is to the traveller, any very detailed description of daily marching can scarcely be otherwise than monotonous to the reader. I shall therefore simply confine my relation of this expedition to pointing out that which will be most useful to any brother sportsman taking the same route. From Mussoorie we proceeded along the Landour Range, through beautifully verdant hills covered with oak and rhododendron, to the sombre-looking valley of Mugra, where we breakfasted by a perennial spring of remarkable coldness, that is well known to most hill sportsmen. Continuing our route through undulating and densely-wooded country, we passed

through the small village of Beelee, and after a tramp of four hours arrived at our tent at Phaidee. —Total distance, twelve miles.

From Phaidee we crossed the fertile and richly-cultivated valley of the Agla Gadh, through which flows the river of the same name (a clear, pellucid stream, that takes its rise in the adjacent hills, and debouches into the Jumna), and after a stiff up-hill walk arrived at Bhalla, where our camp was pitched.—Distance, seven miles.

From Bhalla we crossed Jhan-da-gan hills by the Lallari Pass (a most fatiguing ascent), to the small village of Lallari, where we breakfasted, and afterwards descended by a steep path, winding along the face of a hill, into the valley of the Nagun Gadh river, which we crossed, and afterwards followed in its course down stream until we came to its debouchure in the Bhageruttee branch of the Ganges. The sacred river here flows through a lovely valley over half a mile in width, thickly sprinkled with villages, and on each side rise ranges of hills some four or five thousand feet high, crowned with beautiful woods of oak, pine,

and rhododendron, interspersed with grassy slopes, verdant knolls, and rocky ravines, whilst the lower slopes are richly cultivated in terraces. The stream itself is about fifty yards wide, and generally fordable, except in the bends, where there are dark pools of great depth. The current is at all times very strong and rapid, and the water exceedingly cold. At this season of the year the Bhageruttee is almost at its lowest, and the water clear and pellucid, but in March it begins to rise from the melting of the snow in the higher regions; and in the latter end of June, or beginning of July (the close of the summer and the commencement of the heavy rains), it becomes full, and assumes the proportions of a mighty river, which gradually decreases as the cooler weather comes on. When full, the waters are thick and muddy, from the washings of the mountains and high lands. As a general rule, we found all snow streams lowest in the morning and highest in the evening, which fact is easily accounted for, as it is the intense heat of the sun's rays in the daytime that makes the greatest impression upon the snow, and necessarily

increases the flow of water; thus, streams that we have crossed almost dry-shod early in the morning, *en route* to our shooting ground, we have been obliged to bridge over on our return to camp in the evening, having found them swift, rolling torrents, dashing along their rocky bed with a roar like thunder. We continued our course along the right bank of the river for about five miles, when we arrived at the village of Burelhee, where we found our tents pitched in a fine mango tope near a ruined pagoda.—Total distance, eighteen miles.

From Burelhee we began to ascend the road, winding along the bank of the river for about a mile, when we crossed the River Gudoul Gadh by a bridge, and passed through the village of Dhurassoo, which is perched upon a rock at the junction of the rivers. The Rajah of this place, who is known to be very partial to Europeans, very politely sent us a couple of fatted sheep, half-a-dozen fine fowls, and several trays of fruit, begging us to excuse his not visiting our camp, on account of his suffering from a severe attack of fever. We took the will for the deed, and accepted his present,

which was not to be despised, as we afterwards found provisions and supplies rather scarce; and, sending him some quinine, we promised to visit him on our return. From this we ascended nearly four thousand feet, until we came to the little village of Pettara, from whence we had a magnificent view of the valley, which appeared to be richly cultivated. The river here flows through a narrow gorge for nearly four miles, after which it again opens out, flowing through rice-fields. Continually ascending and descending, another four miles' tramp brought us to the village of Dhoonda, which is perched on the summit of a cliff overhanging the bed of the river. Here we visited a three-storied fortalice, somewhat resembling a martello tower, which in troubled times served the inhabitants as a refuge, cattle being kept in the lower story, grain in the second, and the third, which was loop-holed, being the residence of the garrison. Between two jutting rocks overhanging the river is a jula bridge.

From Dhoonda the river winds through richly-cultivated country, and, still following the right

bank, we waded the Ruthore River, crossed the Barette by a sango, and arrived at Barahaat, our halting-place, at an early hour.—Distance, twelve miles. Here we visited the Sook-ke-Mundoor pagoda, where we were shown the celebrated brass trident, covered with strange hieroglyphics, which is said to be a relic left by the Tartars, who once held possession of the country.

From Barahaat our route, which still lay along the right bank of the Ganges, led us through the village of Lachajoaroo, where we visited the temples dedicated to Siva and Doorgah, and afterwards, crossing the Reena and two other small rivers, passed through the little villages of Innoo and Incolla, which bore traces of having been much more considerable places in former days, as on all sides were vestiges of cultivation, which now to a great extent appeared neglected. Towards noon we arrived at Reithul, where we put up in a comfortable house belonging to a Buniar, or grain-dealer.—Distance, thirteen miles. In the evening we strolled through some beautiful oak forest, and in patches of ringal; with the aid of

my dogs, flushed numbers of kaleej and moonal pheasants, of which we managed to bag several brace.

From Reithul we passed through the villages of Mathal, Palu, and Teear, crossed the Elgoo nullah and the Ganganee River, and put up at Bengallee, a small village at the foot of the Kanoolee hill, which is a spur from the high ridge of mountains that divides the valleys of the Ganges and the Jumna.—Distance, eleven miles.

Here we resolved to halt a few days for thaar shooting; and, leaving our heavy baggage at the village under charge of the Peon and some of our people, we engaged a villager who knew the ground, and started up the southern face of the hill, carrying only our small tents, bedding, and provisions. The slope was clothed with beautiful forests of chestnut, walnut, and oak, varied with green patches and rocky ground; and as we went along the dogs put up a brace of woodcocks and several moonals; but they were allowed to go unscathed, lest the report of our guns might disturb more valued game. We pitched our tents

under the shelter of some noble oaks, by a beautiful purling stream, rather more than half-way up the hill, which rises about seven thousand feet above the valley; and then Fred and I, leaving the Doctor to superintend the culinary arrangements, set out with the villager and Chineah to reconnoitre the ground.

It being so early in the season, the haunts of the thaar had not been disturbed for some time, so we had every reason to expect good sport. After passing through a belt of moura oak, we came to some rocky ground, where we found numerous fresh slots and traces, but no thaar; so we crept along some very awkward-looking places to the east face, and gained a grassy slope where we found several gooral feeding. Desiring our people to lay down and remain quiet, Fred and I made a circuit, and gained the cover of a rock within a hundred yards of the game, from whence we should have had an easy pot shot right and left, when, just as we were about to fire, a brace of cheer pheasants got up, with a whirr, from almost under our feet, and gave the alarm. With a snort

somewhat between a hiss and a whistle, they all made a sudden rush, and we had only time for a couple of snap shots each as they bounded up the slope at speed: one, a young male, rolled over paralysed, with his spine broken; and a female, which went off with the rest, was observed to lag behind, and then lie down. Having reloaded, we crept towards her as noiselessly as possible, but on our approach, she regained her legs, and would most likely have got away had not Fred again fired, and dropped her with a bullet through the neck. Having gralloched the game, we were returning to camp, when we saw a couple of large yellow bears bowling along a piece of rugged ground a couple of hundred yards below us. As they were coming up-hill in our direction, we got behind a clump of rhododendron bushes, which afforded excellent cover, and awaited their approach. They travelled slowly, being engaged in turning over stones as they went along to look for insects, which search could not have proved very satisfactory, for they came up grunting and moaning, as if in very bad humour with each other,

offering splendid shots. We let drive almost simultaneously, and both shots were effective, for the male dropped without a movement, whilst the female, rearing up on her hind legs, with a grunt betokening surprise, fell sprawling on her back in the last agony. We rushed up to give the *coup de grace*, but it was not required—both were dead. Having reloaded our rifles, we continued our route towards the camp, leaving the operation of skinning until the morrow, as we did not care to lose our dinners and pass the night in the bush—the natural consequence of being overtaken by darkness in these regions. As it was, we arrived late, for "Five Minutes," fearful lest the dinner should be spoiled by waiting, was heard some time before we arrived at the tents venting his spleen upon the "unchaste *janwars*" (beasts) that caused our delay. Such being the case, little unnecessary time was now lost, and with appetites sharpened by our fag, we did ample justice to the good cheer. After having talked over our sport, and given directions that some of the people should go and fetch the skins of the bears in the morning,

we cleaned our arms, which were again carefully loaded in case of accidents, and turned in.

The next morning, at daybreak, we all started in different directions to look for thaar, taking our breakfasts with us. I was accompanied by Chineah, carrying a spare gun, and a couple of coolies to carry back any game I might kill. After several hours' fag, during which I traversed several likely-looking patches of oak forest without seeing anything but an occasional moonal pheasant, which I would not fire at for fear of disturbing other game, just as I was thinking of making my way back to the tent, empty-handed, a herd of five thaar was discovered browsing on the grassy slope of a little ravine some distance below us. With the aid of my glass, I made them out to be all males, with long shaggy hair streaming in the wind. Having carefully marked the spot, which appeared extremely favourable for stalking, I made my people lie down, and, slinging my second gun over my shoulder, commenced the descent, taking care to keep well to leeward. Creeping noiselessly down, I succeeded in gaining a long, low ridge, which ran

parallel to the hollow in which I had marked them, and, looking cautiously over, there they were still, unsuspectingly feeding not more than sixty paces distant. Selecting the one that appeared to have the finest horns, I took a steady aim just behind the shoulder, and he dropped to the shot; my second barrel brought another fine fellow floundering on the ground, with a bullet through his loins, that passed out of the opposite shoulder. The three survivors, startled at the report of my rifle, rushed forward a few paces, and then turned and stood, as if bewildered, giving me another fair double shot with my second gun. I rolled over a third dead with a bullet through the neck, and broke the leg of a fourth, which, however, went off at a good pace. Elated with my success, I reloaded, and, leaving the game to be collected by the coolies, set off in pursuit of the wounded animal. I was soon on the trail, which, being plentifully sprinkled with blood, showed that the quarry was hard hit, and I had no difficulty in following it up. After a quarter of an hour's tracking, I came upon the wounded thaar lying

down in some low bush. He was so weak from loss of blood that he could hardly stand, much more get away, for the bullet, besides breaking his hind leg, had entered into his body; and I despatched him with my hunting-knife.

Leaving one coolie in charge of the game, and despatching the other to the camp for assistance to carry it, I was strolling leisurely along in the direction of our bivouac, when a fine male musk deer started up from almost under our feet. I let drive right and left, but missed with both barrels, when Chineah giving me my second gun, I managed to roll him over with my third shot as he was bounding away through the long grass. Musk deer-hunting is very pretty sport, and the best practice the sportsman can have to test his shooting, as the game offers a very small mark and bounds along with incredible swiftness. After taking out the pod, which must have contained nearly an ounce weight of musk, Chineah slung the deer over his shoulders, and we made the best of our way to the tents, where we found the Doctor busily engaged in skinning and preserving a beautiful specimen of

the argus, or horned pheasant, which he had killed high up on the mountain. This was the only shot he had fired, for although he had seen a flock of several gooral, they were so wild that he could not get near them. Towards sunset Fred returned, having killed a fine old male thaar, and two musk deer, besides wounding a bear, which escaped by taking refuge in a cave. After dinner we all assembled round the camp-fire to discuss the events of the day and our hopes for the morrow. Since that evening long years have rolled, yet it is not forgotten. Four head of thaar bagged in four consecutive shots made it a red-letter day in my calendar. Since then both my merry companions have passed away on their last journey. Fred, as no doubt he would have best chosen, for in fair battle his noble heart was stilled, and face to face with the foe his strong arm fell nerveless; whilst the Doctor, also cut off in the performance of his duty, fell a victim to that insidious scourge of India, cholera. Yet the last of the trio, who has also battled against the same chances, has been permitted to return, like a ship to its old moorings,

and after having been beaten about by all weathers and the storms of many latitudes, is still to the fore, though not unscathed by fire and shot, for the future to be laid up in ordinary, or perhaps to remain close in-shore. That night was one strongly engrafted on my memory, for the Doctor told us, by snatches, of all his wanderings and history, interspersed with many an anecdote of man and beast, and it was not until a late hour that we thought of turning in.

The next day we changed our camp, moving about three miles toward the east face, which was said to be the best ground for thaar, and here we remained four days enjoying fair sport, killing between us three snow bears, eight thaar, five gorral, two burrul, seven musk deer and a serow. After this, we descended the hill and returned to Bengalee, where we halted a day to rest and prepare some of the specimens, which we sent by a coolie to Fred's quarters at Dehra.

From Bengalee the river flows through a narrow gorge, with steep precipitous cliffs on each side; and here a sure foot and a steady eye become absolutely

necessary, for the path was extremely rough, often steep, and in some places wound so closely round the scarps of precipices as to render travelling dangerous. After crossing the Kanoulee or Cedar Gadh by a sango, we had to clamber along a narrow ledge cut out of the face of the cliff, with a fearful abyss below, and the scarped rock above; and scarcely had we surmounted this difficulty, than we had to pass over shakey plank platforms that trembled under foot as we walked, and rickety flights of wooden and stone steps, fastened to beams driven in fissures and crevices in the rock, hanging several hundred feet above the river that was dashing along its contracted narrow channel with an almost deafening roar. Here the bed of the river in many places was strewn with huge blocks of rock which had fallen from the cliffs above, and some of these were so large that they obstructed the course of the stream, and added not a little to the turbulence which the rapidity of its descent necessarily occasioned. After some distance the valley opened out, and we crossed and recrossed the Ganges several times, seeking the most practi-

cable paths. Four large mountain torrents, the Dangalee, Dubrane, Loarnad, and Rindee Gadh, join the Ganges from the left bank, and have to be crossed by sangos. Almost opposite the half-ruined village of Sookree, which is situated on the right bank by the side of a ravine running down from the Kanda-de-Dhar mountain, is a wooden bridge suspended on two overhanging rocks, and here the valley again contracts rather suddenly, forming a narrow gorge, in which there is only just room for the river to pass. After a four hours' tramp, we arrived at the little village of Jhala, which is situated on the right bank at the foot of the Dhumdhara range.—Distance, fourteen miles.

From Jhala, the course of the river, which up to this time had led almost north, now took an easterly direction, and, consequent upon the increased altitude, a great change was observable in the appearance of the forest. Cedars, yews, cypress, cheel, morenda, and rye pines, with underwood of red and black currant and raspberry-bushes, now took the place of oak, whilst the rhododendron appeared stunted and small. The valley decreased

in width as we advanced, whilst the cliffs on each side became so precipitous that it required no great stretch of imagination to conceive that at one time the sacred stream must have burst, or riven asunder its subterranean bed, and rent the fissure in the solid rock through which it flows. Indeed, there were places where I fancied that I could even trace the same inclination of strata on both faces of the precipices, with prominences on the one side, and corresponding cavities on the other, which seemed to substantiate my theory that the mass had been rent by some violent convulsion. Both my companions coincided with me in this opinion, and the doctor recalled to mind, and repeated Coleridge's admirable simile on broken friendship:

"They parted—ne'er to meet again;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall ever do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been."

The chasm was extremely narrow in comparison with its depth, in some places being less than forty

feet in width, whilst the height of the cliffs could not have been less than three hundred feet. It much reminded me of that part of the Hinter Rhein, designated "Das verlorenes Loch," or the Ravine of the Tamima, although it exceeded either in its stern wild character. The sides of the ravine were generally too steep and bare to sustain vegetation, yet in many places they were furrowed by gullies and channels worn by mountain-torrents and snow-streams, which were almost invariably clothed with dark pine forest; and sometimes an elevated plateau or ledge, formed by a projecting strata, covered with living verdure, would present the appearance of hanging woods, and somewhat soften the stern severity of the scene. As we were picking our way along a toilsome path, encumbered with *débris* of all kinds that had fallen from above, the villager who acted as our guide pointed out to us one of those apparently inaccessible spots jutting out from the overhanging face of the rock, some hundreds of feet above the bed of the river, that had the appearance of having at one time been tenanted by man, as besides pines and a few large

cedars, I noticed a row of cypress-trees, that looked as if they had been planted at regular intervals. This ledge, he said, had formerly been the retreat of a very holy Gossein, who having devoted himself to the service of Mahadeo, became so much disgusted with his fellow-men, that he attempted self-destruction, by throwing himself into the Ganges; but the god whom he worshipped, taking the shape of a Brahminy kite, caught him as he fell, and bore him to that ledge of rock, where he lived for many years on food brought up to him by birds, until, having become purified by penance, he was absorbed and incarnated in the divinity itself. Our path, which was often very imperfectly indicated, lay for a considerable distance over tracts covered with loose rocks and angular boulders, which appeared clean and sharp-edged, as if they had been newly quarried, with scarcely a particle of intervening mould or a trace of vegetation; and as we went along, we frequently came across hummocks and abrupt elevations, which owed their origin to land-slips from the cliffs above. These chiefly take place in the cold season, when the water (caused

by the melting of the snows in the summer months) that has penetrated into the fissures and crevices of the cliffs, becoming congealed by the frost, expands in volume, and rends the live rock asunder with irresistible force, hurling masses, hundreds of tons in weight, down the face of the precipice, and strewing the valley below with fragments and *débris*.

Continuing our way along the right bank below the snow-clad Deo-goojar, we crossed the Shean-Gadh, by a sango, where the gorge opens out, and the Ganges divides into several shallow streams that flow along a bed of shingles and sand, and passing the confluence of the Ghoomtee and Hersula Gunga, which are separated from each other by a narrow ledge of lofty rocks, we passed over to the left or southern bank, forded the Keeree and several other tributary streams that take their rise among the high snow-covered mountains of the Jaunli range, and after traversing a magnificent forest of deodars, some of which were of gigantic proportions, halted at Derallee, where our camp was pitched in an apricot orchard.—Distance eight

miles. As this is the highest village in the valley of the Ganges, we resolved to make it a temporary base of operations, and left our large tent standing, and a portion of the people in charge of our heavier baggage, which we had found extremely difficult to transport thus far. Indeed, it was wonderful to see the little Puharee coolies get along with their loads over such ground, passing as they did through rapid mountain-streams of ice-cold water, or across beds of torrents, slippery rocks, perilous bridges, and steep descents, without the slightest hesitation. Here we visited three small temples, as well as two extraordinary six-storied houses, one in the village and the other on a rock above, that were built by one of the earlier Teeree rajahs for the accommodation of Brahmin pilgrims.

From Derallee, accompanied only by our shekarries, and eight of the coolies carrying two small hill tents and provisions, we wound along the bed of the Ganges for some miles, passing through magnificent cedar forests, until we came to the junction of the Jadgunga or Jhannevie-Gadh, a tributary fully as large as the sacred stream itself,

which takes its rise in the mountains of Thibet, above Neilung, to the north-east. Both rivers run in deep, rocky gorges, that appear to have been worn by the action of the water, and at their confluence an immense precipitous cliff, fringed with verdure, towers high into the sky and overhangs both streams. The view from the bed of the river where we bathed, near the junction of the streams, was singularly wild and grand. Just above this spot, at the base of another steep descent, where the Ganges dashes down a chasm of rock about forty feet wide, and perhaps a hundred and twenty deep, is the shaky old bridge of Byramghattee, that was built by one of the Teeree rajahs many years ago. After leaving this relic of ancient days, a couple of hours' hard walking brought us to the confluence of the Meanee-Gadh, a rapid mountain torrent, that takes its rise in the Meanee-teeba range, the northern spurs of which form the lateral banks of the valley. From this point the ascent became very steep, the river forcing its passage almost unseen in a succession of rapids down a dark and narrow chasm, in many places more than

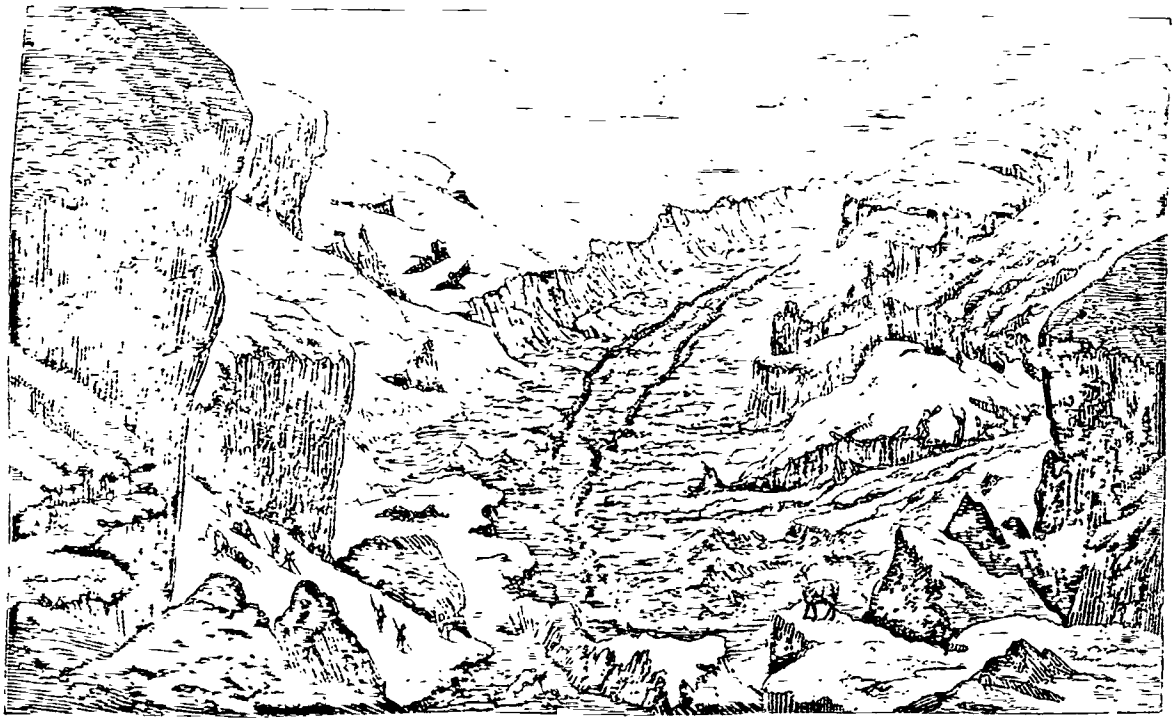
three hundred feet deep, that seemed to have been cleft in the solid rock along the centre of a winding gorge. On each side of this precipitous channel is a slope, varying from a hundred yards to half a mile in breadth, well wooded with pine and cedar, whilst above this again rise steep lateral cliffs, fringed with pine and birch, that for the most part were covered with snow. After some hours' scrambling along a steep and tortuous track, during which time we crossed many a deep water-course furrowed in the sides of the mountain, we came to the junction of the Keedar Gunga (the first contributary stream of any size that joins the Ganges) which takes its rise in the lofty range to the southward. Here the sacred river glides over a huge mass of rock forming a series of cascades, and above this the channel widens, the gorge entirely disappears, gentle slopes clothed with verdant woods come quite down to the waters' edge, and the stream is seen rolling swiftly over a broad bed of shingle.

On the right bank, about fifteen feet above the stream, upon a slab of rock (that is held to be

sacred as the spot upon which Gunga used to worship Mahadeo) is a small unpretending square pagoda, with melon-shaped roof, scarcely twelve feet high, surrounded by a low wall of unhewn stone. Although this insignificant-looking edifice is scarcely to be seen until the traveller comes close upon it, he must not pass it by unheeded, for he now stands before the celebrated temple of Gangoutrie, the holiest and most revered shrine of Hindoo worship, and the supposed abode of the goddess Gunga or Bhagiruttee, the Spirit of the sacred Ganges. On entering the little court-yard, that is paved with smooth stones taken from the bed of the river, another small temple is seen, which is dedicated to Byramjee. Both are said to have been built by the Goorkha chief, Ummer Singh, when he subdued this part of the country.

Although, from its extreme inaccessibility, man has done so little to mark a spot that is revered and considered holy by more than a hundred millions of his race, Nature has done much, and the utter desolation and strangely stern wildness of the place is worthy of the mysterious sanctity with

which it is regarded; indeed, it is scarcely possible to describe the scene, or to convey an adequate idea of the undefinable sensation of reverence that steals over the mind whilst contemplating it. Scarped, overhanging cliffs, fringed with dark pines, and splintered crags of fantastic shape, tower so high, that only a small strip of sky is visible over head, and close up the view on every side, except towards the east, where the five large peaks of Rudroo-Himaleh rise, forming a semi-circular hollow down which a huge glacier rolled. The appearance of this mountain from Gangoutrie, as seen through the vista of the valley, was most striking, for it seemed like a mighty barrier of snow that closed up the head of the gorge, whilst the contrast of its dazzling whiteness with the deep-blue sky above, and the dark, stern cliffs on each side, gave it a character almost artificial. In such scenes the mind often wanders from the real to the ideal, and for the moment I fancied I was standing before some enormous stage, the proportions of which were so immense, that nothing short of Titans, or the giants that fought against Mahadeo



The Great Glacier of Rudru-Himaleh.

could have played appropriate parts; nor was music wanting to complete the simile, for the rushing of the torrent, the rolling of the shingle on the bed of the river, the murmuring of cascades, which rose and fell as if the waters were advancing or retiring, and the mournful sighing of the wind as it swept through numerous rocky gorges, formed a strangely wild melody appropriate to the sombre grandeur of the scene.

Our tent was pitched on a little clearing close to the river, and our people found shelter in one of the numerous caves excavated in the face of the rock for the use of pilgrims to the shrine. The head Brahmin, induced by the offer of a few rupees, showed us through the temple; but there was little to be seen in the Holy of Holies, the great object of adoration being a small silver image supposed to represent the goddess Gunga, before which a few oil lights are continually kept burning. Having satisfied our curiosity, and distributed our largess, we adjourned to dinner, after which we were present at certain ceremonies and dances performed by our people and some villagers to

propitiate the Spirit of the Waters, and induce her to bring good luck upon our expedition. Having finished our part of the performance, which was to distribute a few rupees, we had an interesting chat round the fire, and turned in for the night.

# CHAPTER VI.

## AN EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

"There's a lofty realm where the lightnings play,
And the avalanche rolls on its fateful way,
Where the glaciers crack and the landslips fall,
And snow-wastes cover the earth like a pall."

Early morning.—The start.—Musk-deer.—Wild scenery.—Difficult travelling.—Burrul shooting.—A snow-leopard killed.—More sport.—A grand view.—Rudru Himaleh.—Burrul stalking.—A snap shot.—Game a-foot.—Successful work.—The bivouac.—The appearance of the Great Glacier from the Valley.—The Cow's Mouth.—The Source of the Ganges.—An adventure with snow bears.—Preparations for glacier-land.—The appearance of the glacier.—Crevasses.—Obstacles in travelling.—Sunrise on the mountains.—The head of the glacier.—The chasm of the Ganges.—Ice caves.—A storm.—A dangerous position.—The shelter.—Avalanches and landslips.—Intense cold.—Our bivouac at a high altitude.—The return.

THE next morning early I opened the door of the tent without disturbing my sleeping companions, and looked out into the night. The gorge was still in darkness, for although the moon was shin-

ing brightly, the high lateral mountains intercepted her rays, and cast a deep shade below. The air felt cool and bracing, but not a leaf stirred, which was most favourable for effective stalking, as the taint in the air caused by man's presence is carried on the wind to almost incredible distances, and is immediately detected by the denizens of the mountains, whose organs of scent are most keenly developed. All was still save the rushing of the waters, and not a sound denoted the existence of animal life save that indescribable low hum, or soft murmur of the invisible insect world, which ever greets the hunter's ears in the early morning.

Having satisfied myself that we had every prospect of fine weather for our expedition, I bid the man who was on the look-out to rouse the people, and in a few moments we all assembled round a blazing fire. Having partaken of a substantial breakfast, and superintended the packing of our baggage, we lighted our cheroots, and waited until there was sufficient light to distinguish our way, when we shouldered our rifles, and set out for the glacier, distant eighteen miles. We kept an ex-

tended line whenever the nature of the ground permitted, and beat the most likely-looking patches of forest for musk-deer, of which there were numerous fresh traces. Fred got a couple of shots, and managed to bag a fine old buck with a pod that weighed over an ounce. I might have had a fair shot had I been prepared, for one started up from behind a bush within easy gun shot whilst I was fastening up my gaiter, but before I could raise my rifle it bounded away out of sight.

The scenery was very wild, our route lying through a narrow gorge down which the river dashed in a granite chasm, often forming a series of cascades, whilst now and again lofty snow-peaks were seen towering high above the castellated masses of rock that crested the bleak and rugged mountains. Although the general nature of the valley altered very little, a great change was observable in the appearance of the forest; white birch, silver firs, dwarf rhododendron with strongly-scented leaves, and juniper, became the prevailing trees; pines becoming scarce, and cedars having entirely disappeared. The route up stream became

much steeper, and very difficult; sometimes we had to scramble over an immense accumulation of loose *débris* covered with soft snow, often clambering over boulders of rock or along narrow ledges; again, we had frequently to cross the river on natural snow bridges, which offered very precarious footing, and a false step would have precipitated the traveller two hundred feet into the roaring abyss below.

Notwithstanding the numerous obstacles *en route*, we had excellent sport as we advanced, twice falling in with burrul on the grass-covered slopes of the hill sides; and here I was very successful; for I killed two, right and left, and broke the leg of a third, which, however, got away, whilst two others were bagged by my companions. I also succeeded in stalking a snow-leopard, which had evidently been following the burrul, and knocked him over by a lucky shot through the head as he was stealing away over some craggy ground some two hundred yards distant. It proved a beautiful specimen, the fur being very soft and close, having a whitish ground with dark spots. These animals

are very cunning, and, notwithstanding their traces are often seen on the snowy ranges, comparatively few are bagged.

Whilst I was performing the operation of skinning the leopard, and my companions were breaking up the other game, Chineah espied something moving on a grassy patch in a ravine high up amongst the rocks on the left bank, and with the aid of my glass I made out a large flock of burrul, some of which were lying down, and the others quietly grazing. It was of no use, I knew, approaching them from below, as the ground was unfavourable for stalking, and we should have stood no chance of getting within range without being perceived; so we arranged that Fred should creep along through the birch forest and clamber up the hill on the further side, whilst the Doctor and I should try and get above on the near side, so as to take them on both flanks.

After a careful reconnaissance of their position, we crept noiselessly upwards, keeping our bodies bent as low as possible, so as not to attract their attention; and by dint of hard climbing, often on

all fours, in rather less than two hours we emerged from out of the birch forest, and traversing a belt of stunted juniper bushes half covered with snow, reached the rocky crest of the hill, breathless and faint from continued exertion. Throwing ourselves down on a smooth slab of rock, to rest and regain our steadiness, previous to approaching the burrul, our attention was drawn to the magnificence of the panorama then before us, and for a time we gazed spell-bound. Before us lay the glacier world, with its interminable barriers of eternal snow, peak upon peak, rising one behind another in endless succession. From the valley, on account of the steepness and close proximity of its boundaries, little was to be seen except a narrow strip of sky above; but from the elevation we had now attained, which the Doctor made out to be nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and about 4,000 above the bed of the river, the scene was grand beyond conception. Rising above an unbroken girdle of perpetual snow, seventeen peaks seemed to pierce the heavens, the lowest of which exceeded 20,000 feet in elevation. Most conspicuous, from

its colossal proportions, was the mighty Soomeroo Purbut, or Rudru Himaleh, with its five majestic peaks towering high against the deep cerulean firmament. They rise in a semicircle facing the south-west, and from where we stood appeared to form an immense amphitheatre filled with eternal snow, in which the Ganges has its primary source. Here the Brahmins say Mahadeo sits enthroned in supreme majesty, clouds, mists, and impassable wastes of eternal snow forming a barrier inaccessible to aught of mortal birth. They believed that the God formed the Himalaya for his habitation, and Soomeroo Purbut for his retreat, after he was obliged to quit Lunka, or Ceylon, on account of the rebellion of his son Rawen. The five peaks are Rudroo Himaleh (21,009 feet), to the east; Soorga Roomee (21,493 feet), to the west; and Burrumpooree, Bissenpooree, and Ood-gurree-kanta, whose altitudes are not yet measured, in the background. The glacier, which was said to be only six miles distant, was hidden from our sight by a projecting spur from the adjacent hill. The other peaks that chiefly attracted our attention, as much by their

variety of form as their enormous height, were the Himaleh Bahn, an isolated column of scarped rock 12,000 feet high, the crest of which is covered with eternal snow; St. George, 21,256; St. Andrew, 20,428; St. Patrick, 21,392; the Pyramid, 20,060, to the eastward; Mount Moriah, 21,386; Gog, 21,639; Magog, 20,279; and nine other peaks, names unknown, of the Jaunli and Badrinath ranges, to the southward. Rising over the dark tops of a long range of intervening ridges towards the west, rose a barrier of intensely white snowy peaks, which one of the Puharees informed me was the Bunderpouch, over Jumnautree, the source of the Jumna. Although the distance to some of these peaks from where we stood must have exceeded forty miles as the crow flies, yet the air was so transparent that their outlines were most clearly and sharply defined. From this point we had a very extensive view of the valley of the Ganges, now and then getting a glimpse of the river itself, as, like a silver thread, at a vast depth below us, it wound along from the east, and then took a southernly direction towards the plains.

The general character of the valley is that of a grand ravine bounded by two precipices of almost vertical rocks, sometimes with only sufficient space between for the windings of the river, and at others opening out to a mile in breadth.

But it was time to look after the burrul. Having regained our breath, we examined our rifles, and stole quietly forward along the crest of the hill. We had not gone many yards, our footsteps scarcely making any noise over the crisp snow, when Chineah, who was a couple of paces in front, stopped short, and made a sign to attract our attention; a slight rustling was heard, and in an instant there was a rushing sound on the opposite side of a ridge of rocks like that of an animal bounding away at full speed.

There goes our game. "Is it not provoking?—after such a fag, too!" exclaimed the Doctor, in a subdued voice.: and he was pressing forward, when I thought I heard a second movement, and made a gesture for him to keep still; another moment, and I perceived the horns, head, and black breast of an old ram peering inquisitively over a narrow ridge

of rock, not fifty yards from where we were standing. To fling up my rifle and press the trigger was the work of a second, but when the smoke cleared away nothing was to be seen.

"Cleanly missed, by Jove!" cried the Doctor, as a shrill snort, followed by a trampling of feet, was distinctly heard on the other side of the crest, and for a moment I thought I had made a mess of it. Not so Chineah: he insisted the animal was hit; and so it proved, for, on running up to the spot, there was a fine full-grown ram stone dead, the bullet having entered the skull right between the eyes. The rest of the herd galloped away in the direction of the ravine where we had marked burrul in the first instance, and on the other side of which Fred had gone to take post. As they had not seen us, I did not think they would go very far, so we pressed on after them, and at last arrived at the edge of the slope, when by craning over, we saw a herd of at least forty burrul grazing undisturbed on the grassy flats below us. Where now was Fred? Ensconcing ourselves behind some rocks, which served as a screen, we waited impatiently his

approach. At last I saw three moving figures in clear relief against the sky on the opposite hill—it was Fred and his two shekarries. I watched him with my telescope, cautiously creeping along the broken ground, rifle in hand, prepared for anything, and halting every now and then to sweep the ground with his glass. Perceiving from his movements that he could not see the flock from where he was, I stepped back a few paces, and fastening a handkerchief to my ramrod, made a signal that "game was afoot," which was instantly understood and answered. Fred, with the precaution of an old sportsman, now sent one of his people along the hill at the entrance of the gorge, so as to drive back the herd in case they should break in that direction, whilst I did the same on my side, and then leaving the Doctor, I posted myself at the head of the ravine. Hardly had I reached it, than I heard a couple of shots from Fred, and the reports were still reverberating among the rocks when the Doctor also let drive right and left, and I saw the flock scatter in all directions, as if puzzled to know from what point the danger threatened.

Again Fred's rifle cracked, and a magnificent old ram, that was leading half-a-dozen females, plunged suddenly forward, regained his legs a moment, and then dropped. Again there was a confused hurrying to and fro, a gathering as if for consultation; then the whole herd burst into a gallop, and disappeared over the crest some distance below the spot where the Doctor was posted, and in a few moments I saw them dashing across a distant hill miles away with undiminished speed. As matters turned out, I did not get a shot, for I did not care to fire at random among the herd, which was my only chance; but my companions had no reason to complain, for Fred killed one outright, and wounded a second, which was bagged after a long chase and several more shots; whilst the Doctor killed one, and wounded another, which got away. Our game being collected, and gralloched, was much heavier than we could carry, so we had to leave two men in charge whilst we made the best of our way to the rest of the people, whom we left in the valley, and sent coolies to fetch it.

As it was now too late to think of continuing

our march we determined to bivouac under the cover of a patch of pine forest which offered some shelter. Our scouting tents were soon pitched, a shanty constructed, and a huge fire lighted, round which we assembled, for as the sun declined the evening became chilly. We were very well contented with our day's sport, having killed a musk-deer, a snow-leopard, three male burrul and four females—a bag which has rarely been equalled in one day by any three guns. The next morning, as some of us felt rather stiff—the effects of the severe fag the day previous—we turned out later than usual, and striking camp at noon, continued our journey up stream. The walking became very toilsome, for we had to pass over several ravines and water-courses half-hidden with snow, which often gave way under our weight, and occasioned awkward falls. Crossing over to the right bank, we kept along a grass-covered flat well known as a famous feeding ground for burrul, and here we saw two flocks, out of which Fred and I, by judicious stalking, each managed to kill a couple; whilst the Doctor gave chase to a huge snow-bear

that was rooting up herbs on the slope below, and which Fred and I must have passed within fifty yards without perceiving. Bruin was so intent upon his work that he allowed our companion to get within thirty paces before he got wind of him, when leaving off eating the herbage, he cocked his ears back, growled, and made a sudden rush forward as if indignant at being disturbed. The Doctor, in nowise discomposed at this demonstration, which was evidently intended to intimidate, threw up his rifle and took a steady shot, aiming between his eyes, but (the first sight* of his rifle being cut for a hundred yards instead of flush with the barrel) the ball struck too high, and merely grazed the forehead, and ploughed up the skin of the back. This made the bear vicious, and with a savage roar he came straight at his antagonist, who was luckily standing on the higher ground. The charge up hill impeded his movements, so the Doctor had

* A most stupid mistake that all gunmakers, who are not themselves sportsmen, invariably make, and which is often the cause of accidents. In the jungle more game is bagged within fifty yards than above that distance, consequently all rifles ought to have a flush back-sight.

time for a second fair shot, and stopped him in mid career with a bullet in the chest, which rolled him over stone dead. This bear had evidently only lately left his winter quarters, for he was very thin and emaciated, a perfect bag of bones. Having left two of our men to take the skin, we continued our route, and at last came to the glacier, which at first sight appeared like a huge embankment or barrier of snow, extending right across the valley there nearly three-quarters of a mile broad. In perpendicular height it might have been two hundred feet, although in places the accumulation of *débris* and terminal moraine made it appear less.

At the base of the glacier is a tunnel-like chasm called the Cow's Mouth, through which the Ganges issues forth, no insignificant sub-glacial stream, but already a swift flowing river about fifty feet wide and three deep. In the hot weather the volume of waters increased four-fold from the melting of the snow on the mountains above. Clambering up the boulders of rock and *débris* that had been carried down by the glacial action, we got upon the glacier, from whence we had a glorious view of the gigantic

Rudru Himaleh, with its summit wreathed in fleecy clouds. With the exception of the glacier itself, which appeared to stretch upwards for several miles with a gradual ascent towards the summit of the mountain, the general character of the valley seemed but little changed, for as far as the eye could see on either side, glistening snow-clad hills rose ten or twelve thousand feet, confining the view. The boiling point of water gave an elevation of nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, an altitude much greater than any of the Swiss glaciers. After the Doctor had completed his observations, and we had gazed our fill at the solemn grandeur of the scenery, which seemed to impress the mind with a sense of calm repose, we descended from the glacier and retraced our steps about three miles to a patch of pine, under the shelter of which our people had prepared our bivouac. A blazing fire, and a substantial dinner were awaiting us, very requisite comforts in these regions, and after having resuscitated the "inner man," we held our usual consultation, at which it was determined that the morrow should

be devoted to an exploring expedition up the great glacier. Preparations were commenced accordingly, alpenstocks, light silken ropes, and my portable bridge were got out; kiltas of provisions packed, and half-a-dozen of our stoutest followers told off to accompany us. Fred undertook the arrangements of the victualling department. The Doctor occupied himself in carefully stowing his instruments for ascertaining altitudes, &c., whilst I saw to the general equipment of the party.

These matters settled, after a smoke and a hot brew of Glenlivet, we wrappeld ourselves up in our blankets and slept the sleep of the just.

Early dawn saw us up and equipped for our arduous enterprise, and after a substantial breakfast we started for the glacier, which we reached before the sun had made his appearance from behind the distant mountains. Several of our people had accompanied us up to this point, carrying the stores, &c., so as to spare the exploring party as much as possible; and I gave orders to those left behind to build a shanty in a sheltered place near the foot of the glacier, and to collect a large

quantity of wood, and prepare a bivouac against our return in the evening. This precautionary measure saved our party a fatiguing tramp of three miles, when we returned almost worn out and exhausted in the evening.

The surface of the glacier presented a constant succession of wave-like undulations, or rather of narrow ridges, separated one from another by deep hollows, in which we found crevasses, fissures, and sometimes pools or wells of clear, pellucid, blue water that we could not fathom with a line a hundred yards long. Every part was more or less studded with enormous angular boulders of rock, some of which were fifty feet in height, and different kinds of *débris* that had evidently been carried down from the mountain above. They were of all shapes and sizes, and amongst them I noticed gray, red, and black granite, several kinds of marble, a peculiar white, hard, fine-grained micacious stone, schist, serpentine, laminated quartz, and very rich copper and iron ore. Some appeared as if they had been freshly quarried, the edges being sharp, whilst others looked as if they were honey-

combed by long exposure to the weather, and the sides facing the sun were covered with yellow, green, or black lichen. The colour of the surface of the glacier varied in every direction, sometimes presenting a pale sea-green hue, at others, blue and purple of every shade, dirty-white, gray, and here and there black. The different formations of the ice were very extraordinary. In some places were numberless fantastically-shaped pinnacles and sharp peaks of translucent bluish-green ice, which reflected beautiful prismatic colours in the bright rays of the sun, and in others huge dome-like masses, that in the distance looked like the ruins of ancient Saracenic buildings.

We experienced much difficulty in crossing some of the widest crevasses, and my portable bridge was in constant requisition; indeed, if we had not brought it with us, much time would have been lost in unavoidable circumambulation, and searching for narrow places which we could leap, or natural ice-bridges; whereas, with its aid we were enabled to direct our course almost as the crow flies. It was not, however, easy travelling, as in

places we found the ice extremely slippery, and, whilst descending some of the steeper slopes, it was a difficult matter to retain our footing, even with the aid of our iron-shod alpenstocks. When we commenced our journey, the highest ridges and summits of the mountains on each side, as well as the head of the glacier, were covered with an impenetrable veil of dense white mist, heaving and surging about like a tempest-tost sea, which prevented our distinguishing their outline, or indeed anything, except the lower part of those spurs nearest to us, that appeared to rise like a wall from the glacier, until they gradually became blended in vapour. After a time, however, the mist in one quarter appeared to be tinged with a reddish hue, and by degrees became illuminated with the rays of the rising sun, whose powerful influence over the whole face of Nature gradually made itself apparent, although the luminary itself was still hidden from our sight by intervening ranges. The mists rose and were dispelled: the clouds, lighting up one by one, exhibited glorious tints of every hue, and then began to separate, disclosing here and

there, as they opened, patches of deep-blue sky, or dazzling white snow, until, by degrees, the whole horizon seemed bounded by a continuous unbroken barrier of snowy ridges crowned by towering peaks and majestic summits.

Imagination can scarcely portray to the mind such scenery, and no description can convey an adequate idea of its stupendous grandeur. The earth has but few similar scenes, and as we gazed, a strange irresistible fascination seemed to steal over our senses, chaining us to the spot—the immeasurable vastness, and absence of any indication of the existence of man, impressing upon us an almost indefinable feeling of awe. Here the whole face of nature bears the stamp of immortality. Seasons never change — unbroken winter ever reigns!

Looking upwards, towards the head of the glacier, the prospect was sublime, for we appeared to be standing at the base of an enormous foaming cataract, far exceeding that of Niagara in grandeur, which had been instantaneously frozen. So strong, indeed, was this resemblance, that as we

gazed, strange feelings of fear came over us, lest the Power that had fixed this mighty river in all its fury and turbulence, should as suddenly break the spell, and allow it to overwhelm us. It was a scene which no mortal could contemplate, and still disbelieve in the existence of God; for the voice of Nature there was irresistibly powerful, and a mysterious influence would have inculcated a natural religion even in the mind of a savage, and impressed upon him a consciousness of the infinite supremacy of an All-ruling Power. On gazing upon the numerous towering peaks, that seemed to pierce the heavens, one felt "that there was speech in their dumbness." My companions were animated with the same feelings as myself; and the Doctor very opportunely recalled to mind, and repeated with great pathos, those glorious lines by Coleridge:

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!"

On either side rose stupendous barriers of snow, and interminable fields of ice, varied in places with dark, frowning precipices; bleak scarped rocks, and rugged overhanging cliffs, on which the snow could not lie on account of their steepness. Down every ravine, and gully, deep snow-beds, and blue glaciers rolled, each transporting masses of rock, and an accumulation of shingle and *débris*, that formed moraine in some places several hundred feet high.

Avalanches, masses of snow, and landslips, were continually falling on both sides with loud roaring noises, like peals of thunder, or salvoes of artillery, obliging us to keep in the centre of the glacier, so as to be out of the way of the *débris*, and even then we were scarcely safe, for on two occasions huge boulders of fine-grained white granite, with sharply-splintered edges, evidently just broken off, flew across our path with a strange rumbling noise.

On every side the ice kept cracking and splitting, as if it was heaved up by some internal movement, causing continuous reports like volleys of musketry, and at times we felt a strange tremulous movement underfoot, somewhat resembling the shock of an earthquake. In some places we found beds of snow so honeycombed, that we sank into it waist-deep, and here we had to feel our way; but as we got into higher regions, the snow appeared to have become changed into ice.

After several hours' journey, during which excitement made us unconscious of fatigue, we came to a longitudinal chasm, far exceeding in width any we had hitherto met with, in which, at a great depth below, was seen a rapid river rushing along a channel of ice with a tremendous roar. From its size, as well as the direction in which it was flowing, both my companions coincided with me in the opinion that this was the Ganges, although about nine miles from the Cow's Mouth, generally considered its source.

The extreme length of the opening was seven hundred and forty-two paces, and its width from

twelve to thirty feet. Its depth, we estimated to have exceeded four hundred and fifty feet, as our line of a hundred yards, with a stone fastened to the end, did not appear to reach two-thirds of the way down. The river, itself, looked shallow, from boulders of ice, that had fallen in from the top, appearing to turn the stream. This, however, we could not prove; for, notwithstanding we hurled down huge blocks of ice, and pieces of rock that were scattered about near the edge, they broke all to pieces before reaching the water, by rebounding from side to side, causing strange rumbling noises to re-echo from the depths below.

In some places the chasm was completely arched over with solid ice, and in others it appeared to have been closed, or bridged, by blocks having fallen in from above, or part of the precipitous walls having given way. Even when open, we could not always see the stream, although we heard it rushing along its tortuous channel, as the walls inclined inwards, one overhanging the other. From the under-faces of these projecting sides hung clusters of gigantic icicles, exceeding

fifty feet in length, and in the tunnel-shaped aperture, through which the stream flowed, we could discern stalactites of translucent ice, that assumed the proportions of massive columns supporting a vaulted roof. Fred and I, with the aid of our long silken ropes, which we fastened securely round a huge boulder of rock, managed to cut steps in the side with our axes, and to swing ourselves on to a narrow ledge of ice some distance down the chasm, from whence, with our field-glasses, we could examine most minutely this extraordinary place. From this lower elevation we could see a considerable distance into the cavern, which appeared like a lofty hall hewed out of solid amethyst, and had we been superstitious, we might have attributed it to the work of genii, or the grotto of some water-nymph; for it presented a most marvellous appearance, the sides glittering as if studded with numberless brilliants and opals, and the light within assuming the most beautiful azure tints varying in shade from the pale torquoise to the deep sapphire.

The roaring noise made by the turbulence of

the torrent, as it rushed dashing and foaming along its icy bed, prevented our hearing each other speak, and regardless of the cold, we were gazing in silent admiration at this magnificent specimen of Nature's handiwork, when my attention was attracted to small pieces of ice falling from above. Looking upward, I saw the Doctor's face, upon which considerable anxiety was depicted, protruding over the scarped edge of the opposite side of the chasm, and from the contortions of his mouth, I could make out that he was calling to us, although the roaring of the water below prevented his voice being heard. A significant movement of his hand, however, fully explained his meaning, and in accordance with it we retraced our steps, and after some exertion, once more stood upon the surface of the glacier.

We had left our companion gathering different kinds of lichen, and examining the various species of rock that lay scattered about, in order to form some idea as to the nature of the mountains above, from which they had been carried by the continuous movement of the glacier; and he must

have become so absorbed in his occupation, that he did not observe the threatening appearance of the horizon, until his attention was called to it by one of the Ghoorkas, when he gave us warning.

An appalling calm reigned, but a momentary glance at the dark mass of clouds enveloping the summit of the mountain, satisfied us that a violent storm was brewing, for the usual deep blue sky was gone, and a gray murky vapour seemed to be approaching us rapidly from the wind's eye. Not a breath of air was stirring, still there was a strange indistinct rushing sound heard, like that of the wind sweeping through some distant gorge, or the monotonous soughing of a tempest-tost ocean. Behind us the valley and the mountain peaks were still lighted up by the golden rays of the sun, but before us all was dark and black, and there seemed to be a spot where the bright day met the lowering gloom without mingling. I swept the now circumscribed horizon with my field-glass in the hope of discovering some temporary shelter from the violence of the coming

storm, and had lowered it without any satisfactory results, when my eyes met Fred's, and I read in their expression that embarrassment which even the bravest are apt to feel when suddenly hemmed in by perils. The Doctor, too, looked very serious and anxious, whilst the countenances of our native followers betrayed intense terror. We were in an awkward position, and my companions evidently looked to me to get them out of it. On every side dangers lurked, and for a moment I felt undecided how to act, weighing the consequences of each step and calculating the chances. The odds were decidedly against us. If we remained in the centre of the glacier we should be exposed to the whole force of the hurricane, and in all probability be swept away before it into one of the numerous yawning chasms or crevasses; if we took refuge from the storm amongst the lateral mountains, we ran great danger of being buried alive, killed, or maimed by the avalanches or landslips that were continually falling. Again, the strange rumbling noises that issued from the glacier, portended no good, and on every side the ice heaved, trembled,

and cracked, as if it threatened to open under our feet. Add to these perils, the chances of our being frozen to death, blocked in by the snow, lost in the fog, struck by lightning, or falling into a sleep from which there is no awakening, and on summing-up the reader will think as I did, "that we had got ourselves into a fix." Again my field-glass was put into requisition, and this time my eye glanced upon a cleft or gully in the side of the mountain, where the scarped faces of the lower rock seemed to overhang the glacier. This offered the most efficient shelter, so pointing it out to my companions, I gave directions to our people to make for it with all speed, and in a few minutes we were gathered under the lee of a projecting spur.

A moment's indecision might have proved fatal to the whole party; for scarcely had we gained the shelter than the huge pall of vapour that seemed to be gradually descending from the mountain as if it would crush us, was suddenly rent asunder by some mysterious convulsion, a ghastly white forked flake lighted up the gloom

for a moment, followed almost instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, which resounded in a hundred gorges, and the storm was upon us. An ominous moaning seemed to proceed from the head of the glacier, as if the god Mahadeo was grumbling in his retreat on account of mortals approaching the forbidden limit, and a thick mist, through which the sun shone like a pale red moon, now overwhelmed us, accompanied by a sharp, cold, cutting wind, against which our waterproof blankets afforded but little protection. I never felt anything like this intensely-piercing cold blast; it seemed to freeze the very blood in our veins, and cause it to stagnate.* We also experienced severe acute pains across the forehead, and behind the eyes, giddiness and oppression of breathing, but I scarcely suffered as much as my companions or the Ghoorkas, whose blood red eyes, blue lips, and strangely wan and livid countenances were horrible to behold. The Phaidee coolie got both of his hands and arms frost-bitten, and when we removed his gloves they

* The thermometer fell nearly ten degrees.

were quite rigid, like those of a corpse, but by vigorous rubbing with snow and brandy he recovered their use. All our followers were individually brave and fearless fellows, but on this occasion they were quite disheartened and crestfallen. From the first they had looked upon our expedition as almost sacrilegious, and imagined every moment that we should encounter more than mortal adversaries for having invaded the hitherto unapproachable sanctuary of Mahadeo. Indeed, the howling of the tempest, the cracking and rending of the ice, the roaring of avalanches, and the rumbling of landslips, were all attributed to supernatural agency, as being the work of "*Bhoots*" (evil spirits, who are said to inhabit the mountain), conspiring for our destruction. For two hours the violence of the storm continued unabated, vivid streams of forked lightning flashed in quick succession, sometimes appearing in one continued blaze, the intense brightness of which almost blinded us, whilst peal on peal of thunder awakened a hundred echoes amongst the mountains. All the elements were at war, yet no rain

fell, though very finely-powdered snow was driven through the air with such force that it made the exposed parts of the face feel almost raw. At length there was a lull, when Fred and I, almost benumbed with cold, left the doctor and people wrapped up in their coverings, and pushed up the gorge to reconnoitre. Scrambling over a heap of loose rocks and *débris*, we, at length, discovered a crack or fissure in the rock, forming a narrow but very lofty cave, where we determined to bivouac. Calling up the rest of the people, we commenced unpacking the kiltas, lighted a fire, and made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would admit. After much patience, we heated a couple of large tins of preserved soup, and made a hot brew of strong grog, the stimulating effects of which I fairly believe kept body and soul together in some of us, and enabled all to endure the intense severity of the weather. Considerably refreshed by our hot meal, we lighted cheroots, and managed to keep tolerably warm by all laying down close together under cover of our blankets and waterproofs.

Our cavern proved impervious to the weather, and circulation once more restored, things began to assume a different aspect. Our people regained their spirits, and the Doctor, taking out his barometric apparatus, boiled a panikin of water, and made out that we had attained an altitude of nineteen thousand one hundred and sixty feet, or nearly seven thousand feet higher than the terminal moraine at the Cow's Mouth. We now held a consultation as to our future proceedings, and it was resolved to return to camp, for although the storm was over, the hollow murmuring of thunder was still heard faintly rumbling among the distant hills, and the sky still looked dark and threatening. It was with extreme reluctance that we turned our faces from the head of the glacier, and commenced a retrograde track, for our object was not yet accomplished, and there is always a strangely mysterious fascination and inexplicable charm in perilous enterprises that lures the adventurer onward, making him feel indifferent or reckless of consequences. As circumstances turned out, however, it was very lucky that we did not attempt to

go further, for had we done so, in all probability none of us would have returned to tell the tale. For several hours the mists and vapours continued so thick that we could scarcely see thirty yards before us, besides which we often found drifts of freshly-fallen snow so deep and soft that we had to proceed with the utmost caution, feeling every foot of the way with our iron-shod poles, lest we should fall into some abyss. Again, owing to our slow progress, we suffered very considerably from the intense cold, our limbs getting so benumbed and stiff that walking became heart-breaking work—still we kept on, for delay was dangerous. Towards evening the fog began to clear away, revealing a patch of deep blue sky, which gradually increased in size, until the whole western horizon became clear, and a flood of golden light broke through the gloom, illuminating the whole valley. This was cheering, but we had still far to go before we could rest our aching limbs, and we anxiously watched the great orb of day sink behind the western hills, gilding the faces of the higher peaks with his lingering glory, and bringing them out in

strong relief. Anxious as we were to get to our journey's end, we could not help stopping, in spite of the cold, to admire the glorious and indescribably beautiful ever-changing hues with which the heavens were tinged. After a brief space these brilliant colours gradually faded away and the day was gone. The rising moon, however, shone clearly and bright, and after a time the outlines of the mountains stood out as distinctly defined as at mid-day, the most distant objects being plainly discernible. We were all very much done up with our tramp, and it was with intense satisfaction that at last we descried a column of smoke, which we knew proceeded from the watch-fire of our people. Here we found a comfortable shanty constructed, and a hot meal ready, after partaking of which we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and were soon in the land of dreams.

"Weariness
Can snore upon a flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

# CHAPTER VII.

## CASHMERE.

"If ever happiness
In its most passionate excess
Offered its wine to human life,
It has been mine that cup to sip."

L. E. L.

Jumnautrie, the source of the Jumna, hot-springs.—The route over the Neila Pass.—Ibex shooting in the Askrung Valley.—The Parung Pass.—The Choomarera Lake.—The kyang or wild horse.—The Chushal Valley.—Ovis Ammon.—The Kailas Range.—Bunchowr shooting.—Ladak.—The Buddhist monastery of Hemis.—Praying machines.—The route to Cashmere.—Serinnugger.—The Shalimar Gardens.—The lake.—Social gatherings.—Ferishta's description of earthly bliss.—Islamabad and the Ruins of Martund.—The game of Cashmere.—A beautiful scene.—Short-sighted policy.—Kindred spirits.—The triumvirate broken.

FEELING somewhat fatigued and stiff in the joints after our expedition to the glacier world, we rested a day to recover our marching powers, and then

started by easy stages on our return to Derallee. Here we halted a couple of days, and leaving our heavier baggage, made an expedition in light marching order over the mountains to Jumnautrie, the source of the Jumna, putting up at Kursali on the Onta Gadh, the most elevated village in the Valley of the Jumna. The great natural phenomena of the place are the hot springs that issue bubbling from rocks only a few yards away from wastes of eternal snow. Having taken a sketch of the source, in which the four gigantic peaks of the Bunderpouch (that exceed twenty thousand feet in height) formed a most conspicuous back-ground, we returned to Derallee, where we found a dozen kiltas of supplies had arrived for us from Fred's factotum at Mussoorie.

As the season was now sufficiently far advanced for us to attempt *the Passes*, we determined to make a forward movement, so as to get into Thibet and Cashmere before the best ground had been hunted over and the game disturbed; a great desideratum in a country annually overrun by the first sportsmen the world can produce, a class of men of Anglo-

Saxon blood only to be found in India and the back-woods of America.

All our preparations for a long march were now completed, so mustering our followers and coolies, a formidable array forming almost a little army in themselves, we weeded the force by selecting the weakly-looking ones to go back to Dehra with the spoils already accumulated (which consisted of skins, horns, and divers specimens of natural history and geology), whilst we apportioned our baggage in suitable loads amongst the remainder.

I shall not bore the reader by entering into the monotonous detail of our daily marching, as our route has been described by previous explorers; and our party got over the ground so quickly, that we had scarcely time to make any very accurate observations. During the march we were obliged to forego the exploration of many very likely-looking places for game, and had to give up all idea of regular shooting, giving our attention more to sight-seeing than sporting, except when any new species of animal was to be found, when we neither spared time nor trouble.

Crossing the Ganges, we made our way along the banks of the Goomtee Gadh, and for three days directed our course up the Neila Valley, a delightful spot called by the Puharees Pool-ke-daree—the Road of Flowers; and *en route* we had some very fair burrul shooting. Crossing the Neila Pass, an altitude of 16,000 feet, which somewhat tried our powers as mountaineers, we entered the head of the Buspa Valley, and following the down-stream course of the river of that name, in three days arrived at Chetkoul, the first village on the Koonawaur side, where we halted a day, as our people and the coolies were somewhat knocked up with seven days' continuous marching and the difficulties of the way.

Our next stages were to Raugchum, and Sangla, and from thence, over the Barung Pass, an elevation of 16,300 feet above the sea, into the Valley of the Sutlej. Crossing this wide, rapid, and muddy-looking river by a very precarious rope suspension-bridge, at Poaree, a few miles from Chinee, three more marches brought us to the Askrung Valley, where we halted for five days, and had

some capital ibex hunting. Fred greatly distinguishing himself by his excellent shooting at long ranges. The ibex, although plentiful, were very wild and difficult to approach, having been recently disturbed; consequently, all the game killed was by long shots. Twice Fred killed running ibex at distances considerably over four hundred yards, which is the *ne plus ultra* of brilliant marksmanship.

From Askrung we marched through Libi over the Mannerung Pass (18,600 feet) to Mana, the first village in Spittee, and from thence along the Spittee river and over the Parung Pass (18,800) into Rupsha, halting for three days at Kiang-dam, on the Choomarera lake, a magnificent sheet of fresh water, about twenty miles long by five broad, situated at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the sea. In the country round about the lake we first came across the kiang, or wild horse, of which we shot a few as specimens. The kiang is about fourteen hands at the shoulders, and resembles the ass much more the nobler quadruped. They are generally of a reddish-gray, with a dark stripe down the back, and almost white under the belly

and inside the legs. The head is large and ugly, the mane hogged, and they are usually cat-hammed. There is a great similarity between the South African quaga and the kiang in general appearance. We saw great numbers of these animals during our wanderings in this part of the country, but, our curiosity satisfied, we did not care to pull trigger at them.

Leaving the Choomarera lake we crossed the Nakpo-konding Pass to Latok, near the Cheumo salt lake, and here, whilst hunting over a bleak and desolate-looking region we fell in with a wandering tribe of Tartars who were returning to their summer camp near the Pang-kung lake. Their chief, a very intelligent man in his way, gave us such excellent accounts of the game in that part of the country, more especially as regarded the naheen, or ovis ammon (the largest species known of wild sheep), that we determined to explore it. We sent off the yaks with the heavier portion of the baggage under charge of some of our people to Ladak, by the Tungrung Pass (18,100 feet), whilst we accompanied the

Tartars, who carried about a month's supplies for us on their spare yaks. Branching off to the eastward we struck and followed up a small stream to its junction with the Indus at Mahe, and continued our way along the banks of the latter river until we came to Nioma, when our route lay in a northernly direction. We now crossed the Saka-la Pass (16,000) and halted at Cheshul, which we made a temporary head-quarters.

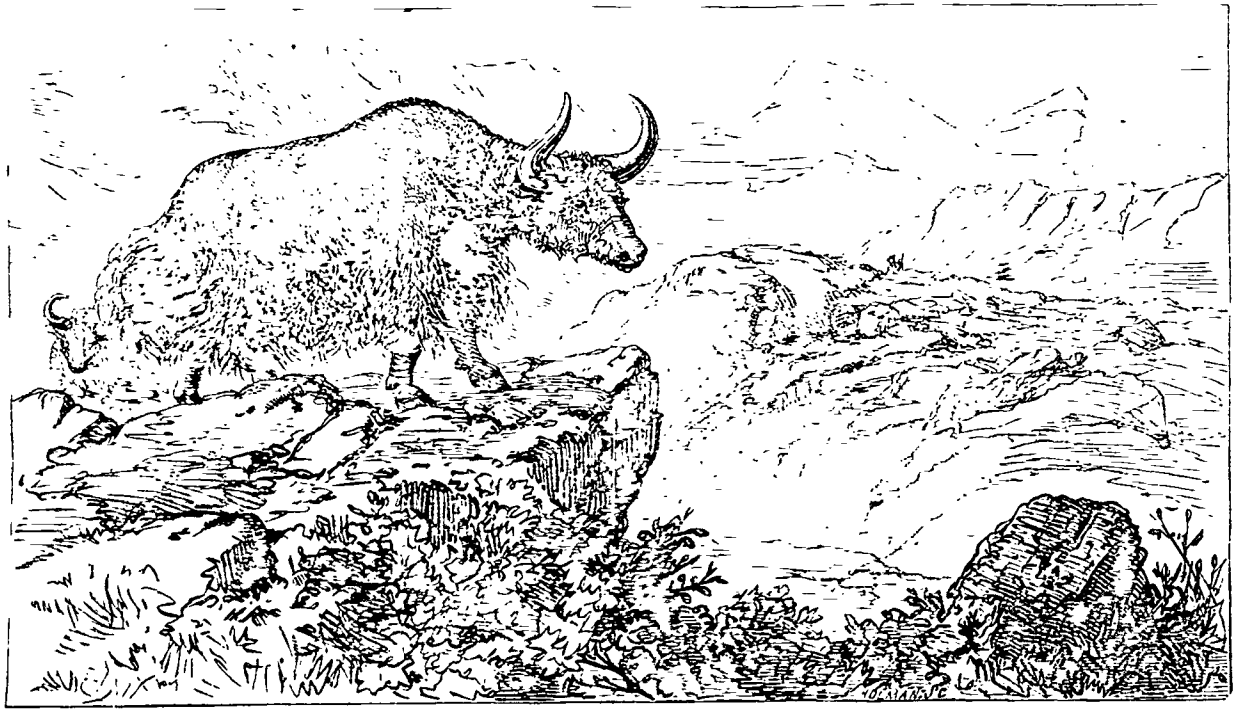
We hunted in this neighbourhood five days, and under the guidance of the Tartar chief had excellent sport, falling in with numerous flocks of burrul and ovis ammon. The finest specimen of the latter animal, which was as large as an ordinary bullock of the plains, Fred killed after a three hours' stalk. His horns were sixteen inches in circumference at the base, and forty-six inches round the curve. I killed three fine rams and a female, but none of them equalled in size that killed by my companion. The female is an insignificant looking creature in comparison with the male, and the horns are not more than fourteen inches in length, and but slightly curved. We

all contributed clothes, knicknacks, and sundry articles that we could spare, as a present to the chief, and put him in such a good humour that he volunteered to accompany us to a range of mountains to the eastward of the Pang-kung lake (which I believed to be part of the Kailas Range), where we should find bunchowr or wild yaks. We closed at once with the desirable offer, and started off to the eastward early the next morning.

After seven days' continuous marching through a most desolate-looking country, where the only human beings met with were a few wandering Hunnias, we passed round the north end of the lake, and struck a range of lofty mountains, which our Tartar guide informed us was the haunt of the bunchowr. Burrul and ovis ammon were frequently seen *en route;* but we only killed sufficient game to maintain ourselves and our people in food; and now that there was a prospect of nobler game, we did not dare to fire a shot, lest the report of our rifles might scare it away. For the first two days we explored these mountains without suc-

cess: no bunchowr were to be seen, although we found numerous traces of their existence. The third morning, soon after daylight, we saw five dark objects moving slowly over the snow, about a mile distant. Our field-glasses were put in requisition, and, to our great delight, we made out five gigantic, shaggy bulls, quietly browsing, perfectly unconscious of our presence. The ground was tolerably favourable for stalking, and, as we had taken the precaution of wearing white shirts over our ordinary hunting-gear, with linen cap-covers, we were scarcely distinguishable from the snow. Fortunately a strong breeze was blowing at the time, of which advantage we did not fail to avail ourselves, by keeping well to leeward, and after an exciting quarter of an hour's work, we managed to get within easy range (150 yards) of the herd, who were chewing the cud quite unconscious of their fate. A moment more, and two shaggy monsters were on their backs on the snow struggling in their last agonies, whilst the other three, more or less wounded, were galloping about in wild but grand confusion.

Having hastily reloaded, we gave chase; but this was scarcely required, for no sooner were we perceived, than two of the three wheeled suddenly round, and with heads down, and tails on end, made a most vicious charge towards us, evidently meaning mischief. Again our rifles cracked, and two more huge bodies were floundering in the snow, which was discoloured with their gore. The fifth bull, who was slowly following the other two, being more severely wounded, now came up, and was easily despatched. Thus died five stately bulls of undaunted pluck, and great was the joy of our Tartar followers at the prospect of such an immense supply of food. We carefully skinned the two finest specimens, and preserved the horns and tails of the others as trophies, but the hides were a great deal too heavy for our people to carry, so we were obliged to leave them on the ground, and send the yaks for them. The next morning we saw a solitary bull of immense dimensions, but he proved a very wary beast, and, notwithstanding all our precautions, the taint in the air betrayed our whereabouts, and



Yak-Stalking.

he took himself off without giving us the chance of a shot. The day following we separated, Fred and the Doctor taking one side of a hill, whilst I explored the other. I met with several fresh traces, although I saw no game worth pulling trigger at, but my companions were more fortunate as they fell in with a herd of seven bulls, and managed to kill three of the number. Two days after this, I again caught sight of the same old solitary bull who had baffled us on a previous occasion, and this time I was more fortunate, although I was fully three hours in circumventing him before I dared venture within range. Even then I was afraid of attempting to get within four hundred yards of him, as he was standing like an outlying sentinel on a small eminence, whilst I managed to take up a position on an adjacent height, from which I could observe all his movements. I watched him for at least twenty minutes before commencing offensive operations, for the distance was too great for me to make certain of killing, or even mortally wounding him, and there was a deep cud or valley

where the drifted snow appeared to lie deep, which I could not hope to cross without being seen. At last I fancied he was about to move away, and as his position seemed to offer a fair shot, I put up the back-sight of my heavy two-ounce rifle at the four hundred yards range, and deliberately aimed at his brawny shoulder. The grooved bore carried truly; for, when the smoke cleared away, I saw the huge beast was brought to his knees, and in a moment more he careened on his side, and rolled over on his back with his four feet in the air. I gave him the contents of my second barrel, which did not seem to affect him, for his position remained unchanged; so, having carefully reloaded, I approached him, keeping myself in readiness to receive his charge, which would be the more impetuous as it would be made down-hill. As I drew near, I heard him making a peculiar moaning noise, accompanied by a succession of loud grunts, which I knew betokened extreme distress; and, when I mounted the crest of the hill, I saw at a glance that the game was nearly over. The poor beast was in his last agony, and too far

gone to notice me; so, stepping up, I put him out of pain by shooting him between the eyes, when a convulsive quiver passed over the body, and all was still. I found my first shot had proved fatal, having entered just behind the shoulder and penetrated the lungs; whilst the second had passed through the neck. The dimensions of this bull far exceeded any we had hitherto killed, and his mane, forelock, and the hair on his flanks, was much longer. His horns were nearly eighteen inches in circumference at the base, and short in comparison. The bunchowr, although not so high at the shoulder as the bison of the low country, is a larger and more formidable animal than the American species. He is very short in the legs, and massively built, yet very active, and capable of getting over the most difficult ground in a surprisingly short time. Their general colour is black, with dark ash under the belly and inside the legs; but they vary. I have seen some skins that were altogether black. We hunted over this part of the country for ten days, having famous sport, when, finding our supplies getting short,

we retraced our steps, and made the best of our way back to our former camp in the Chushul valley.

After hunting for some days in the mountains between the Pang-kung lake and the Indus, we proceeded in a northerly direction up the Chusul valley, and crossed the range by the Changla Pass (16,500), striking the Sakety river, the downward course of which stream we followed until its junction with the Indus, near the village of Marsilla. Two days' marching along the banks of this river brought us to Leh or Ladak, the capital of Little Thibet, where we found our people rather uneasy at our prolonged absence. Halting here for three days, we visited the rajah's palace and the Buddhist monastery of Hemes, being shown through the place by the lamas, who were rigged out in quaint red and yellow dresses, looking very gay, but disgustingly dirty. We witnessed a very elaborate performance in the way of a religious ceremony, when every priest seemed to make as much noise as he could, assisted by bells, horns, and drums. The praying machine, rather a remarkable institution, is some-

times worked by water-power; and I will describe it, as its adoption might save the breath of certain long-winded priests of other sects and denominations than that of the Buddhists of Thibet. It consists of a cylinder revolving on a spindle which is filled with layers of round pieces of paper covered with hieroglyphics, supposed to be the sacred mystic sentence* of the Buddhist faith written repeatedly in concentric circles. The operator turns the cylinder round, yelling out his prayer whilst he does so.

Having seen all that was worthy of notice in Ladak, we started for Cashmere, keeping along the banks of the Indus for three marches, and passing through Nurila, Lamieroo, and Drass, halted at Pandrass, where we had three days' hunting

* The sacred sentence of the Buddhist faith, which is conspicuously displayed on all the "choctains," "dhagopas," manis, topes, or shrines, throughout India, is "*Aum mani padmi hoong*," and it seems to be a kind of creed in a concentrated form, as, according to Sir William Jones, it signifies, "Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, from whom all things proceed, to whom all must return, and whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat."

amongst the hills adjacent to the glaciers, and killed several shalmar, a species of wild sheep different to any we had hitherto fallen in with. From Pandrass four marches, *via* Soonamurg and Kungur, brought us to the celebrated Lake of Cashmere, where, finding boats, we entered the capital on the twentieth day after leaving Ladak.

Serinnugger, which signifies in Sanscrit "The City of the Sun," is a glorious place for those who love the *dolce far niente*, and being somewhat fatigued with continual daily marching, we were not at all sorry to find ourselves comfortably settled in one of the bungalows built by the Maharajah on the banks of the Jhelum for the accommodation of European visitors. Covered boats and boatmen were engaged, and we soon fell into the regular routine of the place. Our favourite retreat during the heat of the day was the gorgeous Shalimar, formerly the abode of the beautiful Noor Jehan, the wife of Jehangeer, with its barra-derree of polished black marble, and crystal lake, its meandering streams, purling waterfalls, sculptured fountains, luxurious baths, and pillared kiosks,

which, although falling to pieces from neglect, are still beautiful.

We also made frequent excursions upon the lake, which in some parts resembles a luxuriant flower-garden from the innumerable lilies and broad-leaved lotus plants that cover its surface. The floating islands, rich with tropical verdure of every tint and hue contrasting with range upon range of snow-clad mountains in the background and the deep blue Italian sky above, form a scene such as poets only can imagine. Moore thus describes it in "Lalla Rookh:"

"Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the lake,
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes.

"And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers,
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here.
The lake, too, like a garden breathes
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen on it from the sky."

We also frequently visited the Nusseem-bagh,

or the Garden of the Morning Breeze, the Nishat-bagh, the Garden of Pleasure, the Isle of Chunars, called by the natives Chandee-ke-Lunka, or Silver Island, the Soona-ke-Lunka, or the Golden Island, the Peri Mahal, or the Hall of Peris, the Tukht-i-Suliman, or Solomon's Throne, besides inspecting the Maharajah's palace and the Hurree-purwar fort, which latter is in a very dilapidated condition. Sometimes we enjoyed our *otium cum dignitate* whilst gliding along the River Jhelum, which traverses the city, and is crossed by seven quaint bridges built of immense logs of deodar. The high picturesque wooden structures that line the banks on each side much resemble certain parts of old Stamboul. Here and there we found traces of the ancient city that was destroyed by the Moslem conquerors, and scattered about we saw broken columns, blocks of sculptured marble, and fragments of inscriptions that were evidently of great antiquity.

Our days were devoted to exploring and sight-seeing, and our evenings were generally spent in social intercourse, for there were many visitors

from India, chiefly officials of the sword or the pen, who were passing the summer months in this bracing climate, and as a fair sprinkling of the gentler sex usually graced these gatherings, they were very pleasant. Sometimes this routine was varied by a pic-nic or a nautch in one of the many gardens on the banks of the lake, and on these occasions boating by moonlight was truly delightful; but I must not allow myself to enter into any description of the Cashmere beauties, with their dark lustrous eyes, long braided tresses, and graceful forms, or I shall scarcely know when to lay down my pen. Sufficeth to say, in the words of the poet Ferishta:—

"I basked in the light of their almond-shaped eyes,
That like the rays of the sun inspired me with life;
I feasted upon unsullied coy beauty in shady bowers,
As the bee culls honey from flowers of every hue;
I inhaled the overpowering perfume of their breath,
Which soothes the senses like the fragrant scent of the jasmin.
I listened to the soothing melody of their sweet-toned voices,
That the night-birds of the grove hearing, drooped their heads and became silent;
I yielded to embraces, that though gentle as the clinging of the tendrils of the vine,

Twined round the affections, and were harder to sever than
shackles of steel;
I drank in burning kisses, that never cloyed but created insati-
able desire,
Causing the heart to become water, and intoxicating the brain
like the wine of Shiraz."

We also made frequent excursions to different parts of the valley, visiting many ruins of Hindoo architecture that betokened the wealth and civilisation of this country in days gone by. The most celebrated of these are at Martund, near Islamabad, which we found well worthy of a visit. Near this town are the celebrated gardens of Atcha-bul, said to have been another of Noor Jehan's summer retreats, and here we passed a most delightful time; our days being spent in lounging under the cool shade of the plane-trees, listening to murmurings of the gurgling fountains, and our evenings in the enjoyment of the nautch, which was of no mean order, the taifas of Islamabad being celebrated both for their beauty and accomplishments. The *prima donna*, a very bacchante, whose loveliness could scarcely have been exceeded even by the far-famed mistress of Jehangeer, warbled the love-songs of

Hafiz and Sadi with peculiar sweetness, having a rich contralto voice rarely to be met with amongst the eastern votaries of Terpsichore.

"Come, then, a song; a winding, gentle song,
To lead me unto sleep. Let it be low,
As Zephyr telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts."

"Now softly-slow let Lydian measures move
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love;
In swimming dance on airs soft billows float,
Soft heave your bosoms with the swelling note;
With pliant arm, in graceful motion vie—
Now sunk with ease—with ease now lifted high;
The lively gesture each fond care reveal,
That music can express, or passion feel."

Rousseau, the eloquent French author, in his "Confessions," says: "Never did a *level* country, however beautiful it might be, seem beautiful in my eyes. I must have cataracts, rocks, pines, dark forests, and rugged pathways, with steep precipices that make one shudder to behold." I cannot say that I entirely agree with him; for, notwithstanding that I have wandered through all the wildest scenes of the Himalaya, my heart clings to the remem-

brance of the varied beauties of our English landscapes, where fields of waving golden corn, green meadows, woods, and gentle meandering rivers, alternate. There is a certain charm in such scenes that has an indescribable attraction to every traveller of the Anglo-Saxon race. He feels that it pertains of *home*—of the land of his fathers—with which no other spot on earth can compare. Yet there cannot be a doubt of the influence of mountain scenery upon the mind, and there is a spell in its contemplation that never palls. Here the wanderer's feet are rarely weary, his knapsack never heavy.

Cashmere is a splendid field for the sportsman; black bears and Hungul deer, or bara-singa, being very numerous. I have heard of seven bears being killed in a day by a single gun, which I can very well believe, as I have seen these animals in great numbers, although I had too much to do in the way of sight-seeing to go far out of my way after them. The Doctor, amongst many varied accomplishments, was an adept at oil-painting, and much of his time was spent in making some very

beautiful sketches of different parts of the country, which quite put Fred and myself out of conceit with our own attempts to imitate Nature's glorious handiwork. A large panorama he took of the whole valley from Kampoor, looking northward, was one of the most beautiful specimens of Oriental landscape-painting I have seen, as it embraced every kind of scenery—the gigantic Nan-ga Purbut peak, which is over twenty-six thousand feet in elevation above the sea, forming a conspicuous object in the background, although about eighty miles distant. This view comprised all that was remarkable in the valley near the capital; the Hurree Purbut fort, with its castellated battlements, the Tukht-i-Suliman, the lake, with the Haramook mountain, and the snowy ranges beyond, all clearly delineated with the most faithful perspicuity.

What Englishman ever rambled through this beautiful valley without cursing the stupid, short-sighted policy of our Government in selling "the garden of the world," the most suitable of all our Eastern possessions for European colonisation, to

that tyrant Ghoolab Singh for a paltry sum (75 lacs, or £750,000), which egregious act of folly was consummated on the 16th of March, 1846, only a few days after we had beaten the Seikhs in the Sutlej campaign. The hard-fought fields of Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, Aliwal and Sobraon cost us Sale, Broadfoot, and a host of other noble spirits, and it seems heartrending to think that the glorious spoils of that campaign should be sacrificed by the imbecility of "our *diplomats*" and the "itching palm" of the Government.

We spent five months cruising about this far-famed Paradise of the Hindoos, and saw everything that was worthy of notice; but our wanderings were now fast drawing to a close, for Fred's leave of abence having nearly expired, he was obliged to rejoin his regiment, then stationed at Peshawur; whilst urgent private affairs required the Doctor's presence in Bombay, and I was about to return to my native land after an absence of many long years. I often look back with intense satisfaction to those happy days, for I was blessed with the companionship of two dear friends, kin-

dred spirits, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and in their society I doubly enjoyed the magnificent scenery which even Moore's poetical eloquence can scarcely portray.

Bidding adieu to our numerous friends on the banks of the Jhelum, we packed up our trophies and *souvenirs* of the country (in the shape of a Cashmere shawl or two), and prepared for a retrograde movement; but it was with unfeigned regret that we turned our horses' heads in a south-easterly direction towards Simla *viâ* Kangra.

Here the triumvirate was broken up, and the three friends parted never to meet again (on earth), for two have gone "to that bourne from which no traveller returns."

> "All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
> And many friendships in the days of time
> Begun, are lasting here, and growing still."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A RUN FOR LIFE; OR, THE FOX'S ACCOUNT OF A SHARP BURST.

"I have crossed the steed since my eyes saw light,
I have fronted Death till he feared my sight,
And the cleaving of helm and the riving of mail
Were the dreams of my youth—are my manhood's delight."

The old style of teaching the young idea.—Variety.—Silistria and Colonel Grach.—Iskinder Bey.—Prospects of plunder.—The passage of the Danube.—A dilemma.—A cool attire.—Discouraging news.—My chum.—A reconnaissance of the enemy's camp.—A hare, dogs, and hunter caught.—"The gipsy in trouble."—"Where there's a will there's a way."—An ambuscade.—"A *strategetic* movement to the rear."—Double!—"A *ruse-de-guerre*."—An exciting burst.—"Pace and metal required."—"Nil desperandum."—"A last chance."—The crisis. The tables changed.—Good fellowship amongst the brothers of St. Hubert.

FROM earliest youth I must have been destined for *a trooper*, as my first recollections of education are associated with the fact that I was always being *horsed;* and if the doctrine vouched for by many learned pedants be true, viz., "that there is much virtue in the *counter-action* system," perhaps I may

be also indebted to my worthy pedagogue for a *cool head*, as he was always most energetic in the administration of *latent heat to its antipodes*. Poor old gentleman! the gentle exercise amused him and never harmed me; and all his old pupils still in the flesh will bear me out in my assertion that he never spoiled a child by sparing the rod. I have a reason for going back to those days, gentle reader, for this morning, whilst looking over my log to find some sporting incident worthy of record, my eye caught the word *variety*, and immediately the old adage I used to copy in bold round hand flashed across my mind, and I bethought me that there had been but little of that *charming* quality in my yarns of late, they having always related to the hunting of wild beasts. I turned over page after page without finding anything appropriate, until I came upon the following adventure, which I transcribe, as it gives the fox's account of a hard run, or hunting looked upon in a new light.

In the early part of the summer of 1854, before any actual fighting had taken place between Russia

and the Western Allies, I was employed on special service in the Danubian Principalities; and, in order to carry out certain duties more effectually, I received from the Grand Seraskier Riza Pacha an imperial firman investing me with the rank of Colonel and Bey in the Ottoman army. The Russians were then concentrating their forces for the investment of Silistria, where I spent some very pleasant days, enjoying the hospitality of Ibrahim Pacha, the civil governor, and receiving the kindnesses of a brother from Moussa Pacha, the commander of the garrison. The fortifications had been most materially strengthened by the construction of a number of detached forts round the *enceinte* of the place, which works were projected and thrown up by Colonel Grach, one of the most scientific military engineers of the day, a gallant soldier, and a delightful companion. Poor fellow! the Sultan had not such another strategist and practical engineer in all his host as that gentle fair-haired *homme de lettres,* now, alas! no more; and although, like the gallant Butler, he did not live to reap the laurels he had gained, it was his

skill and energy that enabled the sturdy Arnaouts and Albanians to baffle the ablest engineer in the Russian service, General Schilders, and to sustain the continuous assaults of his legions during the thirty-nine days' siege. There being very little stirring at head-quarters (Omer Pasha being engaged in making "*an appearance*" before the Allied Army), I preferred the excitement of the predatory warfare that was being waged along the line of the Danube to the dull routine of camp-life. Constant skirmishing was then going on between the Bashi-Bazouks—the most irregular of all Irregular Horse—and the Cossacks, who often enough were supported by other cavalry.

Iskinder Bey, a celebrated free lance, said to be of Hungarian origin, but a perfect cosmopolitan, having a smattering of every known language, and who had fought almost under every banner in Christendom, was in command of a considerable force of cavalry that formed part of the most advanced line of observation then extending along the right bank of the Danube, from Widin to the Sulina Mouth.

One hot day, in the beginning of June, we were encamped at a small village a few miles to the westward of Rustchuk, when a Wallachian gipsy spy brought in a report that the Russians, fearing that Odessa was about to be attacked by the Allies, were abandoning the line of the Danube, and retiring into Bessarabia. The bearer of this news also stated that he had seen a long train of arabas laden with military stores, escorted only by a couple of squadrons of Hulans and some Cossacks, within three miles of our camp, on the opposite bank of the river.

Old Iskinder's one eye glistened at this news, and assembling about four hundred of the best mounted men in his force, in less than an hour we were wending our way towards a bend in the river where some boats were secreted. This spot had for some days been selected as the most suitable place for crossing, the stream not being very rapid; and a masked battery of field guns had been constructed on a slight eminence, so as to command the approaches to the river on the opposite side, in case of our having to retire and recross in the face

of an enemy. The passage of the Danube, although presenting difficulties that might have deterred more disciplined troops, was but an every-day occurrence to these predatory Suwars, most of whom dispensed altogether with the aid of the boats. Fastening their arms and ammunition in the folds of their turbans, they plunged into the stream, and swam over alongside of their horses. As the reports of our scouts led us to believe that no opposition to our crossing was anticipated, at the risk of being thought effeminate, I stripped to the buff, and placed my arms and clothes in a boat, before swimming my horse over; for in this climate nothing is more conducive to fever than allowing wet clothes to dry on the person.

Unfortunately for me (as it turned out), the rude craft containing my gear stuck amongst the reeds, and was a long time in effecting the passage, so that I had no clothes to put on upon reaching the other side; and whilst in this dilemma, I heard a cry of alarm, followed by shouts of "Moskofler! Moskofler!" not a very pleasing announcement to one in my condition, being destitute of even a fig-

leaf. However, I was master of the situation, for borrowing a turban from one, and a shawl from another, I extemporised a make-shift so as to hide my nakedness; and, seizing a lance, vaulted on my horse, when "Richard was himself again." I found the vanguard giving chase to a small party of horsemen, who evidently thought discretion the better part of valour, for they were making "a strategetic movement to the rear," as fast as their nags could lay legs to the ground.

Regardless of my personal appearance, I joined in the pursuit, and "Desert-Born," the pride of the camp, and the most perfect charger that trooper ever bestrode, soon overtook the leading files of the Bashi Bazouks, and was fast nearing the fugitives, who, scared at my approach, dismounted and knelt beside their horses. Had they turned out to be Cossacks, doubtlessly I should have come to grief; as, besides their being six to one, I was riding bare-back (my saddle being in the boat) and armed only with a blunt unwieldy lance, however, they turned out to be only Wallachian peasants, who by accident had stumbled upon our scouts. Fearing

lest they might disclose our movements, I had them marched back to the main body; and then was glad to get once more into my clothes, for the rays of the sun had begun to scorch my shoulders. By the time this little arrangement was completed, and my horse saddled, the whole of our party had crossed, and were forming up ready for service. From information gleaned from our captives, we learned that the Russians had established a camp some six miles distant, and that the train of arabas we had intended to surprise had by this time reached its shelter. As the enemy were represented to be in force, with infantry and artillery, any offensive movement by daylight with our small numbers was out of the question; and the old chief and his Suwars were almost beside themselves, at having taken so much trouble to no purpose, and being thus balked of their booty. It was, however, determined that some blow should be struck if possible before returning to our old rendezvous; and for this purpose the gipsy spy, who knew the country well, was again sent out to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and gain such information of his move-

ments as would enable us to attempt a *coup de main*. In the meantime every preparation was made for passing the night where we were, the utmost precaution being taken to guard the bivouac against surprise. We expected the gipsy back before sundown, when it was intended that our operations should commence; but darkness set in, and hour after hour passed without his reappearance, so at last we concluded that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. To add to our impatience, and make matters worse, several heavy showers fell in the course of the night, which did not serve to increase our good-humour, as we had no tents with us. My great chum was a young Hungarian, named Fritz von Roth, but better known under the Turkish cognomen of Nishan Bey, a nephew of the patriot Stephen Ludwig Roth, who was shot by the ultra-Magyar faction on the ramparts of Clausenburg. I first fell in with him during my sojourn at Rustchuk, where he was acting as "yaver," or aide-de-camp, to Sied Mirza Pacha, the governor of the province of Silistria; and as our tastes assimilated, we soon became boon companions,

and at the time of my narrative had seen some sharp work together, which had cemented our acquaintance into an almost brotherly friendship.

I was too old a campaigner ever to neglect creature comforts, and although we travelled in light marching order, my provision wallets were well found, and half-a-dozen Cording's waterproof sheets not only protected our horses from the cold night-air but furnished us with a shelter from the inclemency of the weather. As we lay snug under our *tente d'abri*, it was determined that at dawn we would have a reconnaissance on our own account, in case it was found advisable for our troops to recross the river; and having advised the old Bey as to our intentions, when the first streaks of gray in the east announced the approach of day, we prepared to set out.

I had half-a-dozen well-tried followers eating my salt, upon whose pluck I could always depend; and as they were all fairly mounted and armed, I did not anticipate any difficulty in escaping, if we found the enemy too strong for us.

As soon as it was light enough to see our way,

we set out, taking one of the Wallachians, mounted on a shaggy little horse, as our guide. Luckily for our comfort the rain ceased, and after a ride of rather more than an hour we came to a deserted cattle-shed, from whence we could see the enemy's camp, surrounded by piquets and a chain of Cossack videttes, about a mile and a half distant. Here we dismounted, and giving instructions to our people to remain on the *qui vive*, Fritz and I, accompanied by my Arnaout Chaoush, crept forwards to a slight eminence, from whence, with the aid of my telescope, I could see all that was going on. Our guide was evidently correct when he stated that the Russians were in force, for the camp before us was that of a brigade at least, if not of a division; and we could count twelve guns drawn up in front of a number of caissons and ammunition waggons, all painted green. We watched the night piquets being relieved, and saw the videttes extend their circle far into the plain, whilst the rolling of drums and the braying of trumpets seemed to betoken that either some movement was intended or that a parade was about

to take place. Whilst our attention was engrossed in watching these proceedings, an ejaculation from the Chaoush caught my ear, and, turning my head, I saw a hare, evidently much exhausted, coming towards us, pursued by two greyhounds. They killed within fifty yards of where we were standing, and Fritz and I having secured both dogs with our pocket handkerchiefs, picked up the hare, and hid ourselves behind a patch of bush, to watch events. We were well-armed. Fritz had a double gun and a revolver; I had a double rifle, one of the best that was ever turned out by the Bishop of Bond Street, and another revolver; whilst the Arnaout carried my Colt's six shooter in addition to his own carbine. In a few minutes a horseman, whose flat cap and gray coat sufficiently announced his nationality, suddenly made his appearance on the crest of a rising ground, at the best pace which his tired horse could go. Evidently disconcerted at the disappearance of his dogs, he pulled up, and must have been anything but agreeably surprised to see three barrels pointed at his breast, whilst Fritz, who had a smattering of Russian, peremp-

torily ordered him to dismount. Perceiving that resistance was out of the question, for he would have been a dead man long before he could have slewed round the gun that was slung on his back, he got off his horse and came towards us. In the twinkling of an eye he was disarmed, and his arms were pinioned by the Arnaout with his turban cloth, whilst almost at the same time three of our people came up with our horses, as they had caught sight of a party of Hulans apparently *en route* towards the camp.

Having lifted our captive (who proved to be a lieutenant of cavalry) on to his horse, and given him in charge of the men, we cantered up to the rest of the party, who were watching the horsemen now fast approaching our position. They appeared to be about twenty in number, and seemed riding in loose order, whilst in the rear a prisoner was mounted upon a led horse, with his arms pinioned behind him, who looked very like our quondam friend the gipsy spy. My suspicions were soon converted into a certainty, for a glance through my glass clearly revealed his dogged, swarthy counte-

nance, which, though looking rather dejected, did not betoken fear. Although my party consisted of only nine, all told, I determined to attempt a rescue, for the spy was a useful man, and much trusted by the Bey. I immediately explained my plan of action to Fritz, which was, that Ali and I were to remain in ambuscade in the cattle-shed, whilst Fritz and the rest of the people were to hide themselves in some thick covert until the troop had passed along the road, and then make a dash on the rear and release the gipsy in the confusion that would ensue. Having made certain that none of Fritz's party were likely to be discovered by any one coming along the road, I took up my post behind the ruined wall of the shed, having my double rifle as well as the six shooter ready for work, and a brace of revolvers in case of their coming to close quarters. I had not long to wait; the tramping of horses' hoofs warned me of their approach, and in another moment I saw them debouching from behind some cover and defile past my *cache*. As they passed within a hundred and twenty yards of the shed, I coolly picked off the

two troopers on each side of the prisoner, dropping them from their horses dead or mortally wounded, and commenced firing promiscuously, as the fairest shots were presented to me. This unexpected attack from an unseen enemy produced the effect I had counted upon; they broke back in confusion, and were almost simultaneously attacked by Fritz and his party, who first fired a deadly volley amongst them, and then charged, when all who were not hit scattered and bolted. Having released the gipsy and mounted him upon one of the horses we had captured, we were preparing for a retreat, as our shots had evidently been heard by the advanced videttes, and horsemen were seen galloping in our direction, when one of our scouts came rushing up with the intelligence that the party we had surprised was only the advance guard of a large force who were advancing in our direction. I immediately ordered the Chaoush and the rest of the party to make the best of their way towards our camp, under the guidance of the gipsy, whilst Fritz and I, who were better mounted than the rest, should remain behind to reconnoitre.

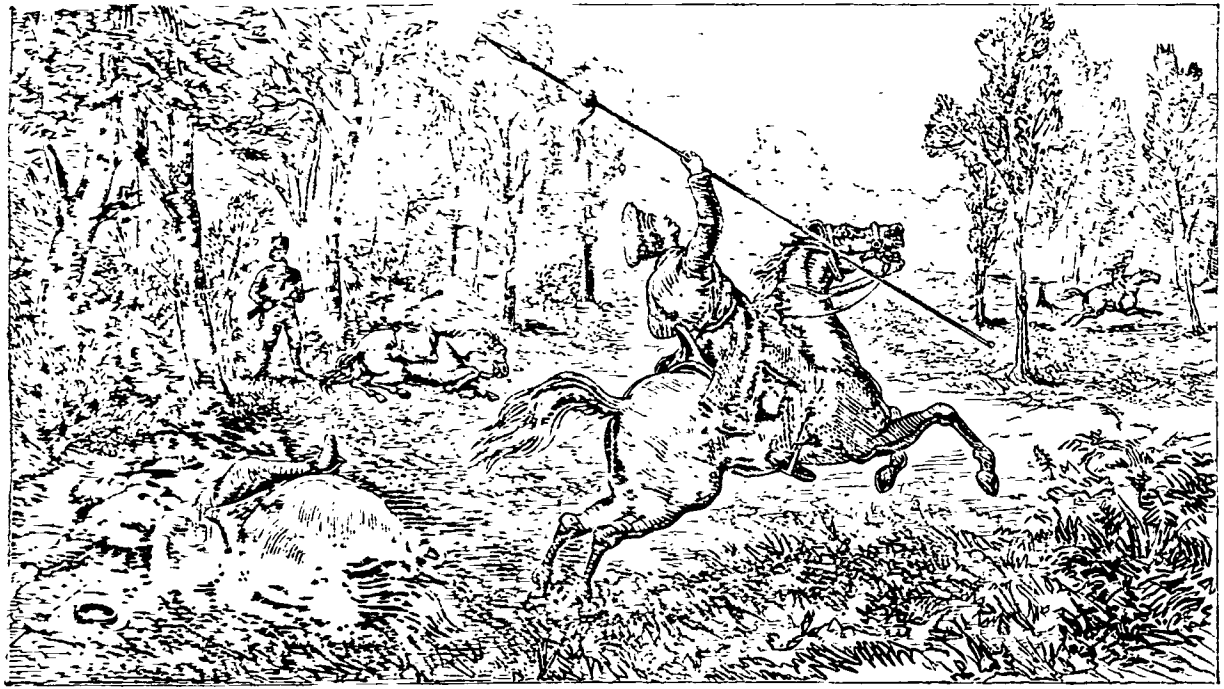
In the shed I had observed a large heap of straw and refuse that had been protected from the rain by the remains of the broken roof; and this, after a little difficulty, I managed to ignite. When I saw that the flame was not likely to be extinguished, I threw on a quantity of wet straw and brushwood, which caused a column of dense black smoke to rise that must attract the enemy's attention from a considerable distance. This done, we jumped on our horses, and gave leg-bail, galloping off at right angles from our former route, and making a *détour*, thus hoping to rejoin our people, whom we knew were far away by this time. We were not, however, destined to get off thus easily, for hardly had we emerged from the cover than a continuous blazing of carbines was heard in our rear, and a hundred and fifty Cossacks and Hulans were yelling like demons on our track, whilst the *ping* of their leaden messengers sounded closer to our ears than was agreeable. A sharp burst, however, took us out of range, and then commenced the chase in earnest: we were riding for our lives, and nothing but the goodness of our cattle would

carry us through. For myself I had not the least fear, for Desert-Born was of the purest Nedjed blood; but I had serious apprehensions for my friend, as his horse, although a well-bred animal, was not in running condition. We directed our course towards the river, in a bee line; and in a short time I knew we were distancing the bulk of our pursuers, as their cries became less and less distinct. On looking round, however, I perceived three fellows, evidently officers, although dressed similar to the troopers, who were much better mounted than the rest, and seemed to hold their own with us, although about four hundred yards behind. Fritz's horse was beginning to show distress, for the pace was terrific; and now not a sound was heard but the hard breathings of the horses and the stroke of their hoofs. Ping! goes a bullet past our ears; and now I knew was my time. Bidding my companion to keep up his speed, I pulled up my well-trained charger, and dismounting under cover of a bush, dropped on my knee, and fired right and left at the leading pursuers. The man who had just discharged his

carbine dropped dead, with a bullet through his chest, whilst the horse of the second rolled over mortally wounded. This unexpected rencontre damped the ardour of the third, for he pulled up until he was joined by some more of his party, when the chase was continued. Having rid myself of the most dangerous of our pursuers, and inspired the rest with a wholesome fear of the powers of my grooved bore, I jumped on my horse, and, reloading *en route*, soon overtook Fritz, who at my recommendation now eased his horse a little, as the pace we had been doing was killing, and could not possibly last. I calculated that we had covered five miles of ground since first the chase began, and I believed that we were still three miles from the Danube; for in the excitement of the run I had not paid much attention to the landmarks, which in this part of the country are few and far between. We breathed our horses until the clattering of hoofs behind us again intimated the near approach of the enemy, and again bullets whistled around us. My rifle killed when their smooth-bored carbines were useless, so I turned in the

saddle, and with another right and left brought down a couple of the leading horses, which, however, scarcely checked the rush, for they evidently thought that we must now fall into their hands. I therefore exchanged my unloaded rifle for the six-shooter carried by Fritz, and prepared to execute my former manœuvre, by pretending to be wounded, and, pulling up my horse, I flung myself full length on the ground, which caused a yell of intense satisfaction to burst from a knot of the leading pursuers. Their triumph, however, was of short duration, for as they rushed up to immolate me I raised myself on my elbow, and coolly gave them the contents of my six barrels at *bout-portant*, which emptied as many saddles, and turned their shrieks of rage into cries of despair. With a derisive shout of scorn, and a peculiar if not graceful action, intimating contempt, I jumped on my horse, and in a few moments was again cantering alongside of my friend.

The ground now became very broken; and my companion's horse, thoroughly blown, put his foot in a hole and fell heavily, rolling over his rider



A Run for Life.

and breaking his bridle arm. For a moment I was disconcerted, but *nil desperandum* was ever my motto; and, helping Fritz into my own saddle, I clambered up behind him, and my good horse, as if aware of the dangers that threatened us, galloped along with scarcely any apparent diminution of speed.

This game I knew, however, would not last; so, reloading my six-shooter, I drew my revolver out of my holster, and bidding my companion to hurry on, as the river could not now be far distant, I slipped off the horse and hid myself in a thick bush. My friend remonstrated with me in vain; but finding my mind was made up, he rode off in the direction I had bidden him. Shortly after his departure I heard a yell of triumph, which informed me that my friend's fallen horse had been discovered; and, in less than five minutes, a group of about twenty Cossacks came galloping past, yelling like fiends.

As there were too many for me to tackle with any prospect of success, I waited patiently, refraining from pulling trigger, although prepared to

act in case of being discovered. At last an officer and two orderlies came cantering along within fifty yards of me. I took deliberate aim at them, one after another, at a distance from which I could have hit any button on their coats; and bounding forward, seized the bridle of the officer's horse, which was dragging his master's corpse along the ground, as the foot and spur had caught in the stirrup; and exchanging my turban for his flat cap, and donning his long gray tunic over my own gear, I jumped on the horse and got clear off, just as another group was seen approaching in the rear. They must have heard the shots, and perhaps suspected something, for they hailed me, and, I dare say, d—d me to their heart's content in good Russian; but I paid no heed to their shouting, and made the best of my way towards the front, avoiding any horsemen whom I encountered *en route*, as I had no great faith in my disguise, and had only two charges left in my six-shooter, with no cartridges to reload. Passing to the right of the group which I recognised as the one leading the van of our pursuers, I drove my spurs in my horse,

and, after a hard gallop, again caught sight of my companion, then I doffed the Russian gear, and shouted until he slackened his speed, when I rejoined him. I shall never forget his joyous look as he made sure that it was myself, and not some hungry-looking Cossack that was pursuing him. The danger was now nearly over; for we were close to the river, and several of our own people, hearing the shots, came out to meet us, and completely changed the aspect of the game. The tables were turned; my fellows, with their fresh horses, had no difficulty in disposing of our pursuers as they came up in detail, and in a very short time we had taken over twenty prisoners.

As soon as we arrived at our old rendezvous, where only a portion of our force remained (the Bey and three hundred men having recrossed the river), I invited the lieutenant we had first taken to an impromptu repast, of which his own hare constituted the standing dish; and after enjoying a good joke at his expense, which he took in good part, I bid Fritz to tell him that he was not to consider himself a prisoner of war, but that as soon

as my men were ready to march, he should have his horse, gun, and dogs restored to him, and be allowed to return to his regiment, as one disciple of Saint Hubert should always assist another if it is in his power. He was almost overcome with this good news, and the tears rolled from his eyes as he shook me by the hand, and endeavoured to express his thanks. My men having fallen in, and all being in readiness for a move, I ordered the horse, gun, and dogs to be brought round, and wished him adieu. He insisted, however, on my keeping the dogs as a souvenir of our meeting; to which I consented, on his taking a little Koordistan horse in exchange, which I gave in charge of two Hulans of his regiment whom I allowed to accompany him. Had any one seen our parting, they might have thought it was the separation of old friends, for he embraced both Fritz and I, again and again, before mounting his horse. I kept the dogs during the whole of the war, and they furnished me with many a good dinner. When I left Circassia, they fell into the hands of Captain Mackintyre, of the Indian army, who played a

conspicuous part at the affair on the Ingur River, when Captain Dymock, of the 95th, fell, leading the assault.

I have enjoyed many a good run since that day; but I must own that I never knew what intense excitement was, until I had experienced the fox's sensation when he feels the hot breath of the hounds, and knows that nothing but his speed and his cunning can save his skin.

# CHAPTER IX.

## THE TWO CHARGERS: "LE DIABLE ROUGE" AND "DESERT-BORN."

"The war-horse, masterless, is on the earth,
And that last gasp has burst his bloody girth;
And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,
The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd."

LARA.

My hobby.—On the treatment of horses.—A description of "Desert-Born," a Nedjed Arab.—The friends.—"The soldier's battle" and its results.—"Khomsee" horses.—Bou Maza.—My second charger.—"Le Diable Rouge" finds his master.

EVERY man has his hobby, if he will only own to it, and it generally proves either to be for one (or more) of the fair sex, his horse, his dog, his gun, or his dinner; and although I must plead guilty of having a weakness for all in their way, yet my love of horses is innate; and the fact of my having often owed life and liberty to the noble animal that carried me through many a hard-fought

field has served to strengthen the attachment, and caused me to interest myself in everything tending to improve his condition and comfort. It has ever been my maxim that the horse ought to be brought up so as to look upon man as his friend, and taught to obey him from love rather than fear. I believe that in nine cases out of ten vice is engendered and brought on by cruel and brutal treatment; although it must be said that horses, like human beings, are born with different dispositions, some being trusting as women, whilst others are fierce, suspicious, and treacherous. Like lads of varied character, each require a different mode of breaking-in.

In the last chapter I gave some account of my favourite charger, "Desert-Born:" I shall now describe the manner I lost my faithful friend and companion. First, however, I must describe my pet, who was the *beau-idéal* of what a horse should be. A pure bred Nedjed Arab, standing just under fifteen hands, he was so exquisitely shaped and well-proportioned that his want of size was hardly perceptible. His colour was gray deepening to black at the points, he had a splendid well-ribbed

barrel, immense haunches, sloping shoulders, peculiar to the Nedjed caste, long muscular arms, short clean-made legs, showing the sinew like whip-cord, springy pasterns, and round black hard hoofs, with rather a hollow back, which, however, betokened nothing of weakness; he had a high quarter, with a tail grandly carried, a fine silky mane and forelock, small ears, a broad beautifully-shaped head, well set on, wide nostrils, and eyes such as one rarely sees save in the most beautiful women. Although his back was short, he stood over a great deal of ground, had a long stride, was very easy in his paces, and, when at a gallop, lay very close to the ground. Full of fire, courage, and endurance, he was never restive, and his affectionate disposition and extraordinary sagacity had quite endeared him to me, so that when he was killed I felt as if I had lost a well-loved friend. He was given me by the celebrated Arab Chief Moussa Pacha, one of the best and bravest of all the Sultan's officers, who sealed his devotion with his blood upon the ramparts of Silistria.

Whilst campaigning I always turned in dressed,

so as to be ready for service at a moment's notice. One side of my tent was dug out to a depth of nearly three feet, and this part was occupied by my favourite charger. The nights were often bitterly cold; we were not overburdened with clothes; fuel was scarce, and not to be had without much trouble, so I found keeping my horse in the tent answered a double purpose—it preserved him from the weather, and served to keep me warm. We had other companions who shared our tent, my greyhounds, and a brace of Russian pointers that I found chained up and nearly famished in a deserted villa on the Balbec. These all used to sleep coiled up round me, and served as an extra blanket. We were a happy family. Often in the morning when I awoke I have found my horse with his head stretched as far as he could reach over the heap of dry leaves that formed my bed, and his beautiful gazelle-like eyes fixed on my face; and sometimes in the night I would feel him "mouthing" my hand in the most gentle manner, as if to make sure that I was near him. He was my constant companion during several months' active service

on the Danube, and we fully understood each other.

On the fatal morning I lost him I had returned from duty in the trenches at four a.m., and had just fallen asleep, when an alarm was given that the Russians were advancing in force to attack our lines. To tighten the girths, adjust the bit, buckle on my sabre, and slip my revolvers into the holsters, was the work of a few seconds, and the trooper and his charger were ready for work.

The morning was extremely dark; several drizzling showers had fallen during the night, and a heavy mist hung on the ground, which enabled the enemy to approach our position unseen. In our camp all appeared quiet, and little did we then imagine that huge masses of the enemy, with powerful artillery, had occupied a most formidable and commanding position close to our lines, and were only waiting for the first glimpse of daylight to fall upon their prey.

The Russian advance was made in the greatest silence, and every precaution had been taken by their General to insure success.

*One* of their columns crossed the River Tchernaya at the head of the harbour by the bridge, marching along the road above the ravine of the quarries. A *second* issued from the town, which was intended to cut off our force from the assistance of the French. A *third* crossed the Tchernaya by the bridge on the Inkermann road, and gaining the heights, attacked the camp of our second division. A *fourth* attack was intended to have been made by Liprandier's force (which consisted of thirty-two squadrons of regular cavalry and Cossacks, with several batteries of artillery and some infantry), in order to threaten Balaklava, and hold in check both General Bosquet's and Sir Colin Campbell's force, but he only made a slight demonstration, and General Bosquet's division came to our assistance about four hours and a-half after the battle had begun. A *fifth* attacking column fell upon the extreme left of the French trenches by the Quarantine Fort, but was repulsed with great loss by General Lourmelle, who was killed close to the enemy's works.

A telegraph had been erected on the heights

of Inkermann, to signalise to the garrison of Sebastopol the moment of the attack of the Russian army on our camp, so that at the same time they might make two sorties on different parts of our trenches.

The Russian general knew the immense advantages under which he fought. In the first place, he had a very great superiority in numbers; had an overpowering artillery of much larger calibre than ours; his men were well fed, sheltered from the weather, and full of confidence. Besides which, they were incited by their priests, and promised success, fighting under the eyes of the sons of the Czar, whom they are taught to consider the delegate of God. On the other hand, he knew that our army was far too small to operate with any chance of success; that our men were worn out by constant exposure, and continual hard work; that they sustained the most unheard-of hardships, often wanting even a bare sufficiency of food. When all the advantages the enemy possessed over the allies are considered, victory must have appeared but as a

natural consequence to a leader who did not know the indomitable sterling courage of the British soldier, and who had not then experienced the bitter defeat of an Inkermann.

The game had begun before I got up to the front, for heavy columns of the enemy—supported by numerous batteries of artillery which had been placed in position during the night—under cover of clouds of skirmishers, had attacked and were driving in the pickets of the second division, who, however, contested every step, keeping up a brisk fire upon the assailants as long as their ammunition lasted. Still the Rusians kept advancing, and for a time their progress was unchecked, as we had no troops at hand to oppose them.

A low stone wall about four feet high runs along the outside of the camp of the second division about fifty paces from the tents of the 30th and 55th regiments. It was here that the first stand was made, and the numerous marks (still to be seen) of shot, shell, grape, and musketry show how fearful was the struggle between the first warned and the Russian van. The firing of the retreating

pickets had spread an alarm through the camp of the second division, and both men and officers of the different regiments rushed up, many half-dressed, with their arms in their hands. It was an anxious moment, and men looked askingly at each other, as if they wondered what the distant hum and sounds of strife might portend. In the front, towards the slope of the hill, every now and again sharp cracks of the rifle were heard, followed by the roll of musketry. Then red flashes were seen through the dense fog which hung on the ground, and the heavy measured tramp of masses of men was now distinctly heard approaching.

I cantered forward to reconnoitre, and met two wounded men coming towards the camp, who said that the whole Russian army was close at hand. Almost immediately afterwards our retreating pickets came in view, still keeping up a straggling fire on the advancing foe, who replied by heavy volleys. At this moment, Sir William Codrington (then commanding a brigade of the Light Division) rode hurriedly by, and as bullets were whistling about rather sharply,

and I did not see any object to be gained by remaining with the retiring pickets, I returned towards the camp, and found that about two thousand men of different regiments of the second division, chiefly the 30th, 55th, 41st, 47th, 49th, and 95th, were formed in line behind the stone wall previously alluded to, which number was increased by small parties who ran up from all directions in companies, tens, and even single men. Regiments had but little time to form, for the heavy tread of the enemy was heard as they approached nearer and nearer, driving back our outposts, who fell in with our line. Then a rattling of arms was heard, and almost immediately clouds of dusky figures appeared looming largely through the fog, whose long gray coats and flat caps left us no doubt as to whom they were. Through breaks in the drifting vapour, behind these swarms of skirmishers, we could perceive the head of an immense column closely following in steady and compact order.

A deadly silence reigned; men peered through the gloom at the advancing foe, then looked

at each other. Bloodless lips and pale faces might have been seen, for the men were worn with toil, constant exposure, and hardships dreadful even to relate, and their haggard, meagre, and pinched-up features showed that they were suffering from an insufficiency of food; still there was an air of cool determination and unflinching fearless bravery portrayed on every countenance that betokened the high bearing of the British soldier; and notwithstanding the fearful array against us, I never for a moment entertained any doubt as to our ultimate success that day. Our men had a confidence and reliance in each other that was not to be shaken or daunted even by the overpowering odds displayed against them. Not a word was spoken nor a sound heard except the clicking of locks as the men raised the hammers of their rifles, no unsteadiness or wavering was to be seen along "that thin red line." "Aim low" was some old soldier's caution, and simultaneously a long withering volley was poured into the adverse ranks, and a fearful yell, an agonising shriek of despair, followed the report. Some few of the Russian

skirmishers, hidden by the smoke, managed to get into our line, but they were almost immediately bayoneted or shot down.

The loud yell of the enemy was taken up by the whole depth of the column, and they returned an ill-directed volley which did not do us much damage. Our Minie rifles kept up a long rolling fire on their dense masses, sweeping down the head of their column, and preventing the possibility of any formation. Then was seen the great superiority of the Minie rifle, for our murderous fire cleft huge gaps to the very centre of their leading battalions, sweeping down whole files and ranks entire; and many a soldier blessed the Minister of War (the Duke of Newcastle) for his wise policy in arming the troops with this weapon. The carnage was fearful; the enemy's immense masses of men were obliged to halt and move away the heaps of corpses that impeded their advance, and they could not deploy, as the whole front was encumbered by the dead.

The column appeared to reel and waver about like a huge snake writhing in its death agony; still

our men steadily kept up their fearful fire, which was but ill returned. Our loss was trifling compared to theirs, for the effect of our concentrated fire can hardly be imagined. The enemy's artillery played unceasingly on our position; shot, shell, grape, and canister flew about in all directions, but luckily for us, the same fog which had obscured the advance of the enemy also prevented them from getting our range accurately, though we afterwards suffered much during the intervals between their successive attacks. At last the enemy's ranks were completely broken, and the word was given to our line to advance and charge.

It is not possible to imagine a more exciting scene than a charge of British troops, when with a loud shrill ringing cheer, which almost drowns the rolling of drums and blasts of bugles, each man feeling confident of success lowers his bayonet and throws himself upon the foe. At such a moment all thoughts of personal danger vanish, and even the raw unfledged recruit just taken from his mother's hearth proves himself a hero, and feels and acts as if the turning-point of the day

depended upon his own individual exertions. Then it is that the British soldier shows himself to be of sterling metal, and shines in a light incontestably superior to that of any other nation. His extreme coolness, combined with his sturdy bull-dog courage, his superior strength, weight, and size, and his knowledge of his own power, give him great advantages in the *mêlée*, whilst his unflinching loyalty to his Queen, and his innate patriotism, animate him to deeds of daring in the field, and in the hour of need enable him to sustain the fearful privations and hardships which at times it is his lot to undergo.

Inkermann, besides adding another glorious name to the annals of Old England, has shown that British soldiers have not degenerated; and the day will come when the merits of those who fought that day will be better appreciated, and their services more liberally rewarded. The old race of gallant veterans who fought and conquered under the great Duke are passing away; another generation has succeeded them, and in time to come, when ours shall be as the days of old, the

few survivors of that desperate fight will be held of much account; and when future wars shall threaten, his counsel will be taken, and they will say "Hear the old man; he fought at Inkermann."

This kind of work lasted for several hours. Fresh columns of Russians, uttering the most fiendish yells, time after time attacked our position with great determination and courage, but again and again they were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Nine times during that day I found myself at close quarters, and engaged hand to hand. I have been engaged in over a hundred fights in my time, and have seen many a red field won; but for desperate work, constantly at "*close quarters*," no battle can be compared with Inkermann; and never have I seen men fight so splendidly as our brave fellows did that day, when the carnage was unheeded, and "the odds" against us were never counted. The British soldier is unequalled, when cold steel has to decide the contest, and over and over again that day, large masses of the enemy were driven back and repulsed by

very inferior numbers of our men, with the bayonet alone.

During one of the lulls between the successive attacks, I was sent with a message from Lord Raglan, by Colonel Escourt, the Quartermaster-General, to Sir George Cathcart, commanding the fourth division, and just at this time, the enemy attacked our right flank in overpowering numbers. Sir George, and the officers of his staff, put themselves at the head of a few companies of the 68th and 20th, and led them against the enemy, whose dense columns were advancing up a blind ravine to outflank our columns.

The most desperate hand-to-hand fight then ensued. My revolvers did me good service that day, and saved my life on several occasions; but they were soon discharged, there was no time to reload, and I had to take to the sabre. During the *mêlée* I received a severe bayonet wound in the knee, from a Russian serjeant, whom I afterwards cut down, and my horse was twice wounded, but excitement carried us on. Our ammunition was nearly expended, and the odds against us were at

least ten to one, still our brave fellows fought on, and the enemy were beginning to give way, when all at once I saw Sir George and Colonel Seymour go down. I forced my way towards the spot where they fell, with a handful of men, and had just passed my sword through a fellow who was bayoneting Seymour, when I saw a red flash, felt my horse sink under me, and all was oblivion. For nine days afterwards I was amongst the dead, having neither feeling nor consciousness, not even being sensible to pain.

It appears that a shell exploded close under my horse's flank, killing him instantaneously, and one fragment striking me at the side, whilst at the same moment I was hit on the head. I lay where I fell until the next day, as I was thought to be killed. The next morning, when the dead were collected, I was found stripped of my uniform jacket, flannel-shirt, boots and socks, and was taken to be buried at Cathcart's Hill, when a staff-surgeon, who formerly belonged to the Holy Boys (the 9th Foot), found that "there was life in the old dog still." I was carried on a French mule to

Desert-Born and his Master the Morning after Inkermann.

Balaklava, put on board the Oronoco, and taken to Scutari Hospital, where, on the 14th of November, nine days after having been wounded, I was trephined, and recovered my senses immediately the instrument was removed, and the pressure taken off the brain. I had a weary time of it in hospital, and for months lay between life and death, but thanks to the skilful treatment of Doctors Macgregor and Anderson I weathered the shock, and although my grog has been stopped, I am still to the fore. Since that day I have seen many a red field won, but none could be compared to Inkermann, "the soldiers' battle," for hard fighting.

The day after the battle, a brother-officer cut off the tail and forelock of poor "Desert-Born," and, some months afterwards, sent them to me, with a part of the shell which killed him. I was glad to possess even a relic of my old friend, and it now hangs up amongst other honoured trophies of many a hard day's work.

The Arabian horse, the sire and progenitor of the English racehorse, has been the subject of many lengthy papers; but I have not read one account

that tallies with that of the Bedouins, who say that there are five breeds among the "*ussal khomsee*" —literally horses of true family, *i e.*, thoroughbreds; and that they are descended from the five sacred mares of Mahomet, named Rabdha, Noama, Wajza, Sabha, and Heyma, giving names to the following distinct breeds—the Taueyse, Manekye, Keheyl, Saklawye, and Dujlfe. Nedjed signifies, in Arabic, high or table-land, in contradistinction to Telema, or the plains; and horses of this caste are considered the best blood of Arabia. In the desert a pedigree is never given or asked for, every Arab knowing the genealogy of another's mare, without the aid of a stud-book; but, for mercantile purposes, and especially in the case of colts, a properly-attested pedigree is inclosed in a piece of leather and fastened round the horse's neck.

The Mussulman does everything in a different way to a European. On entering the house, he takes off his shoes—we our hats; he shaves his head—we our beards; he values a mare—we a horse; with him the produce takes rank from the dam—with us the sire gives nobility. An Arab

might sell a horse of the best breed, but a mare—never: she must be taken from him by force; and, in consequence of this, the most famous mares are the property of three or four persons, as by this means the thief will have to evade three or four pairs of eyes, or the spoiler vanquish three or four individuals, before the prize can be gained.

The love the Arabs bear to their mares is exemplified by an anecdote which was told me by a celebrated Arab chieftain who served on my staff in the Crimea, Mahomet Ben Abdullah, better known as Bou Maza (the son of the Goat), whose daring exploits, and hair-breadth escapes in his predatory expeditions against the French, have caused his name to become famous in song among the Santons of the desert. One of the tribes of the Djdjhura mountains possessed a coal-black mare of the pure Nedjed breed, which in the desert was of untold value, for her fame had gone forth far and wide, and the tribes were wont to swear by her fleetness and endurance. Bou Maza, then a young man, determined to possess her either by fair or foul means, and offered the whole of his wealth in

exchange — viz., several tents and slaves, forty camels, sixteen other horses, and even his two wives; but nothing would induce Ben Ali the Sheik (who was the principal owner) to part with her. Bou Maza, who was on friendly terms with the Djdjhura tribes, then determined to obtain her by stealth; but this was a difficult operation, as there were always people watching night and day. After many days' consideration, and (as he told me) severe praying to Allah to sharpen his wits, he fixed upon a plan, and forthwith proceeded to execute it. He cut himself with a knife about the face and chest, and wounded his horse; and one day about noon claimed the protection of Ben Ali the Sheik, stating that he had been attacked by some Arabs of a neighbouring tribe, with whom there was a bloody feud, who were lurking about in the vicinity. In the desert, "the friends of our friends are our friends, and the enemies of our friends are also our enemies;" so the Sheik sent out his young men to retaliate, and follow up the supposed aggressors, whilst he and the Hakeem of the tribe bound up the wounds and attended on

Bou Maza, who, pretending to be in a dying state, begged that they would carry him out to a sward where the cattle of the tribe were grazing, so that he might turn his face towards the sacred city, and perform his devotions. His wish was complied with, and he soon had the gratification of beholding this famous mare, cropping the stunted herbage a short distance from the clump of date trees, under the shade of which he was lying. She was strictly watched by two of the tribe, who for two hours hardly ever seemed to take their eyes off her; and Bou Maza began to think that the young men would return before his undertaking could be accomplished; he therefore uttered a loud cry, as if in agony, which brought the watchers to his side, and selecting his opportunity, he plunged a knife, which he had concealed under his haic (dress), in their breasts, killing them ere they could utter a cry; and flinging his burnous over their bodies, unfastened the tether which hobbled the mare's fore feet, and, springing on her back, was far away in the desert before the theft was discovered. When it was found out, the Sheik, Ben Ali, whose

son was one of the slain, and all the men of the tribe set out in pursuit, and after a chase of three days almost surprised him, near one of those immense salt-marshes which are so numerous in Algeria, in a place where there was no means of escape but across this dangerous ground; and Bou Maza was about to attempt it, when the Sheik Ben Ali, seeing the ignominious fate which awaited his beloved mare, forgot his revenge for the loss of his son, and begged him to forbear, giving his sacred pledge that his tribe should not molest him, or continue the pursuit for three days should he do so, preferring to run the chance of regaining her another time to seeing her perish before his eyes. Bou Maza accepted the pledge and got away. Another time he was hard-run by the same tribe, and the Sheikh, who headed the pursuing party, being mounted upon the own brother of the mare, finding he was not gaining ground, desisted from the chase, and cried out for him to stop and not fatigue the mare to save his wretched life; and, bidding him drink the water with which her feet was washed, in token

of his being indebted to her for his preservation. The abduction of this celebrated mare gave rise to a feud between the tribes, in which several hundred Arabs lost their lives; and she participated in most of Bou Maza's daring exploits which made his name so terrible to those tribes who had submitted to the French.

In breeding, the Arabs pay much more attention to the caste and blood of the dam than to the sire, whereas we are too prone to expect good produce from any kind of a mare provided the horse is a thorough-bred, which is a great mistake. I believe the finest breed of horses in the world would be produced by coupling our thorough-bred English mares with Arab stallions of pure blood, as what we might lose in size we should gain in endurance.

Perhaps the following impromptu method, by which I entirely conquered and subdued one of the most desperate characters I ever met with amongst Arab horses, might again be resorted to.

After a sojourn of several months in the hospital I was pronounced convalescent, and allowed

out-door exercise to recruit my strength before returning to the Crimea. I occupied a good deal of my time in examining horses, as I wanted to replace poor "Desert-Born;" but I saw nothing at all likely to suit me, for even the most common-place looking animals fetched exorbitant prices. At last, through the kindness of my friend Lieut.-Colonel Magnan, of the Etat-Major of the French Army, who gave me a letter of introduction to an officer of the remount, I was allowed to pick one from out of a batch of Syrian horses intended for a regiment of dismounted dragoons; and went to the Daud Pacha Barracks (two miles out of Stamboul), where the French cavalry were quartered, for that purpose. I was turning away, not at all satisfied with their appearance, as they were too slight, and not of the required height for my purpose, when I was accosted by an officer of hussars, who offered to show me a magnificent horse that no one would buy on account of incurable vice. He was a Saclaye Arab, bred near Blida in Algeria, and bought by a colonel of cavalry for three thousand francs in that country,

but since his arrival in Turkey he had manifested such vicious habits that his owner had never mounted him. He was said to have killed one groom by jumping upon him after he had knocked him down with his fore feet, to have bitten the chin off a second, maimed several, and, amongst other crimes, to have half-eaten a *marechal-de-logis* (Serjeant-Major), who had attempted to ride him. I found him tied fore-and-aft by huge cords, besides, having his head fastened with a heavy chain, in a small thatched mud-hut, about eight feet by seven; and even in this confined space no one could approach him, for he lashed out with his heels, and tried to seize any one going near him with his teeth. He was a beautifully shaped animal, with a blood-like head, wide and deep chest, good shoulders, and great length between the hip-bone and the hocks, but in woful condition, for he had not been groomed for a couple of months. I saw at once that he would be just the animal to suit me, if I could only gain the mastery over him, so I went to his owner to inquire the price.

Although it was past mid-day I found the gal-

lant Colonel still at breakfast, of which he cordially invited me to partake, and, after having done justice to his hospitality, I broached the subject. At first he merely shrugged his shoulders, in true Frenchman's style, but finding I was really anxious to have the animal, he told me that he should be very glad to take anything for him; but that he did not like to dispose of him to any of his friends, as he was worthless, and people might accuse him of selling a horse to another that he dare not mount himself. I soon quieted his scruples on that score, and for the sum of six hundred francs (hardly the price of his freight from Algeria), the chestnut was mine.

It soon got wind in the French camp that an English officer had bought "*le Diable Rouge*," as he was commonly called, being a well-known desperate character, who had proved to be more than a match for all their *maîtres d'équitation*, and I had to stand a good deal of badinage about my bargain; some of them asking me in a rather supercilious manner, when I was going to mount my new purchase, advising me when I did so to wear

a couple of cuirasses, taking care to place one so as to to cover my "head's antipodes," as that was the part where the poor sergeant was principally bitten. As the Yankees say, "My dander riz at thur chaff," and rather inconsiderately, I told them that the nag had found its master when I bought him, and that even if he had thrown half the French army, and eaten them afterwards, I should nevertheless mount him on the morrow. "*Nous verrons,*" was their reply, with sundry rather uncalled-for remarks relative to the foolhardiness of Englishmen in general, and myself in particular, they expressed their belief that the equestrian performance would end in my being killed "*comme une mouche.*"

I received an invitation to breakfast at the cavalry mess the following morning, and, being determined to accomplish what I had undertaken, I accepted it. "In for a penny in for a pound," thought I, as I went to examine the animal, not exactly sure how I intended to begin, for Mr. Rarey's system had not then come out. He was in a vile temper, and notwithstanding I offered him food, and endeavoured to coax him to allow

me to pat his neck, he put his ears back, drew up his lips, and attempted to rush at me open-mouthed, if I only made a motion as if to approach him. I must confess that for a few minutes I was quite at a *nonplus*, for there seemed no probability of either getting a saddle on him, or a bridle in his mouth. At last a happy thought struck me, and I went home to make preparations. I was still weak, having hardly got over the effects of my wounds, and often felt a giddy sensation from my trepanned cranium; still, after my "*tall talk*," it would not do to let the Frenchmen crow, and the next morning saw me clad in leathers and boots, riding towards the Daud Pacha barracks, not very comfortable or sanguine of success, but determined to try it on, *coute qui coute*. A couple of Turkish soldiers, who acted as my grooms, carried a bundle of strong ropes, a *koorgee*, or Indian-felt saddle, and a bridle fitted with an Arab bit, having a ring fastened to the bend of the curb, which goes over the lower jaw and gives considerable additional purchase. Just before I sat down to breakfast, I sent my "*chaoush*"*

* *Chaoush*, a Turkish Serjeant.

to the Commandant of Turkish troops near at hand, with a request for a fatigue-party of twenty men, provided with spades and pickaxes; and on their arrival, I informed the company that I was going to mount my new purchase, but that if any gentleman would prefer to take precedence in the affair, I would be only too happy to cede him the honour. "They were all backward in coming forward," as the "Game Chicken" exclaimed when no one would try a round with him, and two or three tried to dissuade me from the attempt; but my mind was made up, and, after breakfast, I went down to the stable, accompanied by a crowd of officers and men.

I first directed the "*Buono Johnnies*" to take off the roof, and then to break down the upper part of the wall all round until it was only four feet and a-half high, which operation was soon done. I then took two ropes, and throwing them, lasso-fashion, over the horse's head, I fastened them right and left to pickets strongly driven in the ground. When this was done, I threw a blanket over his eyes, to prevent him seeing what was

going on, and then, passing a long strip of canvas over his loins, and pegging it down strongly on each side, so as to prevent his moving about, I quietly cut the hobbles fastening his heels and fetlocks, and then made the Turks fill up the whole stable with sand, covering him up to the depth of nearly four feet. He was extremely restive when the first few shovel-fulls were thrown in, but finding his head securely fastened, and perhaps feeling frightened at being blindfolded, he remained tolerably passive, although he showed his temper by continually grinding his teeth. When I saw he was so completely buried that there was no chance of his being able to extricate himself, I took the strip of canvas from off his loins, and uncovered his eyes, when he began to make violent efforts in order to free himself, but it was all in vain; like Sampson in the hands of the Philistines, when his head was shorn, his strength had departed from him, and after a few desperate struggles he became exhausted, and lay still bathed in perspiration.

During his attempts to free himself I remained

by his side, caressing him whilst quiet, and rating him when he showed temper; and after some time had elapsed, he allowed me to handle his head, as if he had become more resigned to his fate. Round his neck I fastened a collar formed of pieces of wood tied together, so as to prevent him getting his head round, and laying hold of my legs when mounted, a pleasant little pastime I heard he sometimes indulged in. Then I put on the saddle and fastened the girths and circingle, by scraping away the sand from under his belly, after which, with a good deal of coaxing and caressing, I managed to slip on the bridle, as well as a twitch over his nose, to use in case he again became obstreperous, and arming myself with a foil, lent me by one of the officers present, no riding-whip being at hand, I jumped upon his back, getting on and off several times, to show that I had no intentions of hurting him. All was now ready, and I gradually liberated his head from the cords, which fastened it on either side, caressing him as I did so, and I was glad to see that he did not show any wickedness further than putting back his ears.

I again mounted him, and now gave orders to

the Turks to pick the walls down and clear away the sand, which was soon done. It was an anxious moment, but at last he was free, and with a bound like an antelope cleared the *débris* of his stable, and scoured across the plain, amid the shouts of the French soldiers and the ejaculations of the Turks. Once firmly seated on his back, I did not care for the issue, and felt at home in the matter; he tried a few times to unseat me by rearing, plunging and buck-jumping; but finding that he could not succeed, and only drew punishment upon himself, for I gave him the spur pretty liberally, besides applying the foil sharply to his flanks when he did not obey, he gave up the contest, and I felt that I had obtained the mastery over him.

I gave him a brisk canter a few minutes, just to try his paces, and then pulled up and walked, as I thought he went as if rather groggy from his late violent exertions. I rode for a couple of hours amongst the dark cypress groves that overshadow the Turkish cemeteries that extend for some miles out of Stamboul, and he did not attempt to show any temper; so I rode him back to the

French camp, feeling rather proud of my conquest, for he was once more rendered subservient to his master, man. Subsequently, by dint of patience and kind treatment, he forgot all his vice, and became extremely docile and gentle, doing me good service, and amply repaying the trouble I had taken with him.

I afterwards learnt that vice had been engendered by the brutal treatment of the soldier who had charge of him during a remarkably long passage in a sailing ship from Algiers to Constantinople, as before his embarkation, although of remarkably high spirit, he had never given any indications of being what he afterwards became, a desperately bad character. It therefore shows how extremely careful owners of horses should be not to allow their grooms to strike or use any unnecessary cruelty to the animals under their charge; for the horse is naturally sagacious, and generally behaves himself according to the treatment he receives: he is very susceptible to kindness, and much more is to be obtained from him by a little patience, gentle treatment, and persuasion, than with coercion and punishment.

# CHAPTER X.

## THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

### MADEIRA AND TENERIFFE.

"It was a chosen plott of fertile land
Emongst wild waves sett, like a little nest;
As if it had by nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best;
No dainty flower, or herbe that grows on grownde
No aborett with painted blossoms dressed,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found,
To bud out faire, and her swete smells throwe all arownd."

THE FAIRIE QUEENE.

The start—The object of the trip.—My fellow-passengers.—Madeira.—Sad reminiscences.—Spero meliora.—Hospitality at Funchal.—Teneriffe.—Santa Cruz.—Laguna.—Orotava.—The dragon tree.—An ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe.

FROM "Lands of the East" I shall now transport you, gentle reader, to the saloon of the "Armenian," a West African mail-steamer which was uneasily forging her way through the leaden-

coloured waves of the Mersey, *en voyage* to Fernando Po. It was Christmas Eve, 1861, and cheerless weather. At 4 p.m. we passed the Crosby Light, and shortly afterwards, off the Bell Buoy, the pilot left us, taking with him hurried farewell-lines from some whose footsteps would never again be heard on the thresholds of the homes they had left. The weather was squally, with frequent showers, and our craft laboured heavily, rolling and pitching through a nasty cross sea, and occasionally shipping a good deal of water. The usual confusion on starting had not yet subsided, and everything was uncomfortable. "*Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère?*" I had heard of gorillas, and strange tales "of great apes, who come up beating their breasts, chanting wild war-songs in voices of thunder, using palm trees for shillelaghs, and shaking elephants by the scruff of the neck for diversion's sake, or varying their amusement by catching niggers by their wool, and swallowing them as if they were harmless Holloway's pills"—and I was bound for the Gaboon to say "Chin chin" to these "wilde mannes."

My fellow-passengers may be classed in the following categories. First, *the official;* which consists of officers—military, naval, and civil—going out to the different settlements to fill up the usual monthly death vacancies. Secondly, *the invalids* of both sexes going to Madeira in search of health. Thirdly, *the Commercial;* traders usually known as "Palm-oil Ruffians," or "Coast Lambs," a class of men much calumniated. I have generally found them somewhat rough and blunt in their manners, like men who have been long away from female society, but open-hearted, generous to a fault, and extremely hospitable. Fourthly, "*dealers in ebony,*" slavers and their agents: sallow, cadaverous, nervous-looking individuals, of Spanish, Portuguese, or Brazilian nationality, who find it convenient to change their names every time they travel up and down the coast, and are not very communicative, but rival the funnel in smoking. Fifthly, *the clerical order.* Amongst these sometimes, although very rarely, one meets with a gentleman of education, drawn by "impecuniosity" to this cursed land of West

Africa; but the generality of the class are devil-dodgers of the lowest order; a seedy-looking, long-coated, white-chokered, dirty-linened set, horribly afraid of water, but disgustingly canting and hypocritical, although so illiterate that scarcely one of them can utter a sentence without vilely murdering the Queen's English. They are besides often addicted "to lifting the elbow," extremely contentious, and perfect cormorants at *table*. Yet bad as they are, they are still good enough to fill up a hole in the sand, or feed the land-crabs of Africa. Sixthly, the travelled negro, generally an insolent coxcomb, and an insupportable bore, and always "*something*" I should avoid sitting next to in the hot weather. Towards evening on Christmas Day we passed the Tuscar Light, and were fairly on our way.

At 5 p.m. on the evening of the 30th December, we sighted Porto Santo, and early the following morning cast anchor in Funchal Roads. I had previously been several times to Madeira, before the scourge of the vine disease had desolated the land, and reduced its inhabitants to poverty, and I

was glad to revisit the old scenes *en passant;* although now, from sad associations, it is the very last place where I should wish to stay any length of time, for here I had seen the fairest prospects wrecked. To this verdant and sunny-looking isle had been transplanted a delicate exotic flower, the sweetest and the fairest to the eye in Nature's garden, in the hope that change of air and soil, and careful tending, would have restored health and strength. "*Mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*" It was not to be. The blight was fatal—and, stricken to the core, that which was an idol, and would have been the stateliest ornament, the brightest charm of a lone wanderer's home, gradually withered, day by day becoming weaker and less able to inhale the pure breezes of the southern sea, though to the last disseminating heart-soothing fragrance, and showing no change. Even when the vital spark had fled, the form was still so fair, it seemed as if corruption hesitated to claim its own. Then the sun of a destiny set for ever, leaving, as relics of departing day, bright recollections of the past—a golden glory which will not fade till night comes

on—night, perhaps oblivion—a darkness that knows no dawn—a sleep from which there is no awakening.

"Let Fate do her worst—there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, that she cannot destroy,
That come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear."

Since that day I can but think of Madeira as a fair garden, a labyrinth of roses, that, instead of a gloomy cypress grove, conceals the portals of the tomb. Yet it is a lovely island, and the sea-breezes are laden with salutary influences that cannot but be beneficial to invalids. There is charming society at Funchal, but the great drawback to happiness is, the anxiety that ever pervades; for in every circle there are those whose very hours are numbered, although, perhaps, at the time they may appear the gayest of the gay, with a bloom upon the cheek which the uninitiated would mistake for the symbol of health.

The climate may not be able to cure consumption, but it certainly prolongs the lives of the stricken ones, and here they are enabled to breathe

the mild pure air of heaven until the last—the closing scene. We brought more than twenty invalids of both sexes from England, but the weather was so rough, that none of them showed up until after we had anchored; and some were in such an exhausted state from sea-sickness, that they had to be carried ashore.

Landing at the Loo Rock, Stanhope Freeman, the Governor of Lagos, Mr. Winwood Reade, my *compagnon de voyage*, (who never left his bunk from the day we left Liverpool until we arrived at Madeira)—and half-a-dozen others, made the best of our way to Hollway's Hotel, where we found an excellent dinner provided, to which we did ample justice, the *cuisine* on board being simply execrable, and the wines worse, if possible.

The motto of the African Company, "*Spero meliora*," is very conspicuously inscribed on the dinner-plates of the steamers, and it is certainly a very appropriate one; for the viands were so bad that we were always hoping for something better, but invariably met with disappointment. In vain Captain Wylde (a first-rate seaman and a kind-

hearted fellow) *mildly expostulated,* and our purser blew up until he got red in the face. Our cook was the very worst the old gentleman (we are always civil to the devil in Africa) ever provided; he could not dress a simple joint properly, even by mistake, and we suffered accordingly.

We visited the convent of Santa Clara and divers shops, where we bought some feather-flowers, embroidered petticoats, handkerchiefs, and such like gear, with sundry inlaid workboxes for "those we had left behind," and some comfortable wicker-work chairs and couches for our better accommodation on board, where even seats were scarce, and then Freeman and I spent New Year's Eve with the charming family of Mr. Blandy, an English merchant proverbial for his hospitality.

We were a merry party, and the few remaining hours of the old year flew rapidly past, as time always does when the heart is light; still, happy as we were in the circle of bright faces round us, our thoughts often veered back over the sea, to the well-remembered firesides, where our seats were

vacant. The familiar songs we heard brought other faces before us, and we pictured in our mind's eye the festive scene in the home we had left behind, where we knew that when the loving-cup went round and "the health and prosperity of the absent ones" was pledged, that many a heart-felt prayer would be offered up for the welfare of the outward-bound. During the evening, the following very appropriate song was sung to a wild "Touaric" air, by my companion, a bright spirit, who since that day has "passed from sight as in the East comes sudden night:"

A TALK WITH TIME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Time, old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage doth pass away,
Come, sit by my hearth, ere the embers fail,
And hang thy scythe on yon empty nail;
And tell me a tale 'neath this wintry sky
Of the deeds thou hast done, as its months swept by."

"I have cradled the babe in the churchyard wide,
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride;
I have cloven a path through the ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk to return no more!
I have humbled the strong with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old with his staff to rest.

"I have loosen'd the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy grew rank and bright;
I have startled the maid in her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white 'mid her tresses brown;
I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scatter'd the hoard of the miser's gold."

"Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone
On the riven heart and the burial stone?"
"No, Love's young chain I have twined with flowers;
Have awaken'd a song in the rose-crown'd bowers;
Proud trophies have rear'd to the sons of fame,
And paved the road for the cars of flame."

But the clock struck twelve from the steeple gray,
And he seized his hour-glass and strode away;
Yet his hand at parting I fear'd to clasp,
For I saw his scythe in his earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye,
His secret league with Eternity.

Soon after midnight we had to hurry away from the social gathering and get on board, as the steamer fired several guns. There was no occasion, however, for this haste, as we did not weigh anchor until 9 the next morning.

At 4 p.m. on New Year's Day we sighted the Peak of Teneriffe, and as the nights were too dark to make the anchorage, the engines were stopped

at 8 p.m. and we waited for daylight, when we anchored in Santa Cruz Roads at about 11 a.m.

Teneriffe, from the sea, looks barren and rugged after Madeira, the sides of the mountains being bare of vegetation and arid, but I knew from experience that there are "charms" in the land of brunettes and mantillas that compensate for many deficiencies. We partook of Mr. Richardson's good cheer in the English hotel opposite the Gardens of the Alméda, visited the church, where, in a glass case, is some scarlet bunting, which the inhabitants affirm is the union-jack of the "Fox" cutter that floated ashore when the place was attacked by Nelson, and bought some most excellent Havanna cigars from Signor Bulloso in the Calle Castello very cheap (six dollars for a box of two hundred and fifty) and a couple of hundred packets of cigarettes. I also added to the live-stock on board by investing in some splendid game cocks and a very pretty Lima dog. I forgot to say that I had brought a splendid English setter with me, but the hot climate did not agree with him; he caught the craw-craw (a kind of mange) from the

negroes, and was never fit for work. We had not much time to spare at Teneriffe, for the anchor was weighed at 10 p.m., and at last the head of the steamer was fairly turned towards Africa.

On a subsequent occasion I remained a month at Teneriffe, and, considering the confined area, enjoyed myself very much. The Spaniards were extremely hospitable. I was made a member of the Casino, and introduced to all the principal families in Santa Cruz. Sunday is a great day in that town. After mass at 12 a.m., all the men rush from church to the cock-pit, and for several hours consecutively mains are fought; the Spanish game cocks being extremely plucky, continuing the combat until one is either killed or falls from exhaustion. The birds are well trained, then carefully weighed and matched, and fight with their natural spurs sharpened. The greatest excitement is shown by the lookers-on, and large sums of money change hands after each fight. At these gatherings perfect equality reigns, and it somewhat surprised me to see swarthy-looking muleteers sporting their doubloons and betting

with some of the first people of the land. The Spaniards are very musical, and I enjoyed some delightful evenings in their society. The ladies are elegant and piquant as any in Spain, and they are said "to be the concentration of all that's divine upon earth."

During my stay at Santa Cruz I became acquainted with a young lieutenant in the American navy, with whom I made several expeditions to different parts of the island. I extract from my log our trip to the summit of the peak.

Leaving Richardson's Hotel after breakfast, a smart ride of about an hour up a rather steep ascent brought us to Laguna, a large but very dull-looking town surrounded with gardens, in which I noticed myrtles, laurels, arbutus, oleander, orange, citron, lemon, peach, banana, cypress, date, palms, and roses growing most luxuriantly. Two hours more along paths leading through fields of cactus, corn and maize brought us to Villa Orotava, Puerto Orotava being four miles distant, on the sea.

The appearance of the town is gloomy in the

extreme, and it gives one the idea of a place that had lately been visited by a pestilence, for grass was growing between the stones with which the streets are paved, and hardly a living creature was to be seen except two or three hungry-looking dogs. The ancient massive churches, and the numerous substantially built palaces formerly belonging to the grandees of Spain, prove that the place had evidently seen better days; but the wealth has disappeared with the old race, and the poverty-stricken descendants are not worthy of their illustrious ancestors, having lost all that spirit of enterprise and proud independence for which as a nation they were at one time so celebrated. Who would believe that the swarthy phlegmatic-looking individuals who peer at you with a dreamy air, and whose whole idea seems to be smoking cigarettes and sunning themselves, could be the descendants of such men as Pizarro. The present Spaniard is but a shadow of the ancient race.

After wandering through the apparently deserted town, we arrived at the hotel, a large substantial-looking building in a street having a

stream of clear water running down the centre. Here we got a very tolerable dinner, and engaged mules and guides, which were to be ready to start at four o'clock the following morning. We had brought a fine ham with us, which we ordered to be boiled, with half-a-dozen fowls, as the *pièce de resistance* for our trip. Packing these carefully in one basket, with sundry additions, such as cold beef, sausages, hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, and plenty of cold potatoes, and condiments for salad, we filled a second with claret, and a country wine resembling Malaga, not forgetting a bottle of cogniac, and our preparations were complete.

We then perambulated the town, which towards evening began to show a little more life, for the peasants came in from working in the fields, and the dons, signioras, and signioritas, now ventured forth "to eat the air." We visited the Marquis of Sauzal's garden, and took stock of the celebrated "Dragon tree," a gigantic old relic of days bygone, which measures nearly forty feet in circumference, and is about eighty in height. The centre, where the parent tree once stood, is hollow, its

progeny, stem after stem, having withered and decayed after the production of one or two offshoots, which grow round and conceal the death of their parent stems, so that the apparent trunk is continuously, though slowly, increasing in size, for the growth is not rapid.

Teneriffe is celebrated for its singing birds, green canaries, nightingales, blackbirds, and the capirote, are heard warbling in every grove; the voice of the latter is the most melodious of any songster I know. It is a little brown bird, with black on the head, and sings well even in confinement. I bought several of these during my stay at Oratova, where they are very common.

Having seen the interiors of the churches, none of which are remarkable, we returned to the hotel, and would have slept well, had we only been permitted to lie alone; but our bedfellows were so numerous, and of such gigantic proportions, that had they only combined their forces, and all pulled together, they might have hauled us out of bed. Orotava fleas resemble young lobsters more than shrimps.

The next morning, we breakfasted before day-break, and mounting our mules, as soon as it was light enough to see our way, set off for the Pico del Teyde, accompanied by two guides, named Gomez and Manuel, also mounted, and a boy with a mule to carry our provision and overcoats.

Passing along an English-looking lane, with high blackberry-bush hedges on each side, the first part of our route led through gardens, fields of cactus, vineyards, and orchards of mulberry, peach, and pear trees; then we traversed a beautiful chestnut grove, and in about two hours arrived at a little ravine, where, under the shade of an ancient-looking myrtle, a little stream bubbled up in an amphitheatre of green sward. Here we halted a few minutes, filled a goat-skin with water for use on the road, and allowed the mules to drink; then continuing our route, we passed a belt of luxuriant ferns and heaths, after which we entered the "Llano del Retama," a desolate looking waste, where nothing grows save the dreary-looking leafless retama bush, which looks more like a bundle of dead sticks than a plant. We

now passed over ridge after ridge, and steppe after steppe of sand, black stones, broken lava, powdered pumice-stone, and ashes, evidently the *débris* of volcanic matter. In some places the ground was steep and very much broken up, and it would have been difficult travelling for animals not accustomed to such work; but our mules evidently knew their way, and we got on with very little trouble.

Continuing the ascent, soon after 10 a.m. we arrived at the "Estancio dè los Ingleses," an altitude of 9,700 feet, which is the usual halting-place for travellers, who generally light large fires of retama wood, and pass the night under the shelter of two overhanging rocks, and continuing the ascent before daybreak so as to see the sun rise from the summit.

As we had the advantage of nearly full moon, and the night was almost as light as the day, we resolved to see the sun set from the crater, and to descend at night.

Continuing our route, the slope becoming steeper, we reached a comparatively level spot, called the "Alta Vista," an altitude of 10,700

feet, where we left the mules, and shouldering the provisions, made our way on foot up an ascent called the "Malpas," which looked like a torrent of black stones. In all my desert travelling I never saw a spot that appeared so unlikely to contain water as this, for the whole mountain side seemed formed by blocks of lava, loose stones, and volcanic *débris*, that ages ago had rolled over the edge of the crater, yet here we suddenly came across the entrance of the celebrated ice-cavern, "il Cueva de Yelo," which is one of the greatest god-sends to the *bons vivants* of Teneriffe; for the snow, frozen and hardened into the consistency of ice, remains unmelted all the year round, and large quantities are brought down to Santa Cruz on mules, distance 30 miles.

This natural ice-house, which is said to be 11,050 feet above the sea, looks like a deep pit, having an entrance scarcely four feet wide, but with the aid of a rope I scrambled down to the bottom, and found a pool of delightfully cool and limpid water, with heaps of hard snow. I got rather wet with the water dripping from the

roof, and there was nothing much worth seeing within.

Having refilled our waterskin, we again pushed on, and shortly afterwards our guide pointed us out a jet of vapour issuing from a crevice amongst the rocks, which was the first intimation we had that the internal fire was not extinct, and that the volcano "was not dead, but sleeping." Shortly afterwards we emerged from "the Malpas" and crossed "the Rambleta," which is tolerably level, and appears to be a kind of lower crest (perhaps the brink of a former large crater), from which the cone or peak rises some five hundred feet higher.

The last ascent, that of the Pico or cone, is rather steeper than any other part of the route, but there is absolutely nothing in the whole trip that would try the nerves, or too severely test the walking powers, even of a lady.

As we arrived at the top of the cone, our olfactories were greeted with a sulphurous smell, which at first gave us rather a suffocating sensation, but we soon got used to it, and stood upon the brink of

the crater, which in some places is scarcely wide enough for two persons to pass abreast.

The crater "or caldero" is about a hundred yards wide by twenty deep, and looks somewhat like the bed of an empty pond. The sides, which in places appear to have given away and fallen in, have been bleached almost white by the continued action of the sulphurous vapour and acid fumes, and the interior somewhat resembles the side of a chalk-pit that has been exposed to the weather. In some parts it is coated with a thin layer of sulphur, more especially near the crevices, from which the fumes and steam issue, which my friend gravely informed our guides "were the chimneys of Old Nick's brimstone manufactory, for supplying the infernal regions with the necessary commodity to burn sinners."

We soon found a place amongst the crumbling *débris* to scramble down, and selecting a shady spot, we opened the baskets, and prepared to dine, an important consideration at that time, for the mountain air and our exertions had wonderfully sharpened our appetites. In all countries, dinner

is a capital institution. Some people say they don't care for the eating and drinking, but only for the society. I don't believe them, nor do I admire mock-modest appetites in company. I hold with Sancho Panza, "that a man with his belly full can govern a very large island." Manuel, our guide, was quite of my opinion, for he thus expressed himself: "*Las tripas esten llenas, que ellas llevan á los piernas.*"* We had plenty, and to spare, for all our party, and wished Old Baron Humboldt had made one of our number, for, by his account, he did not appear to have had a very happy time of it whilst in these regions.

Being restored to our pristine vigour, we brought our wine and grog to the brink of the crater, where we made ourselves comfortable, lighting our weeds, and enjoying the *otium cum dignitate.*

The evening was beautifully clear, and we had a glorious bird's-eye view of the whole island, which, notwithstanding its barren and black aspect from the sea, from this point appeared covered with verdure and vegetation, except in the immediate

* "Let the bowels be full, for it is they that carry the legs."

neighbourhood of the volcano and lava streams. The whole of the low country below looked beautifully undulating, and all around were scattered picturesque valleys and hamlets, green woods, vineyards and fields, whilst the indented iron-bound coast glistened with the richest colours in the rays of the setting sun.

Our guides pointed out the distant Islands of Palma, Grand Canary, Gomero and Hiero, and we could see the loom of the land, but could not distinguish the outline of Lancerote and Forté Ventura.

It was a beautiful sunset, and the deep blue colour of the sea, with here and there a distant white sail, formed a magnificent back-ground to the glorious panorama then stretched before us. I have gazed upon many of Nature's most gorgeous pictures in different parts of the world, but never beheld anything more transcendently beautiful than sunset from the highest summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, 12,176 feet above the level of the sea.

We were not the only living creatures in this

high altitude, for, as evening drew on, a couple of bats came flitting round us, and in the crater we saw several large swifts. The night air became cold as the sun went down, so we commenced our downward journey, arriving at Alta Vista by 8 o'clock, and reaching Orotava, without difficulty, about 3 a.m., the bright moon giving a peculiarly unearthly and weird-like tone to the desolate scenes through which we passed.

# CHAPTER XI.

## THE GAMBIA.

"He that would wash the black off the negro, wastes both his time and the soap."

Cape de Verde. — The Gambia. — Bathurst. — The Psalm of St. Mary's Isle.—The tribes of the Sene-Gambia.—Tropical Africa. —The faith of El Islam.—The negro and his character.—Witchcraft and native superstitions.—The red water ordeal.—Secret associations.—The bush.—The voyage continued.

On the 6th January, at sunrise, Africa was in sight, and at 9 a.m. we could plainly distinguish the Paps of Cape de Verde, two hills, on one of which the French have erected a light-house. The whole line of a low sandy-looking coast now lay on our port bow, and shortly afterwards we passed within a mile of the Madeline rocks, and the French settlement of Goree, arriving at the mouth of the Gambier at 10 p.m., where we anchored in seven fathoms.

At 6 a.m. on the 7th we hove up anchor, and passing on the right the promontory of St. Mary's, and on the left Fort Bullen, entered the river, outside the bar of which we took a black pilot. St. Mary's Isle now appeared on our left; we passed the Hospital, Government-house, with a battery and flag-staff in front, the barracks, and then came abreast the town of Bathurst, which is built on the south-east extremity of the island, and very convenient for the shipping. St. Mary's Isle is a low bank of sand, perhaps first thrown up by the sea, and then covered by alluvial deposits from the river. It is scarcely sufficiently raised to permit of draining, and owing to the ground behind the town being lower than high-water mark, there is a constant accumulation of stagnant water, which makes the place extremely unhealthy. The town ought to have been built on Cape St. Mary's, where there is a convalescent station, and Judge Mantell has a house.

Soon after the anchor was down, Colonel D'Arcy, the Governor, sent his barge, with an invitation to Freeman and myself to remain with him during

our stay; so, availing ourselves of this hospitality, we paid him an early visit, and soon made ourselves at home in his comfortable quarters. We called at the barracks, upon the officers of the 2nd West India Regiment, and Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Blanc, one of the best officers in that department, and the kindest-hearted soul I ever met. I found that it was always "thirsty weather in St. Mary's Isle," and wherever we went we were expected to "liquor-up." This little game would not suit "the child with a trephined cranium," so, after explanation, followed by occular demonstration, he was allowed "grace." However, I never met a more hospitable set of fellows in my life than one and all in Bathurst proved to be. Blanc gave a very jolly party the evening of our arrival, and we had a "wet night." Songs were the order of the evening, and the Judge greatly distinguished himself by his vocal powers. When my turn came round I gave them a stave somewhat suitable to the occasion, which has since become a standard Coast chaunt.

## "THE PSALM OF ST. MARY'S ISLE."

Come "Liquor up," ye Sons of Clay,
Our wine is clear and bright,
And if we have been dull to-day,
We'll not be so to-night.
So fill your glasses to the brink,
No flincher must be found,
The toast that I propose to drink,
Is "all the dark girls round."
*Chorus*—Then "Liquor up," ye Sons of Clay.

Now fill a bumper up again,
For quick the moments roll;
Should visions rise of care or pain,
They'll sink when in the bowl.
St. Mary's Isle has devils blue,
That come our joys to blight,
Lest they to-morrow this may do,
We'll drown them all to-night.
*Chorus*—Then "Liquor up," ye Sons of Clay.

In Egypt, so the Sages say,
"When friends in death recline,
They fill the dull and senseless clay
With *spice* and *spirits* fine."
We will not trespass, you and I,
On these embalming elves;
For friends shall find, that when we die,
We have embalmed ourselves.
*Chorus*—Then "Liquor up," ye Sons of Clay.

We visited the market, which appeared but poorly stocked, the chief native produce being the cola-nut, rice, maize, millet, yams, cassada, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, papaw, melons, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and bananas. The fowls were perfect abortions, after the splendid Spanish breed of Teneriffe.

The principal tribes on the Gambia are the Jalofs, the Fulahs, and the Mandingoes, all professing to be Mahomedans, but still retaining many of the characteristics of paganism, believing in fetish and gri-gris. The men wear a cotton cap or turban, a white or blue "jumper" or blouse, short wide trousers and sandals, with an ill-cut kind of haic, which is imported from the north. Children go naked until about five years old, when the girls have a "tuntungee," like an Indian "langoutee," a narrow strip of long cloth, about four inches broad, which passes between the thighs, over a string fastened round the waist, the ends hanging down before and behind. Married women wear a kind of skirt of blue baft, and speak of their husband "as the man who gave

them a cloth." The men are tall and tolerably made, with woolly hair, but thinner lips, and noses less flattened than the other Coast tribes. They always go about armed with sword and dagger, and are covered with gri-gris, charms and amulets, which are generally verses from the Koran, sewed up in small leather pouches. Some of the women, when very young, are not bad-looking, having soft and glossy skins, and fairly proportioned, but when youth is passed they become perfect hags, their breasts hanging down to the waist like a cow's udder.

Tropical Africa is the negro's proper home, and the black race should be entirely confined to these regions, for which, by nature, their whole frame, constitution and intellect, are especially adapted. They are out of their element on any other soil than their own; and in the land where they thrive, the European must ever exist with difficulties, and can never hope to enjoy life. It is a mistake to believe that a white man can ever be acclimatised to the pestilential malaria that ever hangs over the West Coast of tropical Africa. In this de-

testable land both body and mind become diseased; even animals deteriorate. Here the negro is for ever secure in the inheritance of his own soil, for the climate is so deleterious to other races, that no colonisation, with any chance of success, is possible, and the black will never, like the Red Indian, disappear before the advance of civilisation, or be driven into the fastnesses of the interior by the encroachments of Europeans.

Every ethnologist has his own doctrine about the different races of Africa. I divide them into three families, the Moslem, the Negro, and the Kafir. The Bushmen of Southern Africa are so few in number, that they may be compared only with the Aztecs of America, or the Yanadi or Yaks, the aborigines of the forests of Central India.

The Moslem family, decidedly the noblest on the African continent, comprises the Moors and Arabs, who are distinctly a red race, and the Jalofs, Fulahs, Mandingoes, and Haussas, many of whom appear to be of mixed blood, and are probably the progeny of men of the red race with the women of

the country. Some of these tribes have long hair, and Caucasian features, notwithstanding the skin is black.

The faith of El Islam, which has extended to the equator, and is still making great strides, has done more to civilise Africa than all the efforts of Exeter Hall philanthropy and Christian missionaries. It has inculcated the worship of the one God, and although it tolerates domestic slavery and polygamy (which were both Jewish institutions), its progress does away with all the revolting barbarism of the heathen, such as fetishism, witch doctrine, poison ordeals, customs or wholesale human sacrifices, and cannibalism.

The Negro I believe to be an *inferior species;* and I can never look upon him, in Exeter Hall parlance, "as a man and a brother," unless the gorilla is also admitted and recognized as one of the family. There is a barrier between the white man and the negro that never ought to be broken down. The sloping contracted forehead, small eyes, flat nose, thick lips and projecting jaw, proclaim him to be of a marked race, distinct from all the rest of the world.

His reflecting power is very small, and his animal propensities alone become developed to maturity. A civilised negro is a phenomenon unknown. He may be tamed, domesticated, and taught to imitate; but here the progress stops, his intellect is too obtuse for further development. Notwithstanding that thousands of negroes have had every advantage that education and example can give, the most common-place invention was never yet conceived or originated by the brain contained in a woolly head. A negro rarely improves by contact with Europeans. He readily acquires all the vices of the white man that are not already innate, and never by any chance picks up a virtue. Naturally, they are destitute of any moral principle, and, unlike the Red Indian, have no sense of honour. From such, a regard for truth cannot be expected; but they are also perfidious, hypocritical, and treacherous, offering the hand at the time they are meditating assassination. As masters they are vain, insolent, and cruel; as servants cringing, fawning, dishonest, garrulous, and lazy. From the highest to the lowest, they are drunkards,

gluttons, and importunate beggars. They appear to have no natural affections; for their women are simply kept as drudges and beasts of burden, and they do not hesitate to sell their children for rum, or to abandon their nearest kindred when sick and unable to provide for themselves. Labat describes them as "all knaves, only differing in degree;" another traveller says, "Show me a black and I'll show you a thief." But the author of "Savage Africa" goes further, for he says, "It has been proved by measurements, by microscopes, and by analysis, that the typical negro is something between a child, a dotard, and a beast.*

I confess that I never felt sufficient interest in the animal to go into these niceties, but my own experience leads me to believe the negro to be an

* I fancy "the beast" alluded to must be of the genus "Viverra," for the natural perfume that exudes from their bodies is sickening in the extreme; of which fact they are themselves well aware, as they allude to it in one of their hymns, quoted by Captain Burton in "The Wanderings of an F.R.G.S."

"God lub dis nigger well—
God twig um by de smell—
So save um soul from hell,
And all palaver."

anomaly of nature, which ought to be classed in the family of plagues, such as bugs, fleas, lice, mosquitoes, and other vermin, for which it is very hard to find any real use.

The superstition of witchcraft is one of the heaviest curses of the pagan races of Africa, for death and every other misfortune in life is supposed to be caused by this agency. It is believed that a person possessing this mysterious art, has unlimited power over the lives and destiny of his fellow-creatures; that he can transform himself into any animal, and has control over the elements. He is supposed to be able to keep back rain and cause famine, or to fill the land with pestilence and sadness. Some tribes believe that the possession of this mysterious art is obtained by eating the leaves of a certain forest tree; others that it is caused by a malignant spirit entering into a corpse. As every death that occurs is ascribed to witchcraft, it is supposed that some one of the community is the guilty party, and anyone is liable to be charged with the crime. Nothing is more universally deprecated than this odious art, and any-

one suspected of possessing it may, in order to clear themselves, be obliged to pass the "red water ordeal." The "red water" is a decoction made from the roots of the nkazya bush, pounded in a mortar, and steeped for some time in water. It sometimes acts as an emetic, sometimes a narcotic (perhaps according to its strength), and the tribe having assembled, the party accused is made to swallow a bowl of this mixture, and he is judged according to the effect the poison shows upon him. If he vomits and retains his self-possession, he is declared innocent, and can oblige his accusers to go through the same ordeal; but if he becomes giddy, and staggers from vertigo, he is immediately immolated, men, women and children taking part in the deed, at the same time howling and yelling like fiends. Some of their other superstitions are very strange; they believe sleep to be the withdrawal of the spirit from the body, and if a man wakes up in the morning feeling aches and pains, he believes that his spirit, whilst wandering during the night, has fallen down, or been hurt whilst fighting with other spirits. They believe that

spirits sometimes make mistakes as to their earthly tenements, when imbecility, delirium, and madness, is the result. Fetish charms of all kinds are used as a protection against evil; and, amongst others, I noticed some that appeared very much like finger bones.

In some of the tribes both sexes have secret associations, which exercise considerable influence in the community. That of the men appears to be instituted to keep refractory wives in awe and to awaken lazy slaves to their duty. A large fetish-house in the centre of each village, where no one save the initiated are permitted to enter, is the scene of strange ceremonies and consultations, which keep evil-doers in a state of constant trepidation, for the offenders on whom the judgments fall are summarily flogged or perhaps more severely punished.

The women have a similar institution, which seems to be got up to keep the men in order, and prevent any flagrant act of cruelty or misconduct on the part of husbands, although they also pretend to find out secrets and detect robberies.

Their nocturnal performances are always veiled in mystery, and the men are considerably influenced in their conduct by the fear which they entertain for this association as a body.

Our steamer was detained an extra day at Bathurst to embark troops and stores for Sierra Leone, where some skirmishing was going on, about thirty miles in the interior, so I determined to have a look at the bush. Blanc provided me with a horse and a man who knew the country, but either game was scarce, or my dog could not manage to find it, for after a hard day's work my bag consisted of only two brace of red-legged partridges, a couple of quail, and a sand-grouse, notwithstanding I went over what appeared to be very likely-looking ground. I heard from some of the officers that game was very plentiful a few days' journey in the interior—consisting of eland, harte-beste, harness deer, koodoo, leopard, and hog; and that lions had been seen about 200 miles up the river. We dined and slept at Government House, and Colonel D'Arcy very kindly invited me to remain behind for the next month's steamer,

in order to make a trip up the River Gambia in the "Dover," a Colonial Government steamer, which was to take troops for the relief of the detachment at Macarthy's Island, about 180 miles from Bathurst. I should have gladly availed myself of this courtesy at any other time, but now I was obliged to decline it, as I wanted to get to the Gaboon before the rainy season had set in. The next morning (January 9th), after breakfast, we bade adieu to our kind host and hostess, and returned on board. At 3.30 a.m. the anchor was weighed and we were once more *en pleine mer.*

The sea was smooth, the weather delightful, and we had good fellows on board, so time passed very pleasantly. Freeman and I had become great friends, we had both been wanderers in Eastern Lands, and loved to talk over old days and our doings amongst "the Faithful."

"Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Deep in the tomb now darkly dwells;
As my lone state too sadly tells."

# CHAPTER XII.

## SIERRA LEONE AND CAPE PALMAS.

"A universe of death,
Where all life dies, death lives; and Nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived."

MILTON.

Sierra Leone.—A thief punished.—Negro character.—Free Town.—Evil influences.—Black juries and Coast law.—An honour declined.—Cape Palmas.—My boat's crew.—Kroo Man.—A Negro senator.—An American mission.—Negro honour.—A Tornado.—Deserted forts.

JANUARY 11.—At 3·30 p.m. we sighted high land, and at about five came to anchor in Sierra Leone Roadstead. The steamer was immediately surrounded by boats of all kinds, and the occupants, both male and female, seemed to vie with each other as to who could utter the most foul abuse and swear the hardest. Captain Wyld took the precaution of posting a couple of sentries at the

companion-ladder, to prevent any one coming on board who was not known to have business, for long experience had made him aware of the character of his visitors, whom he denounced "as the most thieving scoundrels on earth, who would carry even away the belaying-pins if they could find nothing else to lay their hands upon." Every one on the Coast has the same opinion, and the anchor had not been down ten minutes before I had ample proof of their knavery. The Judge of the Mixed Commission, Mr. Skelton, and his wife—who had come with us from Madeira—invited Freeman and I to put up with him during the three days the steamer remained at Sierra Leone, and as I entered my cabin to get up a travelling bag, I saw a naked arm protruding from the bull's-eye port, which had been left open for ventilation, and endeavouring to unfasten a small looking-glass that was hanging over the wash-stand. I immediately pinned the wrist, and "put the screw on" by twisting it round, until the fellow roared and bellowed with pain, howling out "O gor amighty! I done lib! I done lib—dis bad palaver." When

I left go of his arm he dropped nearly fainting into the bottom of the boat, but soon recovered his tongue, for after delivering himself of a string of oaths and imprecations, he declared that he would have the steamer up before the Court at Sierra Leone. Had he only seen my face, and recognised it, I have no doubt but that he would have "taken the law" against me, and had the case come before "the Evangelical," (if I had not sang through the nose at his schism-shop), I should have been cast and fined fifty pounds, for "attempted nigger-cide," and there is no appeal when the decision is for a less amount than £200. Such is the state of things in "the niggers' paradise."

Skelton's own gig took us ashore, and we landed at Heddle's wharf, where it was as much as I could do to keep my hands off the impudent baboon-like loafers congregated on the steps, who addressed us in the most disgustingly familiar language, such as "Daddie want for see tittie; * um berry liller piccaninny; too much young; give me dash; I go bring;"—and hustled poor Mrs. Skelton until

* Tittie, little sister.

I began to be afraid that she would fall into the water. I can now fully account for their conduct, for I have since learnt that it is the common custom here for a nigger to pick a quarrel with a white man in the hope that he will return their "*cheek*" with a blow, when a summons is at once obtained and the black gets half the fine which is certain to be imposed. So much for African law.

We found Skelton's house very comfortable quarters, and spent a jolly evening, the Bishop and Colonial Secretary joining us at dinner. "The clerical" must have an uneasy time, for there is only one church, (the cathedral), and about a hundred and fifty meeting-houses and ranting cribs of other denominations.

Sierra Leone presents a very favourable appearance from the sea in comparison with other settlements on the Coast, for behind the town rise two hills nearly four thousand feet high, and the surrounding country is beautiful in the extreme.

By unaccountable stupidity, Freetown, instead of being built on the high ground above fever level, is situated between the hills and the river,

consequently it is almost as unhealthy as any other place on the coast. Fortunately, the barracks, which are roomy and well constructed, are upon a spur nearly 400 feet above the sea, so that they are, comparatively speaking, cool and healthy. Not so, however, is Government House, a quaint, rambling, cottage-looking edifice on the crest of a low hill, for it is most effectually sheltered from the sea-breeze, and any air that may be stirring, by a useless work, mounting one gun, called Fort Thornton.

The streets of Freetown are wide, and not badly laid out for the Coast, but many of the houses are in ruins, and the whole place looks in a dilapidated condition. Still, as most of the cottages are surrounded by gardens, in which the banana, papau, cocoa nut, orange and mango flourish most luxuriantly, the town presents a picturesque and rural appearance.

The next day being Sunday, we visited the cathedral, which is said to have cost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, although it is a most commonplace-looking edifice—somewhat like a huge

barn, with a square castellated tower at one end. We spent the afternoon and dined with Colonel Hill, at Government House, enjoying ourselves very much. He is deservedly a very popular governor, and has done much to benefit the settlement; but his efforts are much crippled by the constraint placed upon his actions by the Government, who are, I am sorry to say, much influenced by the strange infatuations of Exeter Hall. If that body, which appears to have a certain influence, would only confine their attention to matters that they understand, and of which they have had personal experience, they would do far better than by injudiciously meddling in affairs the nature of which they are profoundly ignorant. I believe that the greater part of the crowd who assemble at these "ranting gatherings" are actuated with a wish to do good, but they go the wrong way about it. Instead of listening to the garbled accounts of Africa and the Africans from those who have an interest to serve—generally that of abstracting money from other people's pockets and transferring it to their own—if they really want to benefit the

negro, why do they not send out half-a-dozen of their most enlightened men to see the country and judge for themselves as to the best means of civilising its inhabitants? Instead of taking for gospel the tissues of lies that have been promulgated, they would then hear an unprejudiced account; and I am certain that "a change would come over the spirit of their dream," for the negro would then appear in his true character—"black in heart as he is in skin."

Sierra Leone is governed on what are supposed to be "*philanthrophic*" principles; and the experiment, like most Exeter Hall schemes, has turned out a complete failure, for, by injudicious management, its mongrel population have become the scum of the Coast and perhaps the vilest compound on earth. The colony has been ruined by the negro being placed on an equality with the white man, a position, it is evident, nature never intended him to occupy, and which he cannot sustain. Compared with the white race, a negro is certainly of a lower type of humanity; and although, from his inferiority of intellect, he may be entitled to some con-

sideration and forbearance, as he is still essentially a savage, he has no right to equality; and although I advocate his receiving every protection, I maintain that it is a false kindness to elevate him above his natural position, until he is sufficiently humanised to be able to keep it. Yet in this Colony negroes are allowed to sit upon juries even in cases against Europeans. This is an egregious mistake, for not only are they not sufficiently civilised to act in that capacity, but as a race they are so corrupt that bribes will always influence their verdict. A negro will never convict a man of his own tribe, even upon the most conclusive proof of his guilt; but in a case of black versus white, without paying any attention to the evidence, he will never hesitate to decide in favour of *the coloured gentleman*, and perhaps cast the *white man* in heavy damages, because as a rule the black juries share in the plunder. Justice is a very rare commodity in a Sierra Leone Court House, and the sooner the present *régime* is changed for a more wholesome system the better, as the present administration of the law is not only a mere farce and

burlesque, but also a most iniquitous proceeding, which weighs heavily upon fair commerce. The natives are extremely fond of litigation; and the scenes in court baffle all description, and much resemble a gathering of baboons previous to migration, from the incessant jabbering, grotesque gesticulation, and insupportable stench that ever reigns. There is quite as much in common between the ape and the negro, as between the negro and the white man.

On Monday we spent the day at Government House, where I got much valuable information about the country from Major Hill, the son of the Governor, who had lately been wounded in the shoulder during a skirmish a couple of days' march in the interior. Fighting was still going on, and the Governor offered me the command of 300 Colonial Militia in a proposed attack of some stockade where the natives were still holding out, which I declined; for although fond of the excitement of "a brush" when it comes in the way of duty, I had no idea of being associated with the "Sierra Leone Skedaddlers," a corps which would

compare unfavourably even with Jack Falstaff's villains, in whose company he was ashamed of passing through Coventry — "for they marched wide between the legs as if they had gyves on." In such an affair, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* During the day Lieut.-Colonel Smith and two companies of the 2nd West India Regiment, making about 120 men, embarked for Lagos, which up to this time had had no garrison.

At midnight we returned on board in the Governor's barge, which also took the mail-bags, and at 2.30 a.m. (14th January) weighed anchor. I was right glad to get away from this place, the native population of which has been aptly described by an American missionary as "the scum of the Creation."

On the 15th January, at 9 a.m., we sighted Cape Mesurada, bearing N.E. by N., distant ten miles, and at about 11 a.m. the following day we came to anchor off Cape Palmas, where we found the homeward bound mail-steamer "Ethiope," by which we were enabled to send letters to England. Cape Palmas is a bold headland, jutting into the sea, be-

hind an isolated bank of sand and red earth, called Russwurm Island, which is uninhabited and only used as a burial-ground. There is a lighthouse on the point, but it is a very poor affair, and the lamp is often allowed to go out. The soil belongs to the negro republic of Liberia, but it was originally the site of an American settlement. Hardly was the anchor down than the deck was covered with Kroomen wishing to be engaged for service on the coast, and having a choice of some hundreds, I selected six athletic able-bodied fellows as a boat's crew, taking care to examine each one all over as I would a horse, so as to make sure that they were without blemish and sound in wind and limb. They all said they could row, and Captain Wyld kindly lending me his gig, I tested their powers before finally engaging them. Being satisfied with their performance, I then paid them five dollars each, or a month's wages in advance, which they handed over to a blear-eyed old party through whom their engagement was made, and who was responsible for their conduct. This individual—a strange character in his way—was supposed to be

a great fetish-man, his face and body being seamed and scarred all over, whilst his forehead was covered with chalk and coloured earth. Dressed "up to the nines" in an old breech-clout and a crownless hat, he was altogether the ugliest dog I ever saw, and much resembled that specimen of humanity alluded to by the poet, when—

> "Two single ladies, and one married,
> By looking at him all miscarried"—

The names of my "boys" were Tom Dick—the most intelligent looking amongst them, whom I dubbed coxswain—Whistle, Pompey, Cockroach, Smoke, and Cupid. Taking them all in all, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my selection, for they turned out very fairly, and although by nature they are all cowards, pilferers and drunkards, I found them hard-working, obedient, and generally well-behaved. Kroomen are comparatively a cleanly race, and unquestionably superior in *morale* to the Sierra Leone negroes who call them "bush-niggers." With kind but firm treatment they do good service, always singing as they work. As boatmen they excel, being almost indefatigable at

the oar if they have only plenty of rice to eat. All my crew spoke "white man's mouf," African-English, more or less, and when I gave each of them a red cap, a blue guernsey, and a couple of fathoms of cloth for a breech-clout, they seemed as happy as the day, expressing little regret at leaving "we country," as they call their native land. Kroomen are polygamists, every head man taking unto himself as many wives as he can buy, for all over the West Coast a girl is looked upon as a marketable commodity, much in the same light as a bullock or a goat. Their religious observances do not trouble them much, they being devil-worshippers more than anything else; for although they also believe in good spirits, they only seem to fear the evil ones, whom they propitiate by sacrifices of animals and sometimes human beings. I do not believe that all the efforts of missionary labour ever converted either a Krooman or a Kafir. I have never yet met with one of either race who ever professed to be a Christian. They would lose caste if they did.

Having concluded my arrangements as to my

crew, I took Tom Dick with me as a guide, and went ashore with Governor Freeman and the agent for a Liverpool house which had a branch establishment at Bonny.

The surf was no great obstacle to our landing, but afterwards our boat nearly capsized in crossing the bar of a small river which we explored for a short distance. I was much struck with the fertile appearance of the country, which was tolerably free from swamp, and here and there covered with patches of cultivation. We put up at "the hotel," a tolerably comfortable wooden house, the proprietor of which, "a coloured pusson," appears to be a "jack of all trades," for he not only keeps a house of entertainment (rumour calls it something else), but he is also a Senator of the Negro Republic, a lecturer on teetotalism, and a general agent, not very particular as to his ware. His wife—a well-known personage in the Bonny river, and a cute-looking party, with a skin the colour of a ripe guava—is also up to a thing or two.

We visited the American Mission House, where we made the acquaintance of the Rev. C. E. Hoff-

man, a bright exception to the generality of the clerical order on the Coast, he being a well-informed and unprejudiced man, who carries out his principles in practice as well as in theory, which amongst the class is rarely the case, otherwise there would not be so many "snuff-and-butter"-coloured children running about the yards of the different mission houses as there are. However, as my companion, an old Coast bird, observed to me, "there is some excuse, their regular trade is dull, and little enough is got out of it; the climate is hot—parsons are but men, and accidents will happen in the best regulated families—they might do worse."

There is one strange discrepancy in the native moral system that extends along the whole Coast, which missionaries never seem to have attempted to rectify. This is the frailty and total absence of virtue amongst the women. No disgrace is imputed to a woman who admits the immoral advances of a white man; on the contrary, the husband encourages affairs of this nature, for he benefits and makes a profit by the *liaison*. There is no fear of

wounding the delicacy, hurting the feelings, or awakening the resentment of any negro by making love to his wife, sister, or daughter, for he looks upon these attentions, if paid by a white man, rather as a compliment than otherwise, and the "green-eyed monster" never causes him an anxious moment. If the trespasser on his preserves should, however, be of his own colour, affairs assume a very different aspect, as in such a case there will be "a big palaver," and heavy damages to pay, the co-respondent having sometimes to make good to the injured husband the full amount that his wife originally cost.

Towards evening the weather, which hitherto had been bright and serene, appeared to be undergoing a change that betokened the approach of one of those sudden thunderstorms that so frequently occur in tropical latitudes. The wind appeared to awake in the west, and came in sudden and fitful gusts, whilst the sun, assuming a red appearance, became encompassed by masses of dark purple clouds, which rose in banks on the western horizon. Heavy drops fell; then, at intervals, Heaven's

artillery opened, and vivid flashes of forked lightning dazzled our eyes with intense brightness, and the rain came down in torrents. Luckily I was sufficiently weather-wise to see the tornado brewing, and we all got on board comfortably before it burst upon us. It passed away as suddenly as it came on, and at 6.30 p.m. the anchor was hove up, and we continued our way. As we went along I noticed that we had a very strong current in our favour, setting to the eastward, for bits of straw and rubbish swept from the deck and thrown overboard seemed to move almost as fast as the steamer.

The following day we passed Cape Three Points, and several dismantled forts and ruined castles—now overgrown with rank vegetation, and deserted by all save wild beasts—the very sight of which made the heart sad, when the thought came over the mind, of the treasure and still more valuable lives that had been so wasted.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE GOLD COAST.

"Men sacrifice others—women themselves."

Elmina.—Cape Coast Castle.—The grave of L.E.L.—A merry evening.—Ancient grandeur.—Bad strategy.—The native tribes.—Gold.—"Jacks in Office."—Semi-starvation.—Accra.—The Civil Commandant's welcome.—The "Land of Plenty."—Fort James.—The earthquake and its consequences.—Christiansburg.—News of game.—Again *en voyage*.

JANUARY 18th—At eleven a.m. we passed the Dutch settlement of Elmina, which is said to be the first European possession on the Gold Coast, the French having established themselves here in 1383, but the place passed into the hands of the Portuguese about a hundred years later, and was finally ceded to Holland in 1641. On a projecting rock, on the east side of the River Beyah, is the castle of St. George del Mina, an imposing looking fortress of the old school, with square flanking towers, battlements, and a high central keep surrounded with double walls, behind which apparently heavy guns are mounted. In the back-ground ran a range of low wooded hills, which continue

with breaks here and there for some distance past Cape Coast Castle. Behind the lower fort on these hills are three works of modern date, Fort St. Jago, Fort Beckenstein, and the De Veer Redoubt, which command the land approaches. At noon we anchored abreast of Cape Coast Castle, the seat of Government of the Gold Coast, and shortly afterwards Freeman and I landed in the Government canoe, which came for the mail bags. There was a heavy surf breaking, but the Fanti crew were up to their work, and, watching the time, brought us ashore very cleverly upon the crest of a huge billow, which landed us high and dry without the wetting which we had made up our minds we should get. Passing through a gateway we entered the castle, and called upon Governor Andrews, whose quarters were very cool and comfortable, and afterwards lunched with Ross the Colonial Secretary, at the mess of the Gold Coast Artillery. There I met with Doctor O'Callaghan, a true son of Erin, flowing with the milk of human kindness, whose innate humour and buoyant spirit had not been dried up even by a residence of two

years on the Gold Coast. He took me round the Castle, which is an irregular building of pentagonal shape, with bastions at the angles, and although perfectly useless as a defensible place, from an attack by sea, it makes very comfortable quarters for a small garrison, as there are roomy barracks for the men and officers, an hospital, magazines, store-houses for provisions, and plenty of old slave barracoons which are rarely used. There are about seventy guns round the works, but many of them are honeycombed, and mounted on unserviceable carriages, and the battlements on which the batteries are placed do not look as if they would stand any heavy firing.

In the *enceinte* of the castle is a *place d'armes*, facing the sea, which is used as a parade-ground for the garrison, and here my companion pointed out to me the graves of Governor Maclean and his wife, L. E. L. They rest side by side; and upon the tiles which mark the spot where they were laid are carved their initials, which are somewhat worn with the constant trampling of the soldiery. The rolling of the drums, the shrill call of the bugle,

the measured tramp of armed men, and the mournful music of the breaking surf are ever heard round their last resting-place. Thus was fulfilled her own prediction:

"Where my father's bones are lying,
There my bones will never lie;
* * * *
Mine shall be a lonelier ending,
Mine shall be a wilder grave;
Where the shout and shriek are blending,
Where the tempest meets the wave."

A small white marble tablet, erected by her husband, is inserted in the gray walls of the castle, facing the area of the fort, bearing this inscription:

HIC JACET SEPULTUM
OMNE QUOD MORTALE FUIT
LETITÆ ELIZABETHÆ MACLEAN
QUAM, EGREGIÂ ORNATUM INDOLE
MUSIS UNICÈ AMATAM,
OMNIUMQUE AMORES SECUM TRAHENTEM,
IN IPSO ÆTATIS FLORE,
MORS IMMATURA RAPUIT,
DIE OCTOBRIS XV. A.D. MDCCCXXXVIII.
ÆTAT 36.

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QUOD SPECTAS VIATOR MARMOR,
VANUM HEU DOLORIS MONUMENTUM
CONJUX MARENS EREXIT.

We dined and passed the evening at Mr. MacIntyr's, the agent of Messrs. Foster and Smith—a London firm that does a large business on the Gold Coast—and here I met several good fellows. Besides our host, whose hospitality and kindness were unlimited, I made the acquaintance of some bright, genial spirits: Bob Hutchinson (who, unfortunately for his friends, soon afterwards succumbed to dysentery, contracted in the Kroboe expedition), Hoare, Edwards, and Captain Wood (the Receiver-General); whilst O'Callaghan and Ross, with several other officers of the garrison, and many of our passengers, joined our party later in the evening, and we had a merry night of it notwithstanding the heat, which was intense. The climate in this place is deadly to horses, none ever living more than a few months, which is a great disadvantage to the residents, who are obliged to travel about in hammocks. The next morning, soon after daybreak, I went round the place with Edwards, and was surprised at the vastness of some of the houses built by the merchant princes of days bygone. "Gothic Hall,"

although curiously designed, presents quite an imposing appearance, having two stags with crowns round their necks on the columns at the entrance. It was built by Mr. Hutton, who, half a century ago, made a large fortune on the Coast. On the low hill behind the town are three detached works, Fort Victoria, Fort Macarthy, and Fort William, in which guns are mounted on platforms, but they are badly situated for the defence of the place; and the "One Tree Hill," where Commodore Wilmot afterwards threw up a work with his sailors when the King of Ashantee threatened to invade the Protectorate, is a far more eligible position in a strategic point of view. In fact, if it is intended that a garrison is still to be kept up at Cape Coast Castle, the barracks and officer's quarters ought to be constructed on this elevated plateau, as the troops would be far more healthy there than in the castle.

The Fanti, Akim, and Denkira tribes, who hold the country round Cape Coast Castle, are supposed to be only under British *protection*, although they seem to be taxed and treated just the same as if

the country was *annexed.* I believe the term to be simply a distinction without a difference, although by treaty we profess only to claim the rock on which the castle stands, and as much territory as the cannon on the ramparts will command. The River Prah separates "the Protectorate" from the territory of the Kings of Ashantee, whose capital, Koomasi, is some days' march in the interior.

The chief trade of Cape Coast is in gold, of which two sorts are obtainable—*rock-gold,* found in the shape of nuggets, dug out of the earth, and *gold-dust,* which is simply the washings of river-sand, that is everywhere more or less impregnated with the precious metal. The yield is very uncertain, and the natives are not very scientific miners, and even when they strike a vein are not very clever in following it up. If the Government wished to do the settlement a service, they would send a few miners of Australian or Californian experience to survey the ground and show the natives the most likely places to sink their pits. But this is scarcely to be expected, as all that energy and

spirit of enterprise that once distinguished the heads of our public offices seems to have died out with the last generation, and the present holders of offices simply draw their salaries under the red tape and official routine system now the fashion of the day. Unfortunately for the nation at large, now-a-days, any new invention or improvement likely to be of service to the commonwealth, or to benefit the state, is systematically burked by Jacks-in-office, who are appointed either by family interest or bribery, and rarely for their own qualifications or merit; and he who would venture to suggest any change or innovation in the present routine system to the clique who rule the roast, has to sustain their united opposition, for they do not hesitate to snub and weary him out by official procrastination until he leaves the public offices in disgust. It was proved in Parliament by Mr. Forster, M.P. for Berwick, that Governor Maclean was superseded in his appointment through the enmity of an individual in the Colonial Office; and since his day many a worthy Government servant, who never swerved from the path of duty, has been

treated in a similar manner, for in this service there is never any possibility of obtaining redress unless one happens to be a Member of Parliament. But there is no use stirring up old grievances, so I will return to the Coast, where a Government that has sunk scores of millions to no purpose still continues to throw more good money after bad without a hope of seeing any return.

Freeman and I breakfasted with Ross at mess, and I must say that the entertainment showed the nakedness of the land, for animal food of any kind is scarcely to be procured, everything having to be imported. It requires a very clever cook to turn out a good dinner, when tough beef, rank goat's flesh, and stringy fowls—all killed the same day—is the only flesh obtainable. Climate is not the only evil of this part of the coast, for semi-starvation is also not uncommon. The first gun fired before we had finished, so we had to wish our kind entertainers adieu and hurry down to the beach, where we found the Government canoe ready to take us on board. Half-an-hour later, the anchor was weighed, and we were going a-head at full

speed. Passing Winnaba and Devil's Mountain, we arrived at Accra at 4 p.m., the distance from Cape Coast Castle being about 70 miles.

From the roadstead Accra impresses one with an idea of importance, as besides the two forts—St. James's belonging to the English, and Crèvecœur to the Dutch—a long line of cliff, about twenty feet above the sea, is studded with palatial-looking establishments and European residences, the native town being behind and almost hidden from view. There appears to be no line of demarcation between British and Dutch Accra, and their contiguity ruins both towns, as all proposals of co-operation have been rejected. We charge an *ad valorem* import duty of about three per cent on all goods landed, whilst they have established a free port; the consequence is that our traders are not able to compete with theirs, for time is no object to a negro, who will walk ten miles to save a penny. Major De Ruvignes, the Civil Commandant of Accra, came on board, and, in accordance with that hospitality which is proverbial on the coast, invited Governor Freeman, Colonel Smith, Doctor

Martin, and myself, to put up with him. We got through the surf without much difficulty, as there was but little sea on, and were conducted by our host to his very comfortable-looking quarters, where we were agreeably surprised to find dinner ready, and a table literally groaning with delicacies and good cheer. Many of the dishes, being *specialities* of the coast, were quite new to us, and deserve notice. They were "Fish-soup;" "Kinnaw," split fish fried in palm butter and other condiments; "Palm-oil Chop," the African curry, made with palm-oil instead of butter, and eaten with "Kankie" (native bread, somewhat like the corn-cake of the Southern States of America) as well as with rice cooked "pilau" fashion. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the repast, however, was "Kickie," a dish of minced fowl and force-meat balls, flavoured *à merveille*, and served up like a West Indian pepper-pot in the black earthenware chattie in which it is made. Besides these native productions we had a splendid turkey at one end of the table and a ham at the other; a quail and venison stew, the odoriferous fumes of which

would have made a dead alderman smack his lips, and sundry other good things of this life, which formed a striking contrast to ordinary Coast fare.

Our worthy host, an old soldier, who had seen the world—for he had gone through some hard work with the Royal Irish—followed the customs of the country in more ways than one, and thoroughly enjoyed life. He had by far the best regulated household on the Coast, and everything showed that the roast was ruled by an able hand. Accra is the "Land of Plenty," and all animals seem to thrive better here than on any other part of the Coast. Horses will live for years, cattle get into tolerable condition, whilst sheep and poultry, including guinea fowls and turkeys — which generally come from Jellakoffee or Quitta—are easily procurable at moderate prices.

The inhabitants also seem better off than at Cape Coast Castle, many of them wearing gold ornaments, in the manufacture of which the artificers of Accra appear to excel. I got some rings on which the signs of the Zodiac were worked in relief, that were really very creditable specimens of

native workmanship; and the Commandant showed me butterfly brooches, chains, bracelets, and studs, that nearly came up to Maltese jewellery.

After dinner we adjourned to the Fort, a relic of the time of Charles the First, and here we found our beds made up in a very large apartment called Prince Rupert's Hall, from the arms of that gallant cavalier being carved over the door-way. The castle is an irregularly shaped work flanked with bastions, built on a ledge of rock close to the sea, and inclosed on the land side by a court-yard surrounded by loopholed walls. Having been neglected for many years it was then in rather a dilapidated state, but three months later it was almost razed to the ground by earthquakes, which destroyed almost every building in Accra and Christiansburg. The shocks commenced in April and continued at intervals for several weeks, totally destroying the forts at Accra and Christiansburg, together with all the splendid mansions, which for size and magnificence surpassed everything on the Coast. The principal in Accra were "the Commodore," belonging to the Bannerman family;

"the Big House," to the Hansens; and "the Garden House," which has been deserted for some years. We went over the Dutch fort, where there is nothing worth seeing, the garrison, commandant included, numbering only half-a-dozen all told.

The following morning, Freeman and I went to see the Fort of Christiansburg, in a phaeton pulled and pushed by about a dozen stout negroes, who got over the ground at a good pace.

It was a splendid old place, on a rock jutting out into the sea, and must have cost a large sum to build, as it is all of solid masonry, and some of the apartments are very spacious and lofty. It was sold to the English, with other coast-possessions, by the King of Denmark, about a dozen years ago, for £10,000, and was then in good repair. It is now quite uninhabitable, being a heap of ruins. Major de Ruvignes informed me that there was very good shooting to be had some distance in the interior, the game being leopards, wild cattle, a very large kind of antelope, wild boar, bush turkeys, guinea fowl, spur fowl, partridges, quail and wild fowl. In the River

Volla are hippopotami, and in some of the mountain ranges elephants are not uncommon. Baboons, and monkeys of different kinds, are very numerous, and great numbers of black monkey-skins are exported to England for ladies' muffs. The distant hills of Aquapim and Kroboe are plainly visible from the ramparts of Fort James, and the surrounding country looks well in comparison with most places on the Coast. I should very much have liked a month's trip in the interior with the Commandant—who seems to be the right man in the right place, for he has gained considerable influence in the country—but it could not be managed.

As the sun was going down the steamer fired a gun—the signal to return on board—and bidding adieu to as good a "*camarade*" as ever shared a crust with a chum, with as hearty a shake of the hand as if we had known each other all our lives, we stepped into the canoe, and just got on board as the anchor was a-trip and the second gun fired. A few minutes later we were under full steam for Lagos, the Hell of Earth.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## LAGOS.

"A land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death; without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

JOB.

The Volta.—The appearance of the Coast.—Lagos Roads.—The bar.—Sharks.—The landing of the Governor.—The aspect of the town.—Missionaries.—"White man's fetish."—The situation of the town.—Climate.—Fearful mortality.—The value of the colony.—Red tape.—The worthless settlements on the Coast.—Injudicious policy.—The diseases peculiar to the Coast.

SOON after leaving Accra, we passed the *embouchure* of the Volta, a large river (at the entrance of which is a bar navigable only for boats and small craft), which flows through a fertile, undulating, and comparatively healthy country. Then we left Little Popoe, Great Popoe, and Whydah, formerly the great centre of the slave trade, and from this the aspect of the coast changed, and the whole line of beach resembled a low sand-bank,

against which a high surf was beating, having in the back-ground malarious mangrove swamps, and low bush intermixed with palms, and occasional clumps of cotton trees. This is the general appearance of the whole coast of the Bights of Benin and Biafra, as far as the Camaroon Mountains, and a more dreary and monotonous-looking land it is impossible to imagine. If the breeze blew off the land we could perceive a fœtid taint in the air, which was doubtless occasioned by the decomposition and putrefaction of animal and vegetable matter in the dismal-looking swamps that extended for hundreds of miles. In the afternoon we passed Ports Novo and Badagry, which are connected by a lagoon running parallel to the beach with the Lagos River; and later we sighted some half-a-dozen sailing-vessels that were lying off the Lagos bar.

At 7·30 p.m. on the 21st January we dropped anchor in seven fathoms, heaving out a large quantity of cable on account of the heavy swell that was setting in towards the shore. Notwithstanding this precaution, we had a very uncomfortable night on account of the ceaseless rolling

of the steamer, which was far more disagreeable than ordinary pitching and tossing whilst making way through a head sea. Whenever I awoke I heard the sullen, monotonous roar of the surf breaking on the bar, which music a year afterwards was my constant lullaby. The next morning at 7·30 a.m. Mr. M'Coskry's steam-tug the "Advance" was seen ploughing her way amidst the white horses and broken waters of the bar, and shortly afterwards she anchored a couple of cables' length from us. The troops, baggage and military gear were transferred to her by the steamer's boats, and I accompanied Governor Freeman to take possession of his new government, and to see him installed in the house from which two dead consuls, his predecessors, had been carried in less than a year. Lagos had then only been annexed to the British Crown a few months by Commander Bedingfield, of H.M.S. "Prometheus;" and Freeman was appointed Governor as well as Consul of the Bights of Benin and Biafra; and a few months later I was appointed Colonial Secretary and Lieutenant-Governor.

There are two distinct bars at Lagos, the outer and the inner, the water between the two being always broken, heaving and foaming like a gigantic boiling caldron. The outer bar is much the most dangerous, and here the large rollers break with a roar which at some distance resembles thunder. There are three passages or channels, which are constantly altering from shifting sands. The eastern and central are only navigable for boats, but the western, or ship channel, has sufficient draught of water for vessels not drawing more than 15 feet. The entrance is marked by a large buoy, and on the shore high posts are erected as beacons to steer by; still the navigation is difficult, and it requires an experienced pilot to take a loaded ship in or out. Accidents from boats and canoes capsizing are of frequent occurrence, and as these waters are alive with sharks few ever escape. Just before we arrived a boat's crew and two white women fell a prey to these voracious monsters, and lately my old friend Lieutenant Dolben, commanding H.M.S. "Investigator," and young Atkinson, of H.M.S. "Rattle-

snake," were lost in a similar manner; the former being seized and taken under just as he had reached the beach, where the water was only waist deep. During my sojourn at Lagos I frequently shot some of the brutes measuring eighteen feet in length, they being much larger than the ordinary West Indian shark.

We had no difficulty in passing the bar in the "Advance," which is a strong paddle-wheel vessel, well suited for the purpose; and passing the French, Italian, and Hamburg factories, where a good deal of bunting of different nationalities was exhibited, we anchored in front of a whitewashed iron house, the Consulate, before which all the Europeans, about twenty, and a large crowd of natives, were assembled to greet the new Governor. Mr. McCoskry, the head of the principal English house of commerce in Lagos, had been acting as Consul for some time, and he and several of the merchants invited us to an entertainment that evening, which went off extremely well. The ex-king of Lagos, Docemo, and his head chief, old Tappa, came in great state to pay their compliments to

Freeman. They were both followed by about a score of parasol bearers, each man carrying an unbrella of bright-coloured silk, about ten feet in circumference, besides a lot of frousey-looking nearly naked men and women, said to be their sons and daughters. Tappa, a fine old chief, is said to have about sixty children, and Kosoco, the former king, who was deposed by the English, over a hundred.

At this time Lagos was a very dirty native town, having altogether only half-a-dozen decent houses made of clay or wood, habitable by Europeans; the only really good substantial house of brick belonging to Mr. Carrena, formerly a slave-dealer, now a merchant in palm oil; but since then roads have been made, houses built, and the place has begun to assume a more civilised appearance. All the best sites of land were appropriated by missionaries of different denominations, so that it was almost impossible to get a bit of ground fronting the river to build a house, even when Freeman, the first Governor, landed.

Lagos and Abeokuta, a large town in the

interior, about sixty miles up the River 'Okra, have for many years been the hot-bed of missionaries; every sect having more or less of its representatives. I regret to say that they are more distinguished by their cantankerous bickering and hatred of each other, their grasping avarice and acquisitiveness, and their incessant absurd pretensions to meddle with politics and business that in no way concerns them, than by any efforts they have made to civilise the people amongst whom they have been sent. Considering the amount of money that has been spent, and the length of time that missions have been established at this part of the Coast, very little good has as yet been effected. In the south of Africa and on other parts of the continent where I have been, missionaries have been the pioneers of civilisation; mission-houses have also been workshops and schools as well as places of worship.

Useful trades and mechanical occupations have been taught, and a good example and life of steady industry has effected more real good than all that canting haranguing alone can ever do. As it is,

only the Sierra Leone and Brazilian emigrants, with the idle loafers and refuse of the population, even profess Christianity; no man of any standing or pretension in the land being ever converted. The following anecdote will convey a very fair idea of a negro Christian convert.

"An old negro had been observed by one of the Church Mission to be very constant in his attendance at church for several Sundays consecutively, so it was resolved to make him a communicant, and the nature of the sacrament having been explained to him, he took his place with some others round the altar. The ceremony was about to proceed, and the minister was pouring some wine into the cup, when the convert, who had adopted 'white man's fetish,' suddenly exclaimed, 'Fill um up, Daddie! fill um up, for true you sabby me lub de Saviour, der nebber lib no more in de bottle, and Quashie de bush-nigger go for catch um ebbery d——d lillee drop. Heigh, Daddie, what for dis palaver?'"

Lagos is the largest native town on the West Coast, as it contains a mixed population of nearly

40,000 inhabitants. It is wretchedly situated on a small island or bank, about three miles in length by one in breadth, which apparently has been formed by sand thrown up by the sea, the overflow of the Crado lagoon, and the alluvial deposits carried down the Ossa river. During the rains, for days together, I have seen numberless floating islands, some of which were above an acre in extent, and apparently covered with verdure, carried down the river and taken over the bar out to sea, so that the formation of an island in these parts is easily accounted for. As no site on the Island of Lagos is six feet above high water level, and a great portion is considerably below it, effectual drainage is impossible; besides, which, stagnant water constantly accumulates, forming putrid marshes, which generate pestilential effluvium in the highest degree injurious to human life.

Without doubt, this settlement is the most unhealthy on all this malarious region, as for hundreds of miles the whole line of the adjacent coast is one continuous mangrove swamp, intersected by la-

goons, from which fœtid exhalations, caused by the rapid decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, rise and hang over the land like a dense fog. The sun, seen through this noxious vapour, loses none of its power, but looks, even at mid-day, as if it was obscured by ground glass. At such a time, the hot, damp, fœtid air seems to clog and impede the free action of the lungs, and one feels that its impurities are pregnant with disease. Any one who has entered the damp hot-house of Kew Gardens, after it has been shut for some time, may form some slight idea of the atmosphere of this part of the Coast. Captain Burton, whose "Wanderings in West Africa," give the most vivid and reliable description of the country yet published, calls Government House, "a corrugated iron coffin or plank-lined *morgue*, containing a dead consul once a-year," and as I was twice invalided from this settlement, I can indorse his opinion.

In the short space of three years, the following officials were expended. Consuls Campbell and Foote died; Governor Freeman died; after twice returning sick to England, I was in-

valided on account of wounds received in an engagement at Epé; Captain Mulliner, commanding the garrison, died; the Chief Magistrate Watson and another law officer died; whilst the collector of customs, the treasurer, the stipendiary magistrate, and two colonial surgeons, have all returned invalided to England. Other officers of the garrison, with Hollingsworth, of H.M.S. "Prometheus," and over twenty of his men, are laid in the sand; and in four months, out of a crew of a hundred white men, only sixteen were left, the rest having died or been invalided. Here Captain Jones, a most energetic young officer, died; whilst the celebrated traveller, Doctor Baikie, a man of iron constitution, who had resided for years some hundreds of miles up the Niger, succumbed from fever, caught in this fatal climate. Out of a garrison of about two hundred men of a West India Regiment, there were scarcely ever a single officer and fifty men available for duty; the West Indian black being almost as susceptible to fever as the white man.

It might be supposed that this colony, which has

only very lately been annexed, is a most valuable possession, as it is maintained at such a cost of life and treasure. But this is not the case: it is and ever will be a worthless appendage to the Crown, and will never repay the outlay expended upon it. Originally it was a notorious haunt for slavers, the numerous lagoons running parallel to the coast enabling the merchants of *black ivory* to run cargoes without much danger of interception by the cruisers watching the coast.

There being now no market for this commodity, the trade has virtually ceased; and this settlement, which was only established for the prevention of the slave-trade, might be given up with the slave squadron, as its possession is of no earthly use to England.

All African traders will, I am sure, confirm my opinion, "that British annexation on the Coast kills trade:" and this assertion is easily proved, for the River Bonny, where we have not a single official, does a larger export and import trade than all our British colonies and settlements on the Coast put together, which, with their attendant expenses for

garrisons and vessels of war, cost the nation considerably over a million sterling per annum.

If it were not for the cursed red tape system, the fetish of England, which seems to obscure the eyes and deaden the understanding of our officials in power, such useless appendages to the British Crown, which are only quicksands that swallow up life and treasure, would be at once given up, as sixty forts and trading stations have been in their time.

We have four seats of government on the Coast, now supposed to be under one control, besides about a dozen subordinate stations. These are, the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Lagos. Of these, the Gambia is useless, as the greater part of the trade of the surrounding country has been absorbed by the French, who might, perhaps, purchase the settlement, or give us some equivalent for it. Sierra Leone is convenient as a *dépôt* for shipping in this part of the world, and as there is elevated land convenient, where Europeans can exist, it might be fortified and kept. The Gold Coast for years has been a source of anxiety and

expense to the Colonial Office, and as trade has almost left the place, our maintenance of the protectorate is of no earthly use. Lagos would produce as much oil and cotton, if our garrison and officials were withdrawn, as at the present time, and very likely more; as our possession of the town is the bugbear of the neighbouring districts, who, with some justice, fear our grasping propensities, lest their own country should be also annexed.

Keeping only Sierra Leone as a fortified *dépôt*, and the Camaroons as a convict station (as proposed by Captain Burton), and leaving the rest of the West Coast to the negroes and Exeter Hall philanthropy, I am convinced, that, we should gain in trade, and save lives and treasure.

Had we expended upon Canada one half of the capital we have wasted upon this malarious coast, she would now be as flourishing as the United States, and we should have no cause to consider how we can best abandon a land which, if properly governed, would be the brightest jewel in the British Crown. Britain has produced naval and military commanders such as the world has never

surpassed, but her short-sighted and bungling statesmen and diplomatists always manage to lose the advantages, honour, and *prestige*, that cost the nation so much blood and treasure to gain.

These are strong words, and possibly too plain, but they are, nevertheless, true. I maintain that England, by the injudicious policy which her ministers have adopted during the last ten years, has lost more *prestige*—which in the present age means also power—than half-a-dozen brilliant victories can regain. In former years, when we ventured an opinion, we were not afraid to stand by it, and the bite was ever felt before the British lion began to growl. The haughty Spaniard had a proverb which alone showed the wholesome respect with which the power of Britain was regarded in Europe. It was:—

"Con todo el mondo guerra, y paz con Ingleterra." *

Would that this feeling still continued in Europe! But I am wandering from my subject, and must

* "War with all the world, but peace with England."

return to the Coast and the stupid policy which, although it does not civilise, makes "the scum of the earth" into British subjects.

The two great maladies peculiar to this part of the coast are fever and dysentery, both of which, if not checked, are apt to end fatally. Fever in its mildest form is intermittent, that is, there are intervals of health between the attacks; but as the disease becomes more aggravated, it assumes the remittent form, and the symptoms only remit, change their aspect, and do not disappear. Coast-fever, like the Indian jungle-fever, from which it appears to differ in no essential point, rarely lays its victim prostrate at once. The malarious poison that engenders it has a period of incubation, and breaks out some days after the primary symptoms are evinced, which are a sense of lassitude and languor, accompanied by yawning and stretching, restlessness, want of sleep, loss of appetite, dull eyes, dizziness, and an incapacity to concentrate the ideas, chills over the body, and a dull heavy pain over the loins and kidneys, which latter often cease to act. Then comes intense headache,

cramps which seem to draw up the body, and the hot stage, which often brings on delirium and a state of coma, from which the patient either awakes "in the next world," or finds himself bathed in profuse perspiration, greatly prostrated, but relieved from pain. Then is the time to take quinine in as large doses as the system will bear. I used to take it until I felt my head so dizzy that every thing appeared to turn, when I would lay down and heap every rug I had upon me, drinking quantities of hot weak lemonade, so as to make me perspire as much as possible. Sometimes I have been able to kill the fever at once by this sharp but severe treatment, but at others I have had attack after attack, and paroxysm after paroxysm, each one leaving me weaker than the last, until the disease has worn itself out and gradually become weaker in its shocks. Thanks to a constitution of iron, I have weathered many a bout that would have killed weaker men; but I have seen the strongest taken off in a few hours, re-action never occurring; and no acclimatisation exempts an European from this virulent and malignant disease,

which sometimes kills every one it attacks. I was at Fernando Po when the fever broke out which decimated the island, and in the "Ranger" at Bonny, where a hundred and sixty-two out of two hundred and seventy-eight white men were carried off in about three months; and I believe there is very little difference between this class of disease and the yellow fever of the West Indies—black vomit and continued insensibility preceding death. Both are infectious, which ordinary Coast-fever is not. Delays are dangerous in this climate; the slightest symptom should be immediately met with decided and energetic treatment, constant doses of quinine should be taken daily, more especially when exposed to the dew, rain, night-air, or the malaria engendered by winds blowing over swampy ground or decomposed vegetation.

The only cure for Coast dysentery is, immediate removal out of tropical climates, otherwise it will certainly end fatally. I need not add that good living, and extreme moderation as regards stimulants, are absolutely requisite in this climate, even to exist. Unfortunately, Coast life is so monotonous

and dreary, that many Europeans indulge too freely in the pleasures of the table.

"Hinc subitœ mortes atque intesta senectus."

The next day the governor received a deputation of the Haussa nation, Mussulman tribes, who have made their way to the Coast from the interior, and the head man, Sheik Ali Ben Mahomed, was made welcome, and received with much kindness. He had been a great traveller, and gave us much information about the interior. The Moslems show up very favourably in comparison with the Coast tribes, being in every way finer men. They are much more to be depended on, their religion forbidding them either to drink or steal; two qualifications in which the Coast negro excels. During my stay at Lagos, I raised an irregular corps of these men, and I had every reason to be satisfied with their conduct.

I found them brave, faithful, and honest—three qualifications rarely found in a negro. They are a simple and easily contented race, and accustomed to simple fare, yet their powers of endurance are

something wonderful, and they are indefatigable walkers, never grumbling or turning sulky at hard work, and doing as they are ordered without a question.

In a very smart skirmish which took place in February, 1863, at Epé, a large village about 30 miles from Lagos, on the Lagoon, in order to save three officers of the navy and a boat's crew from being cut off from the shore, by overwhelming numbers of armed natives, I found it necessary to make a flank attack on the main body of about 1200 men, commanded by the refractory Chief Possoo. There was a good deal of thick bush, and I was enabled to approach undiscovered, when my Haussas, who were only forty in number, gave them a volley, taking them by surprise, and causing a panic, which was immediately followed by a *stampedo*. As they could not understand an attack on the flank and rear, they broke and scattered in all directions, when a good deal of desultory skirmishing took place, during which I received a very severe gun-shot wound under the right ear. At the sight of my

being hit the Haussas gave a fiendish yell, and, roused almost to frenzy, rushed on the enemy with their machetes,* taking two small iron cannon, mounted on blocks of wood. I noticed the fellow who hit me stealing away through the bush, and brought him to the ground with a bullet through the back from my breech-loading carbine, which had done good work that morning, and in another moment his head was hacked off and stuck as a fetish on a branch of a tree. My object being attained, and the enemy being in full flight, I rejoined Commander Le Froy, who assisted me in the boat, for I was faint from loss of blood, and took me off to the steamer, "Investigator," which was throwing shells into the town. I was found to be very dangerously wounded, for an iron plug had entered the head just below the right ear, passing through the carotid gland, within the sixteenth of an inch from the carotid artery, fractured the lower jaw, shattered the roots of the teeth, and still remains in the neck, from whence the first surgeons of Europe, Sir William Fergusson, and

* A kind of cutlass.

Dr. Nelaton, of Paris, dare not venture to extract it.

Under the able care of the Colonial-Surgeon, Dr. Eales, R.N., and Elliott, I was kept alive by suction upon old port wine until I arrived in England, when, after a very severe operation performed by Sir William Fergusson—the first surgeon in Europe, whose coolness is only exceeded by his skill—I was again enabled to eat, although for the future mastication is out of the question, and I shall never be free from severe aching pain at every change of weather. The Legislative Council of Lagos voted me £1000 for the service I had rendered, and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle gave me nine months' leave on sick certificate (half-pay); but his successor, Mr. Cardwell, superseded me, and the Government, with their usual generosity, gave me *nix*, notwithstanding the whole affair was brought to the notice of Parliament by Sir Francis Baring, and *great credit* was given to me by the Governor, and Commander-in-Chief, and the Duke of Newcastle. Unfortunately, that *credit* will not pay doctors' bills and

compensate for years of intense agony. I only wish Mr. Cardwell, then the head of the office, had a similar dose at the same "*fair remuneration.*" It might lead to the adoption of some salutary changes in the administration of the Colonial Office, which would benefit future *employés*. But *jam satis*. Enough of this detestable settlement and its administration. I left Freeman with great regret, fearing lest I should never see him again, for he did not look strong enough to stand such a climate, and returning on board by the "Advance" at 6.30, the "Armenian" weighed anchor, and we were *en voyage* for the Oil Rivers and Fernando Po.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE BIGHTS, THE OIL-RIVERS, AND FERNANDO PO.

"This sickness doth infect the very life-blood of our enterprise."

*Henry IV.*

The mouths of the Niger.—A dreary coast.—Bonny.—"The Stella."—King Peppel.—The Juju-house.—Cannibals.—The Cameroons and Fernando Po.—Clarence.—The Hadji's abode.—Robert Bruce Walker's kindness.—Daddy Jem.—"The hunting physician."—A ballet at Boobie-town.—A drawback.—"The Minerva."—Malimba.—The Borea river.—Signs of game.—Visions of elephants.—A disappointment.—Hippopotami.—The Botanga falls.—Fever no respecter of persons.—The entrance of the Gaboon.—African hospitality.—My boat.

At Lagos we left the last official, and our party in the saloon became very select, being reduced to seven, all told. The weather had become truly African, for the thermometer generally stood something above 90°, day and night, and the constant rolling of the steamer from heavy ground-swell

became very wearisome; so I was not sorry that the voyage was nearly over.

On the 24th January, at 7.30 a.m., we anchored off Benin for a few hours, to deliver the mail-bags and take in a few casks of palm-oil; and the next morning, at 9.30, we were off the Nun, the principal embouchure of the Niger. Finding no boats made their appearance outside the bar, after waiting an hour and firing guns, we continued our way to Brass, a few miles further on, where we delivered the mail-bags, and again got under weigh. At 5 p.m., on the 25th January, we anchored in the river off the town of Bonny, amongst a number of hulks and sailing-vessels that were engaged in the palm-oil trade.

The whole line of coast between Lagos and Bonny may be described as a gigantic fetid swamp, reeking with malaria and pestilence. As we went along, breaks in the mangrove and mud-banks disclosed to us numberless rivers—said to be the mouths of the Niger—which are more or less connected with each other by creeks and lagoons that intersect the country in every direction. It is the

haunt of the alligator and the land-crab, which are the only animals to be seen, except a few king-fishers, herons, and kites.

The next morning I transferred my baggage and gear from the "Armenian" to the intercolonial steamer, the "Retriever," a much smaller vessel, which went the round of "the oil-rivers." Mr. Fletcher, the Liverpool agent of the African Mail Company, had very kindly given me a letter to Captain Davis, commanding this steamer, desiring that he would allow me to select one of his boats for £20. By the advice of Captain Wyld, of the "Armenian," I chose a thirty-feet gig, pulling six oars, which proved to be a first-rate sea-boat, and fast. Tom Dick, my coxswain, and the rest of the Kroomen, were delighted with her capabilities, and immediately took charge.

When I had completed my arrangements, I pulled ashore to the town of Bonny, a filthy, dirty place, with narrow paths round the houses, or rather huts, instead of streets, and visited King Peppel, a disgusting obese-looking animal, who was sitting beastly drunk and nearly naked on a

stool in front of a wattle-and-dab hut—his palace—whilst three ugly-looking women, almost in a state of nudity, were scratching his back, and catching the vermin in his head, which they immolated in a charcoal fire. As I approached, His Majesty looked up with a semi-idiotic leer, and offered me his hand to shake, but I took the will for the deed, and kept mine in my pocket. This slight somewhat vexed the old savage, for he gave vent to his spleen by fetching one of his "*dames d'honor*" a lively spank on that part of the person not usually exposed to the air in civilised countries, and rolled her over amongst the ashes. She picked herself up pretty smartly, and gave utterance to her lacerated feelings in what I dare say was the choicest Bonny "Billingsgate," which evidently had the effect of amusing her lord and master, for the more she vociferated the harder he roared with laughter. At last he tried to repeat his little game with a second charmer, but she, wide-a-wake to his move, dodged him, and being drunk he fell off his stool, and landed amongst some of the hot embers, where

he lay howling like a bull, for he was not able to recover his feet without assistance. His Majesty then became sullen; for my laughing at him wounded his feelings—he had suffered in person as well as in dignity: so I left him. To my surprise, Captain Wylde told me the old reprobate had been for some time in England, and that he and his wife—who is also his sister—had been fêted and lionised by the Evangelical party as a great gun, and a bright specimen of an African Christian king. It was even proposed to present him with £20,000 to build a church, which the wily old scoundrel declared he would endow with vast possessions, but as this was a matter touching the pocket it was allowed to drop.

I next visited the celebrated "Juju house," a large shed ornamented with rows of human skulls and other dried-up remains of both sexes, that in Naples would have been worth a small fortune as "relics of Saints," although a more disgusting exhibition it is impossible to imagine. The people of Bonny do not attempt to disguise their being

cannibals, but they profess to eat only prisoners taken in war. An old palm-oil trader who had been several times to the Coast, assured me, however, that, when yams were scarce, he has known the graves in the cemetery of Rough Corner to be opened, and the bodies of white sailors to have been taken and eaten some days after they had been buried.

Having seen enough to make me thoroughly disgusted both with Bonny and its people, I returned on board the "Retriever," and bidding adieu to Captain Wylde, who had shown me every possible kindness and attention during the voyage, at 5 p.m. the anchor was weighed and we were on our way to Fernando Po.

January 27.—At daybreak this morning I was agreeably surprised at the change of scene the Coast now presented, for on our port-bow towered the gigantic Camaroon mountains, and on our starboard quarter lay the beautifully-wooded island of Fernando Po, with its cone-like peak rising 10,000 feet above the sea. The sea had lost that turbid muddy appearance it assumes in the Bights, and

was of the beautiful deep blue colour one rarely sees except in the Mediterranean. At 8.30 a.m. we anchored in Clarence Cove, one of the most beautiful spots on the West Coast, and here we found two gun-boats of the slave squadron, the "Wrangler" and the "Ranger," taking in coals and supplies. What a contrast the richly-coloured cliffs and verdant-looking wood presented after the dreary low land we had so lately left! The very sight of the one appeared to raise the spirits as much as the other depressed it. Yet all is not gold that glitters, and Fernando Po, in spite of its beautiful appearance, bears an infamous reputation for its unhealthiness.

The Consul, Captain Burton el Meccáwi, was unfortunately at the Camaroons when we arrived, but his representative and *locum tenens*, Frank Wilson, who came on board the steamer, offered us hospitality, so we landed and put up at the Consulate. Here everything in the house bore evidence as to the peculiar tastes of the owner; and a glance round the place would have impressed me with the conviction that he was a deep scholar

and practical traveller, even had I not known him to be the most indomitable explorer of modern days, and an author whose writings, unbiassed by prejudice, are stamped with truth. I amused myself for several hours by looking over his library, which consisted of several hundred of the best works of the day in all tongues—for the Hadji is a polyglot—and I often found myself roaring at the quaint notes and criticisms in the margin, in "the Prophet's" peculiar fist, which much resembles the trail a spider would leave on paper after he had crawled through a pool of ink.

Here I met with Mr. Robert Bruce Walker, the agent of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson, of Liverpool, at the Gaboon, who very kindly offered Mr. Winwood Reade and myself a passage to that place, in his barque, the "Minerva," which was to sail in a few days.

I called on a celebrated character, ex-Governor Lynslager, better known all over the coast as "Daddy Jim," one of the most liberal and biggest-hearted men I ever came across, who for many years was

Governor of Fernando Po and had kept "*open house*" to all comers for nearly forty years; there I met Commanders Beamesh and Wratislaw, with some other naval officers belonging to the gun-boats, and the former very kindly lent me a lighter and a few hands to assist in transferring our baggage from the "Retriever" to the "Minerva." We sat down twenty to table, and had a very jolly day, finishing the night at the house of two charming "yeller girls," who, educated in England, were decidedly the *belles* of the Island. As usual at Coast gatherings, songs were the order of the night, and when my turn came round I gave them the following old Indian chant:—

"THE HUNTING PHYSICIAN."

Keep silence, good folks, and I pray you attend,
For I'm no common singer you'll find in the end;
I'm "*a Hunting Physician*," and cure ev'ry ill,
Disorders and pains without bolus or pill.
Let the man who, disturbéd by misfortune and care,
Away to the woodlands and valleys repair;
Let him hear but the notes of the heart-stirring horn,
With the hounds in full cry, and his troubles are gone.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Let the lovers who secretly simper and sigh,
And droop at the sight of a blue or black eye,
Brush up to them boldly, and try 'em again,
For women love sportsmen, as sportsmen love them.
And should you be *bless'd* with a termagant wife,
Who, instead of the joy, is the plague of your life;
When madam her small-shot begins to let go,
Why draw on your boots, and away, tally-ho!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

And you, ye old codgers, whose nerves are unstrung,
Come follow the hounds and you'll hunt yourself young;
'Twill cure the short cough and the rheumatic pain;
Do but cry Tally-ho! and you're all young again.
If Death, that old poacher, to smuggle you strives,
Get astride on your saddle and ride for your lives;
Ne'er heed his grim looks, if your gelding can go,
You cannot be caught if you cry tally-ho:
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

The next day Reade and I walked out through the woods to Boobie-town, about three miles distance from Clarence, and visited the Boobie king, who received us in African *grande tenue*—a cocked hat, and swallow-tailed blue coat, without inexpressibles. After standing a calabash full of palm wine, he ordered his women to dance for our amusement, but their performance was simply dis-

gusting, for they were all old or ugly, and little was left for the imagination, as a yard of calico would have furnished a dozen of them with full dress. Some of them had breasts hanging as low as their waists, under which arrangement they carried their pipes; and I noticed one party with appendages so long, that she was enabled to suckle her child by throwing them over her shoulder. A negress of the Boobie tribe, however disguised, can hardly be mistaken for a woman.

Having "dashed" the king a dollar for his courtesy, we turned our steps towards Clarence, and, *en route*, my companion got into trouble. He had donned the kilt for the first time that day, and, whilst he was admiring the bush, and expatiating on its beauty, he inadvertently stood upon a stream of gigantic red ants, who, before he was aware of their presence, had swarmed all over his person and commenced devouring him piece-meal. His rhapsody soon changed into wailing, and, for the space of full five minutes, he executed a *pas seul* that would have brought down the house if performed upon any stage in London. It was a true

Highland fling, although rather too energetic to be decent, and appropriately enough accompanied by yells and groans; for their bite is extremely painful, and the voracious little vermin have such strong nippers that their heads generally come off before they will let go their hold. They are the greatest torments of the African bush, and in stalking game I have frequently been severely bitten before I perceived them. The woods through which we passed were very luxuriant, and amongst numberless unknown shrubs I noticed some immense cotton-trees and African cedars, with a fine tree with large eleven-lobed leaves that looked somewhat like a horse-chestnut, but considerably larger.

We again dined at Daddy Jim's, whose house seemed the general "rendezvous" for naval officers when ashore, and had a very pleasant evening.

The next day, January 30th, we bade adieu to our kind entertainers, and embarked on board the "Minerva," where Walker and his companion Mr. Knight did everything to make us comfortable. Daddy Jim sent me a huge clothes-

basket full of oranges and other fruit, with a couple of hundred fine yams, for which vegetable the island is celebrated. At 4 p.m. the anchor was weighed, and with a light breeze, just sufficient to fill the sails, we moved slowly through the water. We had a dead calm during the night, and at 6 a.m. Fernando Po was only twelve miles distant. During the day a light breeze sprung up, which gradually freshened towards evening, and about midnight we anchored abreast of Malimba.

1st February.—At daylight we again weighed anchor and stood nearer in shore, anchoring in four fathoms. As the ship was going to remain a couple of days here to take in oil, ivory, and ebony, I got out my battery and made preparations for landing on the morrow. Unfortunately, Reade could not accompany me, as he "was paying his footing," and suffering from his first attack of fever; but the next morning, Walker, Knight, and myself, taking two boats laden with provisions, hammocks and blankets, pulled ashore a distance of about five miles, and crossing a bar entered King Passall's River, which is about a mile in width, and one of

the embouchures of the Borea river. We pulled up stream for about a mile, when we came to an opening on the left bank, and, after a quarter of an hour's pull up a creek so narrow that the trees above met over our heads, we entered a lagoon, on the banks of which was situated Walker's Factory, three tolerably sized huts. Here Knight had business with the manager, so Walker and I, re-entering our boats, started on a cruise up King Passall's River. I took in my boat one of the native traders from the factory, who knew the river, and as we went along he pointed me out a creek on the right bank which he said led to the Camaroons.

Both sides of the river were densely wooded, mangroves growing in the water, with palms and large forest trees further inland. There appeared to be no savannahs or natural clearings, the only gaps and openings were creeks and lagoons, some of which we explored, and found to be "*culs de sac.*" In the soft mud of one of these places we found the spoor of hippopotami, but we never caught sight of any of these animals, although we

heard them crashing through the underwood at different times. Every now and then huge alligators would raise up their hideous heads and flounder into the water as we passed near the banks where they were sunning themselves, but we would not waste our ammunition upon them; besides, we were afraid that the report of our rifles might scare away elephant which were known to be in the neighbourhod. The day before we arrived, a mighty bull, with immense tusks, and seven females, had been seen early in the morning close to the lagoon near Walker's Factory, but the manager was down with fever and the natives dare not meddle with them. We pulled for some distance up the creek leading to the Camaroons, but saw nothing except a few monkeys, an iguana, and a couple of gigantic toucans, so we returned to the factory for dinner. In the evening Walker, Knight, and myself, crossed King Passall's River, and strolled along the beach, or rather a strip of sand between the sea and a narrow lagoon which ran parallel to it. I tried to make my way through the mangrove bush, inland, and whilst I was so

doing, Walker and Knight saw some animals which they took to be river-horse raise their heads in the lagoon, but they were out of range. I saw the spoor of both hippopotami and elephant, but they were three days old, also the fresh pugs of a couple of leopards, which I believe I must have disturbed whilst forcing my way through the underwood. Towards dusk we returned to the factory, where our hammocks were slung, and we turned in rather tired after our day's work.

The next morning at daybreak Walker and I got into our boats, and pulled, or rather paddled, noiselessly along the left bank of King Passall's River, for about a couple of miles, when suddenly I heard two low whimpers, followed by the unmistakable sounds of elephant, which is caused by the water rattling in their stomachs. I immediately attracted Walker's attention by a low whistle, and after reconnoitering the bank with my field-glass, I found a place where we could land, and with some difficulty got on to *terra firma*.

Here I almost immediately struck the fresh trail of elephant, and bidding the people remain quiet

in the boats, Walker and I taking our rifles, followed it up for about a quarter of a mile. Unfortunately, my companion was scarcely up to stalking such wary animals, and treading upon a dry stick, he made such a noise that the game took the alarm and absquatulated. We heard a loud trumpetting, followed by a crashing through the woods, and our chance of a shot was gone. I did not know then, that the herd was upon an island, or I should certainly have followed them up. The ground was very false underfoot, and the bush consisted chiefly of mangrove, interspersed with palms, tree ferns and parasitical plants.

After this disappointment we returned to our boats and pulled up the river to King Passall's Town, where we landed to have a chat with the king, with whom Walker was well acquainted. After a short stay we again embarked and pulled to Prince Malimba's Town, where we got out our provisions and breakfasted under the shade of a gigantic cotton tree. The brother of the prince "dashed" us each a duck, and produced a bottle of what he called champagne, but which turned out

to be perry, so sour that I much preferred cocoa-nut milk, seasoned with cogniac, a very pleasant beverage. After about an hour's detention, we continued our voyage, and I pulled through a narrow creek, between an island about a mile long and the right bank, but saw nothing except a few ibis and curlew. I then rejoined Walker in King Passall's River, and after about another mile's pull, we came to the head of the Delta, where the main stream—the Borea—is here about three miles wide. About ten miles from the sea, the river divides into two streams, the one—up which we had come—being about a mile wide, and called King Passall's River; and the other, which is about double the size, is called King Yamba's River. It was a splendid sheet of water, and I pulled up stream a couple of miles to reconnoitre, whilst Walker paid a visit to King Yamba, whose town is situated on the main branch, almost at the head of the Delta. After a cursory survey I returned, much regretting that I had not time to make an exploring trip up this almost unknown river; and I had hardly passed King Yamba's Town when I heard a suc-

cession of shots. I immediately made my men give way, and in about ten minutes I rejoined Walker, who had fallen in with a school of river horse up a narrow creek, between a small island and the right bank of the Borea. He thought he had wounded two, but, unfortunately, I was too late to render him any assistance, and they did not give us another chance. I landed on the island, which was overgrown with brushwood, and found plenty of fresh spoor, but no hippopotami. They had all vanished, and although we waited for some time expecting to see some of their heads appear above water, we were disappointed. We continued our route along the right bank of the Borea, until we came to a creek, which we entered, and half an hour's paddling brought us into the lagoon by the factory.

Another large lagoon, nearly three miles long in the rainy season, lies between the factory and the beach, and at certain times of the year, when the bars of the two branches of the Borea river are almost impassable, canoes are able to find a way through the two narrow passages caused by the

lagoon bursting its banks, the overflow forcing its way into the sea. The next morning, as the surf was rather high, we had the canoes carried over the narrow strip of land on which the factory stands, and launched on the lagoon, so as to avoid the bar.

At about 8 a.m. we pulled on board the "Minerva," and shortly after our arrival on board the anchor was weighed, and although there was scarcely a breath of air to fill the sails, the little we had was favourable, and we drifted with the current slowly down the coast.

February 6th.—At 4 p.m. we anchored off Botanga, and I immediately had my boat lowered and pulled ashore, the bar offering no obstruction. Within a quarter of a mile from the beach, the Botanga river flows over a ledge of rock about forty feet high, and forms a beautiful cascade, with a lake in the foreground. The luxuriant tropical verdure of the forest on each side, with the Elephant Mountains in the distance, forms a most picturesque scene, such as Constable would have loved to transfer to canvas. I called at the factory,

and finding that bush-deer were the only game to be found about the neighbourhood, I returned on board to sleep. The next morning, at daylight, Reade and I came ashore, and we clambered up the sides of the falls, for at the time we visited them, the volume of water was very small in comparison with what it must be in the rainy season. We then pulled to Cribbee town, about four miles to the northward, and landed by a small river, where we got some cocoa-nut milk, and bought some quaint-looking spears with barbed heads for fish-spearing, after which we returned on board, when both of us felt unmistakable symptoms of fever. I took strong doses of quinine every few hours, as I felt I was in for it, but it did not prevent the attack, and the next day I was prostrate.

February 8.—We weighed anchor at 8 a.m., and drifted down with the current; for we scarcely had a breath of air to fill the sails during the next four days. Both Reade and I had a pretty sharp attack; but when we arrived at the entrance of the Gaboon on the evening of the 13th January, we had somewhat shaken off its debilitating effects.

During the voyage, between the attacks of fever, I occupied myself in making preparations for a trip up the Gaboon river; and Walker having very kindly placed the services of the ship's carpenter and sail-maker at my disposition, my boat was thoroughly overhauled, an iron bar screwed along the keel to strengthen it, and moveable stanchions fixed, so as to enable me to rig up a canvas tent from stem to stern as a shelter against the sun and rain. I also altered her rig, fitting her with spritsail and jigger of light duck, and converted the whole of her bows and fore part into a waterproof locker, which fastened with lock and key—a very necessary arrangement in a land where every man is born a thief. When these arrangements were completed, we gave her a couple of coats of white lead, inside and out, and painted her name, "The Stella," on the stern, after a favourite old craft in which I have had many a jolly cruise in Italian waters.

We lived very well on board the "Minerva," and notwithstanding constant calms and light variable winds, had it not been for the periodical attacks of fever, I should have had a very pleasant time,

for both Reade and I met with the most brotherly kindness from Walker and Knight, who vied in showing us every possible attention during our indisposition.

Africa is a cursed country to live in, and men are said to deteriorate both in mind and body from the pernicious influence of its climate; but although I have been a wanderer over the face of the earth since my earliest youth, I must say that I never met with such unvariable disinterested hospitality and delicate courtesy as upon the West Coast. I arrived there a perfect stranger, without even a single letter of introduction, yet there is not a place on the Coast which I visited, where I have not cause to remember some friendly act of kindness, or good turn.

"Farewell! farewell! kindly I'll think on thee
Land of the West; and so may'st thou retain,
In some warm hearts, kind memory of me,
A cheerless pilgrim on life's stormy main."

# CHAPTER XVI.

## THE GABOON.

"And of the cannibals that each other eat—
The Anthropophagi."

OTHELLO.

The Gaboon River.—"Plateaux."—Glass.—Walker's hospitality.—The American mission.—M. Du Chaillu.—The M'pongue tribe.—Preparations for a trip up the river.—The start.—The voyage.—A stroke of luck.—The Como.—A colony of pelicans.—Appearance of the country.—A strange rencontre.—A Fan village.—My reception by the cannibals.—The king.—N'miamba.—My installation.—Great rejoicings.—An accession to my people.—The magic lantern, and white man's fetish.—The forest on the spurs of the Sierra del Crystal.—The rapids of the Como.—The country beyond.—The mountain range.—A new species of boar.—Return to the Gaboon.

At daybreak on the morning of the 14th February, just fifty-two days after leaving Liverpool, we found ourselves at the entrance of the Gaboon, an arm of the sea, about six miles broad. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring, but towards 11 a.m. a breeze sprang up, which enabled us to get under

weigh, and beat up against a somewhat sluggish current. About five miles from the entrance, on the right-hand bank, is situated "Plateaux," the French settlement and fort, abreast of which was anchored "Le Caravan," an armed hulk housed over, that served as a guard-ship.

About a mile further on is the village of "Glass," where the English factories are built, on the low ground close to the shore, and behind them, upon a hill—the site of an old slave barracoon—is Baraka, the American mission-house, one of the best conducted establishments of the kind on the Coast. On the left bank, a short distance up a creek, is Denis Town, the residence of the ex-king of the Gaboon, for West Africa resembles the continent of Europe in one respect,—it has a large retired list of royal personages, sovereigns who are either pensioned off or deposed.

We anchored in front of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's factory, which is by far the most extensive establishment in the Gaboon; and our arrival caused no little sensation in the settlement, as Walker, having resided here for many years,

was looked upon as the great gun of the place. Upon landing, the French commandant, with two or three naval officers and most of the white traders, came to meet him, and we sat down to a capital *dejeuner à la fourchette*, which lasted for several hours.

Walker and Knight would not hear of our taking a house, but insisted upon Mr. Reade and I remaining with them, and the largest and best rooms of the establishment were placed at our disposition. Besides this unlooked-for hospitality, I cannot enumerate the many instances of kindness I received from those gentlemen during my sojourn at the Gaboon. I accordingly made "the factory" my head-quarters, and spent a couple of days very agreeably in calling upon the residents. The French commandant very courteously lent me all his maps, and gave me much valuable information as to the people of the country and the best means of travelling.

I also visited the American mission-house, and was most hospitably received by the Rev. W. Walker, the principal of the establishment, who

has resided here for several years, and is much looked up to by the natives. It is much to be regretted that the worthy example shown by this gentleman is not more followed in other parts of the Coast: for here much good is effected, as children are taught to read and write, and girls to sew and wash; whereas, in some parts of Africa, missionaries are merely retailers of rum.

Speaking of M. Du Chaillu's work on Equatorial Africa, I was informed that the book had been written in America, from the explorer's notes, as, when it was first published, M. Du Chaillu could not speak six words consecutively of English, although he has since acquired a fair knowledge of that language. His father was for some years a trader on this part of the coast, and his mother — a negress of the M'pongue tribe — and her daughter still live close to the mission-house. As I wished to engage some of the men who had accompanied Du Chaillu in his expeditions, and knew the country, I sent for them to come and see me at the factory. The mother is dark even for a M'pongue woman, but the daughter, who is

*petite*, and nice looking, is much fairer in complexion than her brother, whom she much resembles in features. As neither could speak English or French, the manager of Walker's establishment—a very intelligent Frenchman, who spoke several of the native languages fluently—served as interpreter; however, I did not gain much information, as they said that "they had seen very little of Paullu (as they called Du Chaillu) since he had acquired white man's fetish." With regard to his work, which I read carefully several times during the voyage, I saw quite sufficient of this part of the country to enable me to testify as to the general accuracy of his descriptions; and much allowance must be made from an account written by a third party from notes, however copious. I have no doubt but that Du Chaillu and his people did kill several of these animals;*

* Mr. Winwood Reade, in his work "Savage Africa," as well as in a Paper which he read before the Zoological Society, published in their "Proceedings," asserts that "*Mr. Du Chaillu never killed a gorilla*," and *maintains* "*that his book is a medley of truth and fiction.*" I must say that I do not agree with him in this respect; I think that Du Chaillu did shoot gorillas, and believe his book to

for during the few weeks I remained at the Gaboon, several dead specimens were brought into the settlement, that had been shot by natives with Birmingham muskets, which only cost a couple of dollars each. Doubtless a man that had never seen any game larger than a rabbit, might feel a little nervous in facing his first gorilla, an animal which I found to be as hard to stalk as a red-deer, and as little to be dreaded by any one having a loaded gun in his hand.

The M'pongue tribe are keen traders, and nearly all speak more or less of English. Walker's principal native trader was a tolerably intelligent fellow, and got me a couple of boys as servants, and a Bekelai man, who knew the river well, all of whom could, at a pinch, serve as interpreters.

be a truthful account of the country and the people, although I do not deny that several errors have crept into it. For instance, my own experience leads me to believe that the danger of gorilla-hunting is very much overdrawn. These animals may face man, beating their breasts with rage, after the manner of negroes before they fight, although I have not seen them do so, but I doubt their roar ever being heard at a distance of *three miles*, and I cannot compare them in any way with a lion; nor would M. Du Chaillu, if he had ever seen that noble beast in his own domain.

During the next three days I made preparations for a trip, taking with me a sack of rice for the Kroomen, some tins of preserved meats and soups for myself, and a quantity of common cloth, muskets, brass rods, beads, tobacco, rum, looking-glasses, and such like gear, to buy food with *en route*. Besides my arms, which consisted of a breach-loading gun, rifle, and revolvers, I had a magic lantern, with carefully selected movable slides, complete, with a large sheet, &c.

On Monday, the 17th February, I started from Glass, with a spanking breeze that carried the "Stella" along in first-rate style at the rate of fully seven miles an hour, and rounding Olinda Point and the embouchure of the River Kohit, we passed between Konickey, or Cone Island, and Parrots' Isle, and towards mid-day, when the wind began to fail, landed near a clump of trees between King George's Town and the Rambo Creek, where we lighted a fire and cooked our dinner.

In order to have the full benefit of the breeze, I kept mid-stream; for the banks of the Gaboon, although intersected by a network of creeks, pre-

sented an extremely uninteresting and monotonous aspect, consisting chiefly of mangrove swamp, and marshes full of rank vegetation, occasionally varied by low isolated hills covered with low bush, palm groves, or clumps of cotton trees.

The rise and fall of the tide seemed to be about six feet, as well as I could judge from the appearance of the mangrove bushes growing in the stream. As the tide falls, the slimy roots of these trees, which are often encrusted with small oysters, and the mud-banks covered with decaying vegetable matter, emit a fœtid exhalation most offensive to the olfactories, which is not perceptible at high water.

As we passed King George's Town, we saw a couple of canoes put off, and follow our boat, but as the "Stella" went three miles to their one, we had almost finished dinner before they joined us. They proved to be native traders, who had given chase in the hope of our doing business, having some beeswax and india-rubber to dispose of. Upon my telling them that I had no goods to barter, and did not require their produce,

they appeared wofully disappointed at having had all their trouble for nothing; but a present of a few heads of tobacco and a glass of rum apiece made them more contented; and one of their number, when he heard my project of exploring the river, informed me in pretty fair English that he had been up the Como with Mr. Beecroft some years before, and proposed to accompany me if I would give him a good dash. This opportune meeting was an unlooked-for stroke of luck, of which I immediately resolved to take advantage, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Bekelai, who was evidently jealous of the stranger, I at once closed with his offer, and forthwith invested him in the red cap and blue breech-clout which was the distinguishing uniform of all my people.

Having given him, as an advance of hire, a couple of pieces of satin stripe* to send to his people, and "dashed" each of his companions three fathoms of the same material, we again got under weigh, but every breath of air having died away,

* A kind of common cotton cloth.

the Kroomen had to take to their oars, whilst the Bekelai and the new comer, whose name was M'pogola, each plied a paddle.

My crew pulled admirably, singing or indulging in good-humoured chaff as they worked, and the ripple at the bows showed that we were gliding through the water at almost racing speed. Later in the afternoon a light air sprang up, which gradually freshened into a stiff sea-breeze, and again our masts were stepped and sails hoisted. We had now run about forty miles from Glass, and were at the end of the bay, where we boarded the French guard-ship, which is moored here as a protection to trade.

I went on board and had a glass of wine with the officer in charge, who very kindly showed me some maps of the river, that appeared to be very carefully executed, and offered to put me up for a day or two; but as there was still some hours of daylight, and a fair wind, I considered it advisable to push on, and entering the Como river, I passed a small island on which was a deserted mission station.

The wind now began to fail, so the oars were again got out, and we pulled until our lengthened shadows showed us that the sun was getting low. The grapnels were now thrown out, and the boat securely moored fore and aft some little distance from the shore, so as to be safe from any wild beast that might be prowling about during the night. The stanchions were fixed, and the tent rigged, so that we were amply protected against the heavy night-dew or rain; the lanterns were lighted, arms looked to, and placed handy for use; and after a smoke, and a glass of grog all round, a double watch was set, to be relieved every two hours; and although rather cramped for space, we should have passed the night very comfortably, had it not been for the unwearied attacks of mosquitoes and sand-flies. Notwithstanding I was tolerably protected from any direct assault by muslin curtains, their continual buzzing, combined with the nocturnal orgies of innumerable frogs and crickets, kept me awake for some hours. A heavy dew fell during the night, and I was very glad I had taken the precaution of making an impervious tent over

the boat, as it was a great preservative against fever.

At daybreak the sides of the awning were rolled up, the anchor was weighed, and we landed a little farther up the river, near a small natural clearing, where we lighted fires and cooked our breakfast. After the cramped position I had been in for so long I was glad to stretch my legs ashore; and taking my gun, I strolled along the banks of the river with Tom Dick and the Bekelai, until, attracted by a peculiar gabbling noise, which at first I could not account for, I made my way to a clump of high trees at the head of a small lagoon, which turned out to be the abode of hundreds of pelicans, who were making a great palaver previous to starting for their feeding grounds. As Tom Dick pronounced them to be "fine chop" for Krooboys, I shot four of them, to his intense satisfaction, with my breech-loading rifle, and then returned to the rest of the people. My breakfast consisted of broiled red mullet, of which we caught any amount with a small net, a tin of preserved soup and boiled rice, not at all a bad foundation before commencing a day's work.

I also had all the water boiled before drinking it, which is necessary in that part of the country, and my principle beverage was cold weak tea, without sugar, and slightly flavoured with fresh lime juice. As soon as our morning meal was over, we embarked, and pulled steadily until noon, when we rested for a couple of hours under the shade of some overhanging trees, when the Kroomen fished whilst I enjoyed a most refreshing sleep.

Here the influence of the tide had nearly ceased, and a great change was observable in the landscape on each side of the river, which began to assume a more pleasing aspect, the richness of the vegetation increasing as we advanced, and the foliage of the varied shrubs exhibiting a more healthy tone. The banks of the river became more elevated, and generally consisted of a reddish clay, having a top soil of rich alluvium, evidently the accumulated deposit of successive inundations. Undulations, covered with richly tinted foliage, were now not uncommon; and even where the ground was low I could see no trace of mangrove

or marsh, but plains clothed with rank but luxuriant vegetation.

Besides all kinds of forest-trees, there were groves of fan-palms and cocoa-nuts, clumps of the stately bombax or cotton-tree, several species of tree-ferns, cola-nut trees—which at a short distance resemble walnuts—wild bananas, and cardamums, then in full bloom. Some of the forest-trees were of gigantic size, having their trunks, which often rose straight for a hundred feet without throwing out a branch, entwined with festoons of beautiful parasitical plants, amongst which the india-rubber vine was not at all uncommon.

As soon as the intense heat of the day was over we continued our route, only stopping now and then for a few minutes to examine places that looked likely for game to come and drink at the river, but the only signs we saw were a few slots of bush-deer, here called by the natives "N'cheri," which somewhat resemble the "*fila tomba*," found near Sierra Leone and Accra.

*En route* we passed several Fan villages, the inhabitants of which called out for us to land and

trade, but being anxious to get to the mountains I would not stop. During the afternoon we came to the confluence of a small tributary of the Como, and shortly after brought up a short distance above a considerable sized village called N'buamba. Here I had my hammock slung between two trees, and protected from the dew by a large double waterproof sheet, made expressly for me by Cording after my own fashion, with brass rings and cords all round, so that it formed a very comfortable tent at a pinch. In fact, it was the only one I used during my stay in the Gaboon district, for although I had a canvas hill-tent, I found it too heavy to transport through the bush.

Whilst supper was preparing, my attention was attracted by the barking of my dog a short distance from our bivouac, which was followed by several snarling yelps in a higher key, and thinking that he might perhaps have caught a young jackal, I shouldered my rifle, and was making my way towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, when all at once I found myself close to a native village, and face to face with two young and well-

shaped women, who were in that state of nature that gave the poet the idea "that beauty unadorned is adorned the most," for they were even destitute of the conventional fig-leaf.

They had evidently just turned out of their hut to see what their dogs were barking at, but the sight of my white face frightened them to a stand-still, and for a moment they stood like statues; then, recovering the use of their limbs and their tongues at the same time, they bolted, howling, through the narrow door-way of their domicile. Their loud cries roused up the people, and thinking perhaps that their village was attacked, a number of men armed with spears, knives and shields, came cautiously out, uttering a peculiarly shrill yell, which was evidently the "gathering cry" to assemble the men when danger threatened.

Although things looked rather warlike—as I saw no fire-arms amongst them, whilst I had a brace of revolvers in my belt, as well as my rifle—I determined to stand my ground, notwithstanding the threatening appearance of some of the men, who were evidently hesitating whether to make a rush

upon me, or to show that better part of valour—discretion—and slope off into the bush. Calling Ponto to my side, I walked deliberately towards them, and, sitting down with my back against one of their huts, made signs for them to join me. Although somewhat re-assured of my pacific intentions by this proceeding, they were still in a terrible state of fear, and looked first at me, and then at Ponto, as if we were two terrible apparitions.

I did all I could to allay their fears, by ordering the dog to lie down near me, and making signs for them to do the same; but all to no purpose. I then struck a match and lighted a cigar; but the mode in which I produced fire evidently increased their consternation, as I must have appeared endowed with supernatural powers, for they gazed at me, open-mouthed, as if wondering what would come next.

At length, recognising one of the girls who gave the first alarm, I imitated her scream of terror, and, laughing at her, made signs for her to come to me; but my overtures were received with a cry of fear, and she was running away, when two men, evi-

dently the heads of the village, laid hold of her and urged her to go near me. All was to no purpose: she hid her face in her hands in abject fear, and screamed with terror; so bidding Ponto to remain quiet, I laid my rifle on the ground, and walked towards her, holding out my hands to show that I was unarmed. The men, although they held their spears and knives in readiness, stood their ground, but, after I had shaken hands with two of the boldest of their number, they began to find their tongues, and seemed to be assured that I was only a human being, like themselves, after all.

I then patted the cheek and shoulder of the scared nymph who was offered as a scapegoat between her tribe and myself; and although I do not intend to disclose the means I used, gentle reader, I soon convinced her that she had nothing to fear from me, and that I did not intend to eat her, which was evidently her first apprehension.

I drew her towards me, and in order to relieve any apprehensions she might entertain on that head, I slung round her shoulder the small bag I always carried on my person, containing a few

cartridges for my rifle and revolver, my keys, and a few strings of beads, which latter I divided between her and the man who gave her to me.

The whole village now crowded round me, and my dress as well as my arms attracted great attention. Although they seemed peacefully inclined, I thought it as well to give them a taste of my quality, and impress them with a wholesome fear of my capabilities of doing mischief in case I was provoked, so setting one of their black earthen cooking-pots on the shaft of a spear against a tree, I discharged all the chambers of one of my revolvers at it, and shattered it to pieces. During this exhibition they looked on in silent wonder, and it evidently impressed them with an idea that my supernatural power was unlimited; but I quieted all their apprehensions by returning the arm to my belt, shaking hands with those who were nearest to me, and caressing my little *protégée*, who had evidently quite resigned herself to the situation, for she commenced pulling me about in the most unsophisticated and decidedly familiar manner.

The reports of my revolver attracted the attention of the Kroomen to my absence, and some of the Fans perceived them scouting round the village—which they were afraid to enter, being only armed with matchetes. Their presence caused some trepidation amongst the villagers, and, guessing the cause, I shouldered my rifle and walked outside the village, where my people joined me.

Both the Bekelai and M'pogola could speak more or less of the Fans' language, and interpreted an address I made the king, in which I told him that I was his friend, and had brought some presents for him, which I would hand over if he came with me as far as the boat. This speech caused intense satisfaction to the party concerned, and was received by loud shouts from the rest of the community; the men rattling their spears and knives against their elephant-skin shields, the women dancing round, and slapping their thighs with the palms of their hands, as a token of applause. The king said, "that he and his people were my sons, that he was a greater king than his father, who had never seen a white man; that the women of

his tribe were my wives, and would never let me be hungry; and that he would go with me, but that I must afterwards return with him to the village, as this was to be a time of great rejoicing." I consented to this arrangement, and amidst the exulting cries of the people we all moved on.

My handmaiden, whose name was N'miamba, walked alongside, with both her arms entwined round mine, and stroking my beard, in what I imagined was rather an affectionate manner, she made the Bekelai explain to me that "I was her white man, that she would always take care of the strong fetish I had put round her neck, and that she would never leave me." I smiled; for what else could I do under the circumstances. I never possessed a "fetish" strong enough to protect and preserve me scathless against a pretty woman's powerful charms. I was ever susceptible to female influence, and any decent-looking girl, if she only went the right way to work, could always set her foot upon my neck; for I had been conquered so often, that, knowing my weakness,

I now always gave in quietly, without a fight. Gentle reader, consider the fix I was in with *la belle cannibale,* and imagine what you would have done under the circumstances, for I don't intend to enlighten you any further on that matter. I believe with old Scotia's bard, that—

> " Gin a body meet a body ganging to the well,
> Gin a body kiss a body—a body should na tell."

On arrival at our bivouac, I made the king and his people sit down, whilst I and Tom Dick went to the boat to fetch his dash, which consisted of an old regulation Brown Bess with flint lock, a bright yellow shirt, a looking-glass, a couple of pieces of satin stripe, about twenty heads of tobacco, and several strings of different coloured beads.

The old boy's eyes glistened at what he considered great wealth, and he seemed very grateful, for he several times placed my hand on his head, and told the Bekelai to tell me that " his heart was very glad." He then harangued his people in a speech which I was led to understand was somewhat to this effect, " that he was even a greater

king than his father, who had brought the tribe with him over the great mountains, for he had never seen a white man." The warriors rattled their spears and shields, and yelled their approbation; and I won their hearts by distributing some beads and tobacco amongst them.

I invested N'miamba with a red cap like those of my people, as a sign that she now belonged to me, hung round her neck several rows of different coloured beads, with small looking-glasses attached, and wrapped her up in a piece of blue satin stripe, which certainly did not add to her appearance, although it made her the envy of all the other village belles.

An antiquated dame, whom I afterwards found was the king's head-wife, and the aunt of the girl, now thought it necessary at this crisis to give her a lecture upon her duties, which the Bekelai thus interpreted: "That she was now the greatest and the happiest woman of the tribe, but that she must be sure and please the white man in all things, so that he would not leave the village; that she must persuade him to make guns, cloth, beads and

tobacco, for all her friends, and that she must treat him so well that he would buy many more wives out of the tribe." This little arrangement, however much in accordance with the custom of the country, was more than I bargained for, so before the matter went further I told the Bekelai to explain to the king that he should now go back to the village, and prepare me a house, where I would join him in an hour. This I did to get rid of him whilst I had my supper, for I had no intention of eating food cooked in the cannibals' flesh-pots.

Leaving four Kroomen to sleep in the boat, Tom Dick and the rest of my people accompanied me back to the village, where the best house in the place was swept and garnished for my reception; so I had my hammock slung, and made preparations for passing the night comfortably ashore.

I had the magic-lantern, with all its appurtenances, brought with me, as I intended to astonish the cannibals with white man's fetish, in order to impress them with a wholesome respect as to my power in the occult science. The news of my arrival had spread to the adjacent villages, and I

found an immense gathering of people assembled to meet me, very few of whom had ever seen a white man before.

Both sexes were naked, with the exception of a narrow strip of cloth or wild cat-skin between the legs, and their hair was worn in short queues ornamented with beads, two hanging in front, and two behind. Some of the men had their beard plaited on each side their chin, and all had their teeth filed to a point, which did not much improve their personal appearance. The Fans are not only somewhat lighter in colour, and better proportioned than the other Coast tribes, but they seem to have a more independent bearing, and always go about armed with cross-bows, spears, shields, and native knives, which latter are made of iron of their own smelting.

The king received me in the most gracious manner; and in honour of the occasion donned the finery I had given him, and smeared his face and legs with a pigment of red clay, which added to his comical appearance, and made him look a perfect guy. He dashed me four gray parrots and

a doe n'cheri antelope, which latter had a broken leg, or I should have kept it alive.

I was taken to a large shed in the centre of the village, the palaver-house of the tribe; and the king and I being seated upon native stools, about a hundred and fifty women, of all ages, began to dance to the music of half-a-dozen native drums and a couple of rude harmonicons formed of seven pieces of hard wood of different sizes, to each of which a dry hollow gourd was attached as a sounding-board.

The performance was anything but decent, for the *danseurs* seemed to vie with each other in obscene gestures, and, after a time, when they began to perspire, the fœtid exhalations from their bodies became perfectly sickening. In vain the old king pointed me out those which he considered the most desirable amongst the dusky nymphs, and begged me to select half-a-dozen wives from the number—my olfactories could no longer stand the effluvia, and, at the risk of being thought wanting in etiquette, I told the Bekelai to explain to the king that I had some fetish business to perform, and rushed out in the open air.

Retiring to the house which had been prepared for me, I got the magic-lantern into working order, lighting the lamp and making all ready. I then sent to the king, telling him and all his people to squat down opposite the wet sheet, which was stretched between two trees.

When they were all in position, I sent N'miamba and my own people to the front, making the Bekelai sit near, so as to interpret anything I might wish to say, although I took care that none could look behind the scenes. When all was ready, I commenced operations by telling the Bekelai to explain that I would call up the king of "the N'ginas," and sounding a somewhat unearthly note on my hunting-horn, I slipped in a slide with the representation of a gorilla of colossal proportions; but I did not for a moment calculate upon the effect that this apparently supernatural visitation would excite amongst the audience; for with yells and screams of terror, the king, his people, and even all my own servants, rushed away nearly scared to death. Men, women, and children, tumbling over each other, sought safety by flight, and, when I came

in front of the sheet, there was not a soul left. After shouting for some time, I found Tom Dick and some of my people skulking about; and the Bekelai being hunted up, I sent him to ask the king to return, as there was nothing to be afraid of.

After a few minutes he came in fear and trembling, and begged me not to turn myself again into a gorilla, for if I did he and his people would surely die. They evidently imagined that I was possessed of the same power which they suppose their witches are endowed with, and could assume the shape of any animal I chose. I made the Bekelai explain that I was his friend, and had no intentions of doing him any harm, which somewhat reassured him; but for a time he was evidently very uncomfortable, and I was rather amused by his continued furtive and anxious glances at my face, as if he was apprehensive lest I should suddenly metamorphosise myself into some terrible creature.

Having calmed his fears, I made him sit in the rear, and put some comic slides in the lantern,

which amused him wonderfully. Dolland had furnished me with some that were movable, and one of a man lying on a bed who appeared to roll his eyes and swallow rats, made a most intense impression; and the people having got over their fright, I ventured again to re-produce the gorilla, which was followed by elephants, alligators, and other animals expressly painted for such occasions. The excitement occasioned by this exhibition was something extraordinary, and the people seemed thoroughly to enjoy it, giving vent to their astonishment by the most exuberant bursts of laughter.

They seemed a merry people, and if it were not for their horrid propensity of eating human flesh, which custom they practise openly, I should prefer them to any of the Coast tribes. Outside the village I saw heaps of human bones, and on two or three occasions I have seen women carrying parts of a man, just as they would a leg of mutton. I asked a good many questions on this point, and learnt that they do not eat the dead of their own people, but sell their corpses to the villagers of the

adjacent towns, who, in turn, hand over their dead to them. As they are not particular, and will eat any corpse, no matter what disease the person died of, it seems strange that they enjoy such excellent health, for they are certainly the finest looking race on the West Coast, except perhaps the Moslem tribes.

The Fans cultivate a rough kind of tobacco, and smoke it in iron pipes, mixed with the leaf of an aromatic herb, which somewhat resembles the daffodil, and has a remarkably pungent flavour.

Hunting is the favourite pastime of the men, and almost their only occupation, for the women till the ground and do all the household drudgery. Cloth was not much in demand amongst the Fans, who are not yet sufficiently civilised to care for unnecessary luxuries. My costume was very simple, consisting only of a flannel shirt, kilt, and boots; but I was somewhat amused at N'miamba advising me to take off my clothes, and let my servants carry them for me, that being her idea of making myself comfortable. I suppose that she found

herself ill at ease at being put into petticoats for the first time, and thought that I must feel the same; *mais il faut souffrer pour être beau,* and, notwithstanding the discomfort her cloth occasioned her, she kept it on to please me.

I learnt that the "end" of the Como, as the Fans call the source, was about four days' journey towards the westward, but they informed me that on the other side of the mountain range there was a much larger river, full of hippopotami, which I conclude must have been the main branch of the Nazareth.

Having ascertained that there was very little chance of finding gorillas in the adjacent country, as after the first rains they retreat into the densest forests, I determined to continue my route, so bidding adieu to the king and N'miamba, and taking a couple of Fan hunters with me as guides, I continued my voyage, all the people in the village turning out to see me start.

We glided rapidly along, notwithstanding the current was against us, the Kroomen singing as they paddled, and at times the high banks of the

river re-echoed the reverberations of their songs in a remarkable manner, and on the first occasion gave rise to some alarm.

In the afternoon I heard a noise like waves breaking on the sea-shore—the distant sound of falling waters—and soon afterwards we came to the falls, or rather to a succession of rapids, which at this time of the year were very insignificant, but a few months' later, during the height of the rainy season, I have no doubt but that they are well worth seeing; although I much question whether the landscape would present a more beautiful appearance than it did on that evening, for the rays of the setting sun gilded the mountains with the richest tints, and the sky in the background was intensely blue.

We remained here during the night; and the next morning, leaving the boat in charge of three of the people, I took the rest with me, and explored the mountains above the falls, which were about 1500 feet in height.

The river above the falls seemed very shallow in places, but there was quite sufficient water for a

small canoe to pass up, although the navigation would be tedious, not only on account of the strength of the current, but because the bed of the river was studded with large boulders and ledges of rock.

About a mile past the falls, the river widened, and we found it flowing over a bed of smooth round stones and sand; and here the water was alive with fish, and I killed a poacher in the shape of a fine dog-otter of a peculiar kind, which my Kroomen ate, but unfortunately spoiled the skin. A little further on, masses of granite gneiss overhung the river like huge towers, and the tops of some of them being covered with shrubs and creeping plants, at a short distance they resembled old ruined castles.

After proceeding about four miles further, we emerged from the thick bush, and found ourselves in a prairie studded with small copses of arborescent shrubs covered with pink and white flowers, from which the most delicious perfume filled the air; and here I started a sounder of hog, and killed two, as they were trotting slowly across the open.

They were of a species peculiar to this part of Africa, being of a bright-chesnut colour, having long tassels of hair at the extremity of their ears, and curious nodes or lumps jutting out on each side of the nose, down which is a blaze of dirty white. They proved to be very good eating, and the people were in high glee at this abundance of animal food. One of the Fans also brought me a wild-bee's nest, but the honey had such a strangely acidulated taste, that I was afraid it might be poisonous, and would not partake of it. The Kroomen, however, eat it without experiencing any bad results.

From this spot I had a capital view of the Sierra del Crystal Range; and selecting the mountain that appeared to be the highest, I climbed up it, and found myself on a table-land of considerable extent, beyond which rose other ranges, although I could distinguish no conspicuous peaks—the average height appearing to be about two thousand feet.

Here I found fine undulating prairies, that at a little distance had the appearance of rich meadows, alternating with belts of forest, which in some

places are thickly entangled with an undergrowth of brushwood and creepers almost impenetrable. I saw no signs of game, and the Fans assured me that at this time of the year there was none to be found. After the rains, elephants and deer are sometimes seen, but very rarely, and gorillas are only to be found during the time that certain bush fruits are ripe.

Under these circumstances I determined to retrace my steps, and sleeping in the boat that evening, the next morning at daylight I started on my return to the Gaboon.

# CHAPTER XVII.

## THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE GABOON AND THE NAZARETH.

"Two daughters have I; all the day
Thy handmaid one shall be,
The other—and the fairer far—
By night shall cherish thee.
The one shall be thy waiting-maid,
Thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head,
And fetch thee garments brave.
The other—she—the pretty one—
Shall deck her bridal bower,
And my field and my city
They shall both be her dower."

*Old Moorish Ballad.*

The Mafouga creek.—"Fortuna."—"Bush chop."—The route.—"N'cheri."—Prairie lands.—A chimpanzee shot.—Gallenjabah.—King Bapi's hospitality.—The bush.—A game country.—A python killed.—Strange taste.—Plenty of food.—A new antelope.—The first signs of gorillas.—The trail.—Gorillas wounded.—A young one caught.—His escape.—A thief caught and punished.—Preparations for a move.

As I heard very good accounts of the game to be found in the forests between the Gaboon and the

Nazareth, from M'pogola, instead of returning to Glass, I determined to visit that part of the country; and we had just entered the Mafouga creek on the left bank of the river, when I was hailed, in English, from a small canoe, and a Shekiana, who called himself Fortuna, informed me that he had been sent to show me gorillas by Mr. Walker's head trader. Although I did not much fancy the fellow's appearance, as he said he knew the country, I engaged him, and we continued our way to Appombinda's Town, where we stopped at King Rumoondoo's house to breakfast. Here we had to wait for four hours until the tide came in, when we continued our voyage up the creek, which at last became so narrow that the trees met overhead, and formed a pleasant shade during the heat of the day. Now and again we came across flocks of monkeys of different kinds, who, on the approach of the boat, assumed every threatening attitude possible, and, with countenances expressive of rage, actually yelled at us as we passed. I shot two black monkeys, and two gray ones with red whiskers and white

patches on the nose, besides two large toucans for my Kroomen, who were in high glee at the prospects of a game-dinner.

Passing the Rebarka plantations in the afternoon, we arrived at Umpon-chambie town, at the head of the creek, where, after hauling the boat high and dry into a shady place, we put up in a very tolerable house belonging to the king, who gave me a hearty welcome. I made him a present of cloth, beads, tobacco, &c., and he promised to build a thatch roof over my boat so as to preserve it from the heat of the sun, and to take care of the two Kroomen, whom I intended to leave in charge.

At this village I engaged six men to assist in carrying my baggage and provisions; and the next morning, at daylight, we proceeded on foot by a narrow path through a dense tree-forest, having an undergrowth of tree-ferns and other shrubs.

After a tramp of about four hours, we arrived at the bush village of N'chumpole, where we halted to cook some food, and almost immediately after leaving this place I shot two n'cheri antelope,

killing them right and left with Eley's green wire cartridges containing No. 3 shot. The people were somewhat astonished at my shooting, and prognosticated a large bag. As we went along, Fortuna told me several incredible yarns about his doings when out upon shooting excursions with Du Chaillu, and talking very largely about gorilla shooting, he gave me to understand that he had killed them all himself, as Massa Paulla could not aim straight. This, however, I knew to be a lie, as I had heard from several of the traders that Du Chaillu was a fair shot, and producing "Equatorial Africa"—the only book I carried with me, I shut him up by showing him the pictures, and telling him that I knew all about the affair, so that he could not deceive me.

Continuing our route, we passed through several undulating prairies covered with coarse grass, which were studded with mushroom-shaped ant-hills about two feet high, and here I found several fresh tracts of the "M'niaré," or wild cattle, which are very common in this part of the country, being found in large herds.

Later in the afternoon, as we were going along in Indian file, a peculiar, wild, shrill cry, issued from a clump of high trees close by, which the Bekelai informed me was the voice of the n'chiego or chimpanzee. Guided by the sound, I approached the place, and saw two of those animals scrambling along from branch to branch, high above the ground, at a much greater pace than I could force my way through the bush. They were evidently aware of our presence, and as I did not think there was a chance of getting any nearer, I rested my rifle against the trunk of a tree, and, taking steady aim, fired a double shot at the biggest, which I took to be the male. He was evidently hit, for he dropped some distance into a lower tree, and I found several gouts of blood on the ground, but the bullet had struck no vital place, and he got away leaving no trail, as he travelled from branch to branch. I, therefore, gave up the pursuit, and continuing our way, about an hour before dusk we arrived at King Bapi's town, also called Gallenja bah, which is situated on a rising ground, overlooking

a belt of several undulating prairies, about six miles in a direct line from the sea.

King Bapi gave me a hearty welcome, and I was soon established in the best house of the place. The news of my arrival spreading through the village, brought the whole population crowding round my door and peeping through the chinks between the bamboos, somewhat to my annoyance, as I was indulging in a tub, a great luxury after the work of the day in this climate. This proceeding evidently created intense amusement amongst the women, if I could so judge by the roars of merriment I heard outside; but I was too old a traveller to let any false modesty interfere with my comfort, and, notwithstanding that a score of eyes were watching my every movement, I continued my ablutions in spite of their chaff.

As soon as I had completed my toilet, leaving Tom Dick and the Kroomen in charge of the gear in the house, I sallied out amongst them and paid a visit to the King, to whom I made a present of a musket, some cloth, brass rods,

and beads, with which he was very much pleased, and in return gave me some fowls, eggs, plantains, sweet potatoes, and yams, that proved very acceptable.

Whilst I was talking to the king, some villagers brought in a dead male chimpanzee, that had been killed by a bullet passing from the back through the abdomen. At first they said they had killed it with sticks and stones, but upon the Bekelai pointing out the gun-shot wound, they admitted that they heard me fire, and afterwards, attracted by a piteous moaning, they had found him dying in a small prairie, at no great distance. Although I felt convinced, from the nature of the wound, that it was the one I had wounded, I gave them a present for finding it; and, cutting off the head, I told M'pogola to place it close to a nest of the N'chounoo ants, who, in the course of a few hours, picked the skull clean.

The chimpanzee was an old one, the teeth being very much worn, and the skin in many places being destitute of hair. He stood about 4 feet 8 inches, was 46 inches round the chest, and

measured 6 feet 4 inches from the extremities of the middle fingers across the breast. My Kroomen would not eat him, but I believe some of the villagers did, although they would not own to it.

King Bapi placed at my disposition four men, who knew the neighbouring bush, and one, a slave—who was said to be a great hunter, having killed a leopard as well as several gorillas—gave me much information about the game of the country.

He told me the gorillas were scarce during this season of the year, as they retreated in the densest forest during the rains, for better protection against the weather, but that when the plantains were ripe, they would come fearlessly close to the village, in great numbers. He said he had seen more than thirty at a time, stealing his plantains, but that they were great cowards, and always ran away when they saw a man come near. He ridiculed the idea of their ever showing fight, and had never seen them come up beating their breasts, as described by Du Chaillu. He had caught several of their young on different occasions, and one, which

he sold to Mr. Walker, had lived for a long time at the factory.

At the request of the king, who had heard of the magic lantern from some of my people, I gave them a representation, which amused them very much, and afterwards we had a dance, during which His Majesty, with true African hospitality, dashed me one of his daughters and another young female party for wives, observing at the same time that they were the nicest-looking girls in the village; but, in case I should prefer any others, I had only to say so. I made the Bekelai thank him for his "delicate attention," but begged to be excused from becoming his son-in-law that night, as I was tired after my long walk, and wanted to sleep. He, however, would not be refused, and insisted upon the damsels accompanying me to my house, which they did with the greatest nonchalance imaginable.

After supper, I assembled my people, and, giving them their customary glass of grog and tobacco, I held a consultation as to what was best to be done. King Bapi's slave, N'adoma, told me

that there were certain bush-fruit ripe of which Gorillas were very fond, at no great distance, and he thought that we should find some of those animals there, if there were any in the neighbourhood. I therefore gave orders to have breakfast ready before daybreak, as it was my intention to start as soon as it was light enough to see the way. All being satisfactorily arranged, I got into my hammock, arranged my mosquito-curtains properly, and had a capital night's rest.

Leaving two Kroomen in charge of the goods in the hut, Tom, Dick, and Smoke, with the Bekelai, M'pogola, and King Bapi's four men, started with me at daybreak in a south-easterly direction, and, passing through some three miles of alternate prairie and bush, we arrived at a clump of dense forest, where I halted the people, whilst N'adoma and I went to reconnoitre. We had hardly entered the cover before a sounder of hog started up from almost under our feet, and trotted leisurely away, evidently more astonished than frightened at our intrusion, and I could easily have shot a couple had I not been afraid that the crack

of my rifle might scare away the game I was in search of.

We saw several fresh trail of wild cattle, and the pugs of a leopard, but no sign of gorillas, although N'adoma pointed me out a bush-fruit that looked somewhat like a dry date, which he said the gorillas would come for miles to obtain. Whilst I was looking for trails on the ground, I saw something moving close above me as I passed, and on turning my head I saw a huge python hanging from a branch of a tree, evidently on the look-out for prey, and swinging itself to and fro. At a short distance it so much resembled the creepers and india-rubber vines that stretch across from tree to tree, that I must have passed much nearer to it than I should like to do again without perceiving it; but no sooner did I catch sight of its forked tongue moving backwards and forwards, than I threw up my rifle and shot it clean through the head, when, after writhing about convulsively a few seconds, it let go its hold of the branch above and fell to the ground, when N'adoma cut off its head with his matchete. It proved to be an im-

mense brute measuring thirty-one of my feet, or rather more than nine yards in length, being the largest snake I had ever seen. Immediately after I fired, a crashing in the bush a short distance a-head announced the presence of large game of some kind, and on creeping through the underwood I found my shot had scared away a herd of wild cattle. Some of the people also hearing the report came up, and to my surprise the snake was cut up into lengths and divided, as they said it was very good food.

As we could find no sign of gorilla, the chief object of my search, we continued our way, and coming to a clump of isolated forest with prairie all round, I posted myself at one end and made my people go to the other, and walk through it, making a noise as they went. In this manner I drove several belts of forest, and got fair shots at different kinds of game, chiefly " n'cheri " antelope, or hog, of which I killed two of the latter for food. We also saw a leopard, and a large antelope the colour of a fallow-deer, but striped with white, a species I had never seen before, but unfortunately they

broke into the open, far out of range. Towards nóon, when the rays of the sun were getting powerful, we lighted a fire, and the Kroomen and I dined well off grilled pork and boiled rice, but King Bapi's men preferred the snake, which they broiled in the embers. No accounting for taste, I thought, to prefer snake flesh to pork.

After a couple of hours' siesta, we were again afoot, and, striking off in a southerly direction, we entered a patch of most luxuriant forest, through which we were making our way by a wild-cattle run, when, all at once, I heard a low hoarse bark, which I thought proceeded from some kind of deer; but N'adoma told me that it was the cry of the "N'gina," or gorilla. I immediately stole forward as gently as possible, and soon came across the first unmistakable sign I had yet seen of the animal I had come so far to shoot; for not only were there distinctly fresh marks of feet, but I noticed branches of shrubs lying about which had been broken off and gnawed only a few moments before.

Making signs to the people to remain as quiet as possible, I crept forward, N'adoma alone following

A Happy Family.

with a second gun, and as the trail was easy to read, we got along at a good rate. All at once I saw daylight through the trees, and passing into a prairie covered with rank grass, at a distance of about three hundred yards I saw a huge male gorilla, followed by a female and her young one, making the best of their way over the plain. The young one and female appeared to be going on all-fours, but the male was using his knuckles as a fulcrum, and swinging his body forward, although seeming to stoop very little. They had evidently perceived the approach of intruders, and were getting over the ground at their best pace, so I determined to risk a chance shot. Giving a loud whistle from my dog-call to try and attract their attention, and make them stand for a second, without effect, I took a steady aim at the male, and pulled both triggers. Had I only had my Westley Richards' rifle, I should have killed him as dead as a door-nail at that range; but, unfortunately, I had a wretched double breech-loading rifle, by Calisher and Terry, the barrels of which were so carelessly put together, that there was no de-

pendence to be placed in its shooting. By great luck I hit him with my second rifle, breaking his arm; and with my fourth shot partially disabled the female, who was lagging in the rear.

I reloaded the breech-loader as soon as possible, fully expecting the brute to turn on me when he found himself wounded, but with a yell much more expressive of fear than anger, he shuffled over the ground even quicker than before, and entering another belt of forest, I lost sight of him.

As soon as I could collect my people I gave chase, and finding gouts of blood here and there, I was following up the trail, when all at once I heard a loud cry from Tom Dick behind me, and looking round there was a young gorilla scrambling away over the plain on all fours, and to my joy he hid in a low isolated bush. I immediately surrounded it with my people, all of whom yelled loudly, so as to keep up its terror and evident confusion, and to my intense satisfaction we managed to catch it, Fortuna, Tom Dick, and N'adoma, carrying it along by its arms and legs. Whilst I

had gone into the bush to cut some creeper to serve as ropes to tie it to a pole so as to carry it more easily, unfortunately Fortuna let go his hold, and giving Tom Dick a severe bite in the calf of the leg, the little brute managed to effect his escape into the bush, and although we followed up his trail for some distance we saw nothing more of him.

I was thoroughly disgusted at this carelessness, but there was nothing to be done; so after tracking up the sign of the male gorilla into some almost impenetrable forest, where it was almost hopeless to follow further, I gave up the pursuit for that day, and we returned to King Bapi's town.

About a mile to the south of this village is the empty bed of a lagoon, about three miles long, which is covered over with a rich herbage, and I saw so many fresh marks of wild cattle here that I determined to visit it late in the evening, at which time N'adoma said they always came out to graze. Just before dusk I went out with N'adoma and M'pogola, and we waited for some time with-

out seeing anything, when feeling somewhat tired I returned to the hut.

As I got near I heard a row going on, and found that Tom Dick had caught Fortuna carrying off a tin box containing cloth and ammunition, and had charged him with the theft, upon which the culprit and three of the villagers, who doubtless were accomplices, had taken their guns and threatened to shoot my Kroomen. Luckily I came up just in time, and levelling my revolver at Fortuna's head, I snatched the musket which I had given him out of his hand and knocked him down with the butt-end, when he attempted to bolt. The other three were also secured, when I sent for the king, and upon looking up my property found that the greatest part of the tobacco was missing.

When the king and some of his people came up, I went into the case, and as there was no doubt as to Fortuna's guilt—for one of the villagers confessed, and brought back the tobacco—I ordered Tom Dick to tie him up to a tree, and give him three dozen lashes with a rope's end, before all the villagers. After these had been well

laid on, King Bapi ordered him out of his town, and wanted me to serve his three people in the same manner, but as I thought that the punishment Fortuna had received would be a warning to the rest, I told him that I did not think any further flogging was required, and begged him to let them off, which he did after a scolding.

This little arrangement completed, I made preparations for marching on the morrow, as I wanted to get to the forest on the north bank of the Nazareth, which was said to be the best game country in this part.

My baggage was all packed and made ready, and I engaged N'adoma and six other villagers to accompany me, giving the king a good dash for their services, as well as promising them good pay if they behaved well.

Having settled every thing to my satisfaction, I turned into my hammock, and had a capital night's rest, in spite of the continued talking of the villagers, who seem to keep awake all night. If rum is plentiful, they keep up these nocturnal orgies for a week together, during which time the

village resembles a fair. A negro's sentiments are well described in the following lines by Fielding:

> "Grog is good; so are women, too,
> But which the greater good I cannot tell—
> Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
> And he does wisest—*who takes most of both.*"

# CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE N'GOBAI AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side—
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the antelope's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the ourebi plays,
Where the gnoo, the sassaybe and hartebest graze,
And the eland and gemsbok unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
In the pool where the wild ass is drinking his fill."

PRINGLE.

The route.—A herd of wild cattle.—A M'niaré bull.—Different aspects of the forest.—The N'gobai.—N'jomba.—A herd of hippopotami.—A battue.—African hospitality.—News of gorillas.—Gorilla hunting.—Other game.—Fever.—A retrograde movement.—Treachery and its punishment.—A fatal blow.—Return to Glass.

AFTER an early breakfast, we left Gallenja-bah as day was breaking, and, marching in Indian file,

struck into a narrow bush-path leading in a south-easternly direction.

Passing through a beautifully undulating country of prairies, intersected by belts of luxuriant forest, we had hardly left the village a quarter of an hour before I perceived a number of wild cattle grazing in an open glade, within easy range of a clump of thick bush.

Taking the precaution of getting well to leeward, I made the people remain quiet, and entering the bush, soon got within a hundred yards of a fine bull, evidently the leader of the herd. I waited for a few moments, until he turned, so as to offer me a fair shot, then aiming just behind the shoulder, I dropped him with a single ball, when, to my surprise, a cow that was standing near, walked up to him as he lay motionless and began to lick his face, and I brought her to the ground with my second barrel, and had time to reload and disable a half-grown calf before my presence was discovered, and the herd sought safety by flight.

The "M'niaré" bull was a magnificent specimen, and in shape resembled a hybrid between a cow

and a deer, as he was much slighter in figure than any other species of wild cattle I had yet seen. He had a blood-looking head, well tapering towards the nose, wide nostrils, beautiful eyes, silky ears fringed with long hair, and horns of the same shape as the Indian "Gaur," but not nearly so thick, and corrugated with five distinct rings. He was of a dark ash-colour, with black points, and much lighter under the belly. The legs were clean and delicately formed, being very free from blemishes, and the muscles and sinews were well developed, standing out like whip-cord. The hoofs were black, but long and sharp pointed, like those of a deer. The cow and calf were of a reddish-brown colour, with dirty white under the belly.

I sent one of my men back to the village to inform the king of my luck, so that he could send his people for the meat, as there was much more than we wanted for our own use. The beef proved excellent, and the marrow-bones were quite a *bonne bouche*.

Continuing our way, we passed through many

miles of rolling prairie and luxuriant forest, and although we fell in with hog, wild cattle, n'cheri antelope, chimpanzees and other kinds of monkeys, we came across no gorillas, and only once saw any "sign" of their presence.

Towards mid-day we halted by a small stream for dinner, and we rested a couple of hours, as the atmosphere became very oppressive, and we had covered at least twenty-miles of ground that morning.

During the intense heat of the day, all animals seek the most shady places in the forest, the birds remain silent, and even the leaves droop and look languid. Having taken a *siesta* of about two hours after dinner, I awoke like a giant refreshed, and got over another ten miles without inconvenience, which is not bad work in an African climate.

Late in the afternoon we came across a Shekiana bush-village, where we put up for the night. Here I learnt from one of the villagers that there was a large river, the "N'gobai," about half a day's journey to the southward, which was full of river-horse. By dint of a considerable bribe of tobacco, I

engaged one of these people to show me the way, for at times we found the travelling difficult, and even a bush-path is better than no road at all.

Heavy rain fell during the night, accompanied with thunder and lightning, but, somewhat fatigued with my day's work, I slept through it all. At daybreak it was again fine, and, the air being remarkably cool and pleasant, we got along very quickly.

The first two hours after dawn are the pleasantest part of the day. All nature appears fresh, and every animal seems to rejoice at this time; the soothing sound of the cooing of turtle-doves is heard in every direction; jet-black weaver-birds, with bright yellow crests, flycatchers, bee-eaters, and humming-birds, of beautifully bright iridescent colours, flit about from bush to bush; iguanos and all the lizard tribe come out to sun themselves; whilst flamingoes, pelicans, herons, and beautiful light-blue cranes, with ibis curlews and waders of different kinds, may be seen winging their flights in long lines towards their feeding-grounds.

Flocks of green pigeons are seen circling in

the air, gray parrots fly chattering about, and hornbills and toucans of different varieties flit awkwardly past, uttering shrill cries. Bees and insects of all kinds are heard buzzing; and numberless superb butterflies, black, or dark metallic blue, with scarlet eyes and long swallow-tail wings, flutter about in hundreds, settling on any place where there is any appearance of moisture.

Later in the day every sound of animal life becomes hushed, save, perhaps, the sharp creaking sound of a solitary cicada, the hoarse croaking of a bull-frog, or the shrill scream of different kinds of kites, and turkey-buzzards, who may be seen soaring high in the air during the intense heat of the day.

Towards evening life again revives, and every bush appears to ring with the different sounds of the insect world.

In some parts of the forest a kind of frankincense tree fills the air with a perfume that is almost oppressive, and I often fell in with magnificent forest trees that were perfectly new to me, for

which the natives appear to have no name. The prairies abound in numberless gaily coloured but scentless flowers; and I noticed that almost all that have any perfume grow in the shade. Here I found magnificent scarlet lilies, and others bearing a blood-red bell-shaped flower, some of the bulbs of which I brought to England, and gave to Mr. Bull, the eminent horticulturist of Chelsea.

In one patch of dense forest I came across a beautiful small lake covered with water lilies having large leaves resembling those of the Victoria Regina, and here I shot a couple of "lotus birds." They are about the size and colour of a water-hen, but have very long thin legs, and toes five inches long, so that they can walk over the floating leaves of aquatic plants whilst searching for the water insects on which they live.

After a march of several hours, we came to a low range of hills, that appeared to be connected with the Sierra del Crystal, and from the rising ground we had a capital view of the surrounding country, which still consisted of dense woods and rolling prairie.

To the southward we could see several silver threads glistening in the sun's rays, the different branches of the Nazareth and its tributaries, but the Shekiana guide said the "N'gobai," although close at hand, was hidden from our view by the adjacent forest.

Another hour's walk brought us to a plantain plantation, a sign that we were approaching the habitations of man, and shortly afterwards we entered a Shekiana village called N'jomba, which was situated at the head of a small bayou that joined the N'gobai river, a considerable stream with a strong but sluggish current.

At first the inhabitants were in the utmost consternation at seeing a white man coming from the bush; but my guide soon appeased their apprehensions, and they received me very kindly, placing two very tolerable huts at my service, and the king gave me a goat and some fowls, in return for the present I made him.

Being somewhat footsore and tired, with my two days' hard walking, I retired to my hammock soon after dinner, and did not turn out until after

daybreak the next morning, when, finding heavy rain falling, and feeling somewhat out of sorts, I had made up my mind to take a day's rest, when M'pogola came in with the intelligence that some canoe-men had just seen a large herd of river-horse a short distance up the river.

I immediately drew on my boots, and, protected from the weather by a light macintosh and a "sou'-wester," sallied forth with my guns, &c. Borrowing a canoe from the king, which was paddled by my own Kroomen, and accompanied by three other craft filled with villagers, we pulled up stream for about half an hour, when I heard a loud snorting, which apparently came from the bush, and passing the entrance of a small bayou, I saw a large herd of hippopotami gambolling about in the shallows.

I immediately pulled back, and telling the people in the other canoes to keep quiet and remain where they were, I crossed the river without being seen, and paddled as noiselessly as possible up stream, so as to get well to leeward of them, for a strong sea-breeze was blowing, and I

was afraid of their detecting our presence by the taint in the air.

When I had got some short distance above them, I attempted to land, but the Krooman who first got out of the boat sinking up to his thighs in fœtid black mud, I pulled a little further up stream, and was carried ashore on the back of Tom Dick, assisted by the rest of the people.

Although the ground was very false, and I sunk deep into it at every step, I did not get my feet wet, as I had on a pair of Stokes's boots,* and after some scrambling across a swamp, during which one of my people nearly "missed his mess," by stepping on the back of a sleeping crocodile—that he took for a log of wood, until it champed its ugly-looking

* Stokes—a *ci-devant* trooper, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and rather an eccentric character in his way (as many old soldiers are) —who has established himself in Coventry Street, Piccadilly, is the only man I know who can make a thoroughly waterproof, but comfortable shooting boot. The real article—which is as unlike as possible those ponderous pieces of machinery one sees in shop-windows ticketed "for the Moors"—should be of first-class material, to be serviceable, but light, so as not to fatigue the wearer, and they must also fit well, so as not to gall, cause blisters, and make the feet sore. A well-fitting boot is as necessary to a sportsman as a true shooting rifle.

jaws—I gained the banks of the creek, and emerging from the high grass, I suddenly came face to face with a large herd of river-horse.

Above a dozen of these clumsy, unwieldly looking creatures were in shallow water, within easy range, and several others seemed to be asleep, with their uncouth heads above the surface of the water. It was impossible to count them, for they kept going below, spouting water about three feet, and now and then rising to breathe.

Selecting a huge bull, that was looking in an inquiring manner towards the spot where I was standing, as if he had just discovered that there was danger brewing in the wind, I aimed at his eye, and dropped him stone dead. I then let drive at a cow, with a young one at heel, which I tumbled over with a shot just where the neck joins the head; but she soon recovered her feet, and, with a hoarse snort of rage, vigorously charged another of her species, and both rolled over and over, biting and butting at each other with the greatest fury. The rest of the herd stood gazing for a moment, as if curious to examine the intruder

in their domain, and then, as if suddenly awaking to a sense of their peril, they plunged, panic stricken, into the water, many of the cows having young ones perched upon their backs. As they were rushing about in the greatest confusion, I killed a cow with a couple of shot well administered behind the ear, and she fell on her side in shallow water. Her young one remained near her, and, reloading my breech-loading rifle, I killed it, after my people had made several vain attempts to catch it alive.

Whilst this was going on, I heard a loud cry of terror at the head of the creek, and shortly afterwards one of the villagers came running up with the news that the hippopotami had attacked the canoes, and had capsized one of them.

Luckily all the fellows got safely on shore, or there would have been "a palaver." It appears that when the villagers heard the reports of my gun, they attempted to enter the creek, but were met at the mouth of it by the whole school of hippopotami, who were making for the deep water; and the female I had wounded made a vigorous

attack on the canoes, and, notwithstanding she received several blows from the paddles on the head, she managed to capsize one, soon after which she began spinning round, and finally sunk in deep water.

The people were in great glee at the prospect of so much good food, for the flesh of the hippopotamus is not at all bad eating, and much superior to that of the elephant. I kept the young calf for my own people and myself, and I have often eaten pork that was not nearly so delicate in flavour. When I returned to the village, I found that, in consequence of my shooting, I had risen very much in the estimation of the people; and they all, men, women and children, came to gaze at me, and several brought presents of fowls, plaintains or sweet potatoes.

After dinner, when all the people were assembled in a large shed, "the palaver house," at the end of the long street forming the village, I told them of my desire to shoot some gorillas, promising a large dash to any one who would bring me authentic news of their whereabouts.

M'pogola, who served as interpreter, told me that several of the villagers knew of their usual haunts, and that "plenty n'gina lib for bush." The king sent out some of his people to look for fresh trail, and, later in the evening, two men came in with the intelligence that they had seen four at no great distance from the village.

It was too late to do anything that evening, but I made every preparation to start after them early the next morning, and the whole village was in a state of excitement, as most of the men intended to accompany me. When the matter had been talked over several times, we had a dance, and I returned to my hut, where I found the living evidence of African hospitality awaiting my arrival. In this country the temporary loan of a wife, sister or daughter is considered in somewhat the same light as lending your guest an umbrella or an overcoat in civilised life.

The negro of Equatorial Africa seems fully to believe in the sentiments thus expressed by Shakspere:—

"He that comforts my wife is the cherisher
Of my flesh and blood. Ergo, he
That kisses my wife is my friend."

At daybreak the next day we were ready to start, and, accompanied by about forty villagers, some of whom were armed with guns, we set out in a north-easterly direction, leading towards the Sierra del Crystal, and, after passing through a long range of prairies, in one of which I killed a wild cow and two pigs, commenced the ascent of a low range of hills, the continuation of those we had crossed two days before. In some dense forest on the other side gorillas had been seen, eating berries and jungle fruit, so we advanced with the utmost caution, lest they should detect our presence.

When we got somewhat near, I halted the whole party, and told M'pogola to tell the two men who saw them the night before to guide me to the place where they were. Without the slightest hesitation they led the way, and in a few minutes I saw quite sufficient to satisfy me that we were on the right track, for on every side were jungle fruits

half eaten, broken branches and numerous fresh trails.

Selecting the footprint that appeared the largest, I was following it up, when I heard a low, hoarse barking, which M'pogola declared was the usual noise made by the N'gina when feeding, and creeping gently through the bushes for a short distance, I heard the breaking of branches a short distance in front, which was followed by a succession of low grunts, now and then interrupted by a snappish yelp, like the snarling of a cur.

Making signs to the people to lie down, I crept forward, and soon, to my intense delight, saw three gorillas feeding upon a wild jungle fruit looking like a haw-berry. One was standing on his hind legs, with his head stretched in my direction, as if listening for some sound that had attracted his attention, and as he was not more than eighty yards distant I raised my rifle and fired, but just as I pulled trigger he turned round, and had he not uttered a moaning kind of yell denoting pain, I should have been afraid that I had missed him.

In the twinkling of an eye they were off; and, although I fired a snap-shot at one of them as I saw its head rise above the brushwood, and heard the "thud" of the bullet as it struck him somewhere in the back, they got over the ground much faster than I could follow.

On going up to the places where they were standing when I fired, I found two distinct tracks stained with drops of blood; and the wound of the one which I first hit must have been very severe, as, besides large gouts of blood here and there, the ground was marked with bloody saliva.

My people then came up, and one of the villagers informed me that there was a large prairie on the other side of this belt of forest, so I determined to try and beat them out. Going back to the place where I left the rest of the people, I ordered them to commence beating the wood as soon as they were rejoined by Tom Dick, whom I took with me. Then, skirting the edge of the cover, I took post behind a bush on a rising ground in the prairie beyond, from whence any animal that broke into the open could be seen. I then sent the Krooman

back, and told him to tell the people to make all the noise they could, and fire their guns, so as to start any animal that might be in the cover; and in less than half an hour there was a row as if Pandemonium had broken loose.

First two n'cheri antelopes came bounding into the plain, then two sounders of hog trotted past me with their snouts in the air, and afterwards three gorillas went shuffling over the prairie, on all fours. They were out of range, and I was just about to try and cut them off by running, when a fourth came out of the bush, and I could see he was the one I had wounded by his limping gait, besides every few paces he would fall down. As soon as he was well clear of the cover, I ran towards him, and got within twenty yards, when he again fell, and I could see that, besides being wounded in the belly, his thigh was broken, and he had great difficulty in dragging himself along. He rose up on my approach, but instead of "beating his breast, and showing fight," he moaned most piteously, and tried to drag himself back into the bush he had just left, when, I shot

him through the heart, and giving two or three gasps, he rolled over dead.

Whilst I was thus engaged, I heard three shots in the bush, and shortly afterwards the villagers came out with the dead carcass of a young female, the head of which they had almost blown to pieces.

The one I killed proved to be an old male, although not a large one, for he could not have stood more than 5 feet 6 inches, measuring from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head, as he lay dead. He was 52 inches round the chest, and 7 feet 10 inches from finger to finger across the chest. His fore-arm was 22 inches in circumference, whilst his calf scarcely measured 10 inches. Two of his fingers had been cut off, and he had three large seams on his back in two places, that looked as if he had been fighting with a leopard.

As he lay dead he very much resembled an old negro, and Tom Dick said he looked like "the man that 'tand for um in we country," meaning the old fellow from whom I engaged my Kroomen, previously described.

His skin being very much injured, and scarcely worth taking, I merely cut off the head, intending to keep the skull, and the natives cut up the flesh and divided it amongst themselves.

After this we beat several patches of bush with varied success, and I killed five hogs, and a beautiful crested guinea-fowl with bright blue plumage covered with white spots. We then returned to the village, and I gave the people who had been with me cloth and tobacco, which put the whole of them in good humour.

During the night heavy rain fell, and I felt very queer, all my limbs aching, which I knew was a certain sign of an approaching attack of fever. The next morning feeling no better, I determined to start on my return back to the Gaboon, and sending out my people to cut down a stout pole, I rigged my hammock like a palanquin, making it impervious to wet with the waterproof sheets which I had stretched over it.

I engaged half-a-dozen villagers to assist in carrying me, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we marched all day, arriving at the bush village late

in the evening. During the day I had a very sharp attack of fever, notwithstanding I took quinine until I could hardly stand for giddiness, but in the evening I was better, and the next morning was again *en route*. After a very long day's march, a good part of which I walked, we arrived at Umpon Chambie's Town, where the boat and the two Kroomen I had left were found all safe, they having been well taken care of by the king.

I divided all the goods I had left amongst the people, and I am sorry to say that the quarrelling that ensued occasioned the loss of two lives.

To the Bekelai I gave two trade guns, and a quantity of cloth, as he had proved a very good and useful man, and, fearful of being robbed during the night, he was taking them in the bush to hide them, when he was followed and beaten on the head by some cowardly scoundrels, who attacked him from behind, leaving him insensible, and carrying off his goods. Early the next morning he dragged himself into the village, and my people brought him to me; but I saw at once that his case was almost a hopeless one, for not only was

he dreadfully beaten about the head, and one eye-ball destroyed, but he had received a severe stab in the belly, and his intestines were injured.

I immediately sent for the king, but he refused to come, saying he was going out to his plantations; so, arming the best of my gang, and accompanied by the men who had come with me from N'jomba, I hunted him up, and found him surrounded by his people, some of whom were armed with guns.

He was evidently in great fear when he saw us coming, anticipating danger, but he saw my rifle, and felt that there was no escape. M'pogola serving as interpreter, I asked him who had injured my man; and a forbidding-looking brute, who was considered a great fetish-man, was immediately pointed out to me, the king and his people declaring that he and two strangers had committed the crime without their knowledge.

I immediately told my people to secure him, and tie his hands, as I intended to take him before the French authorities for punishment; but when they laid hold of him, being a powerfully-made

fellow, he knocked down two or three of them, and had drawn his knife upon Tom Dick, whom he was upon the point of stabbing, when I stepped up and struck him a heavy blow with my fist just below the breast-bone, which felled him. There he lay for a moment, until my people lifted him up and began to tie his arms, when, heaving two or three gasps, he stretched out his limbs convulsively, blood and froth came from his mouth, and in less than two minutes he was dead. The people stood aghast, for they thought I had killed him by magic; but I felt sorry that he had died by my hand, although he amply deserved his fate, for he had killed a great many people besides my Bekelai, and was the terror of the place. As he was supposed to be possessed of a powerful fetish, all the surrounding villagers were afraid of meddling with him; and I heard that, only a week before I killed him, he had accused three men of witchcraft, and made them go through the red water ordeal, when one of the number was murdered, and he claimed his wives and property.

The poor Bekelai soon became insensible, and

when I left was too ill to be moved, so giving the king a good present to take care of him, I entered my boat, and late in the evening of the 5th March, Ash Wednesday, arrived at Walker's Factory at Glass, where I received a hearty welcome.

I sent over two of my Kroomen the next day to look after the Bekelai, but they found he had died a few hours after we left him. The people all rejoiced in the death of his murderer, the fetish-man, but I was sorry that he died by my hand, for, as Schiller says:

"Force is at best
A fearful thing e'en in a righteous cause:
God only helps when man can help no more."

# CHAPTER XIX.

## THE KROO COAST AND PRINCE'S ISLAND.

"Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallowed sod
Throughout the living world;
The sole memorial of their lot
Remains—*They were and they are not.*"

MONTGOMERY.

The return to Glass.—Fever.—The Kroo Coast.—A cruise in H.M.S. "Wrangler."—Prince's Island.—"The azure grotto."—Sea birds.—"Submarine life."—"Black Jesuits."—Santa Antonio.—Santa Isabel.—The Hadji's retreat.—Captain Richard F. Burton.—The Consulate.—Yellow Jack.—Bonny.—Great mortality.—Return to England.

I WAS very glad to find myself once more in Walker's comfortable quarters, for, besides being footsore and thoroughly knocked-up with hard work, I was in a very debilitated state from constant attacks of fever, which became remittent, and for seven days never left me. Each weary hour brought

no alleviation, and from time to time I found myself sinking into a kind of partial insensibility and delirium, in spite of my continued efforts to hold up and fight against the disease.

Reade—who had also been for some days in the bush, and returned haggard and worn from repeated attacks of fever—came to see me, and said that he had decided to pay a visit to the Island of Corisco and Cape St. John; and as Walker was returning to England in the "Montezuma," one of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's vessels, which he had loaded in the Gaboon with African produce, I determined to accompany Knight in a trip to Cape Palmas, where he was going in the "Guildford," to obtain fresh Kroomen and take back the old ones, whose two years' service had expired. I thought that a voyage and sea-air would enable me to shake off the fever, and accordingly made preparations for embarking.

The next day we visited the Admiral of the French Fleet, Baron Didélot, and one of the officers on board the flag-ship photographed a young gorilla that Walker had obtained alive. During

his residence in the Gaboon, Walker had frequently bought specimens of this animal alive from native hunters, but only one—a half-grown female, whom he called Seraphina—lived for any length of time.

Bidding adieu to Walker and Reade, on Sunday the 9th February, at 8 a.m., Knight and I embarked on board the "Guildford," when the anchor was weighed, and with a light but fair breeze we cleared the Gaboon and got out to sea.

For some days we had a succession of light airs and calms, hardly making any progress through the water, and during this weary time I was scarcely ever free from fever. On the 12th March, we were boarded by a boat from H.M.S. "Electro," Commander Raby, V.C., and I took the opportunity of sending letters to England and Lagos, as, in these latitudes, calms often last for weeks, and the time of our arrival was very uncertain. On the 15th, "Anna Bon" was on our lee bow, and for three days the island continued in sight, and there was not a ripple on the water, which reflected the rays of the sun like a burnished mirror. We hooked a large shark, besides catching several

kinds of fish, and I killed two dolphin, that were too cunning to take a hook, by shooting them through the head.

Up to the 20th March, although we had been eleven days at sea, we were still within a couple of hundred miles from the Gaboon, when suddenly a light breeze sprang up, which increased almost to a hurricane, and for fourteen hours we spun along at a furious rate, the Captain saying that he had never seen his craft walk through the water in such style; but the wind was too good to last, and for another six days we had only light winds, varied by calms.

Luckily I had managed to kill the fever by immense doses of quinine, and Knight and I amused ourselves very tolerably until we anchored off Cape Palmas, at 8 a.m., on the 27th March.

Having sent the old Kroomen ashore, and taken on board fresh ones in their place, on the 28th we weighed anchor, and the coasting trade commenced.

The "Guildford" called at every native town of any consequence, all along the Kroo coast, from

Cape Palmas to Cape Three Points; and during the next sixteen days, I landed at Cavalli, Tafou, Tabou, Grand Basha, Half Bereby, Rocktown, Grand Bereby, Little Drewin, George Town, the Sassandra River, Trepou, Mortality Point, the Fresco River, Piccaninny Lahou, Grand Lahou, Grand Bassam, the Assini River, and Appolonia, often sleeping ashore and pulling in the "Stella" from place to place.

On the 14th April the "Guildford" anchored abreast of Cape Coast Castle, and here falling in with H.M. gunboat the "Wrangler," I accepted Commander Beamish's very kind invitation to take a cruise in his craft to Fernando Po and Prince's Island.

Having transferred my gear to the gunboat, I bade adieu to Knight, whom I scarcely knew how to thank for his constant and unwearied kindness, and the "Guildford" continued her voyage back to the Gaboon.

We remained at Cape Coast Castle four days, during which time I received every hospitality from Ross, the acting Governor, and again met

O'Callaghan, McIntyre, Bob Hutchinson, Hoare, Edwards and Captain Wood, of the Marines, who was acting as "Receiver-General."

A day or two after I arrived, the cargo of a condemned slaver was sold off by auction, and I bought a couple of casks of trade rum, each containing about one hundred and twenty gallons, for nine pounds, and sent them as a present to Governor Freeman, to cheer up the hearts of his native guests, and make them "laughful," an African word equivalent to "half-seas over."

On "Good Friday," the 18th April, the R.A.M.S. "Armenian," came in at 11 a.m., and I dined on board with Captain Wyld, who had had a run in "the little village" since I saw him. In the afternoon the mail-bags for the South Coast were put on board the "Wrangler," and bidding our friends at Cape Coast adieu, we embarked, weighing anchor just before sunset.

On the 22nd April, at daybreak, we sighted Prince's Island, and on entering West Bay found H.M.S. "Arrogant," commanded by Commodore Edmonstone. Soon after we anchored, I went with

Beamish on board the senior officer's ship, and had to stand no little amount of chaff about my queer taste in visiting the West Coast of Africa for pleasure. It was hinted that "such a yarn might do for the marines, but sailors could not swallow it," and I believe one very yellow and wizened-up specimen of humanity—an old Coast bird — half-believed that I was come out to establish a wholesale trade in black ivory.

The scenery of Prince's Island is magnificent in the extreme, as it consists of high mountains, bluff scarped rocks, many hundred feet in height, bold pinnacles, and densely wooded hills. The whole island is evidently of volcanic origin, and a mountain, apparently nearly 4000 feet in height, was pointed out to me, on the summit of which there is said to be a large lake, that most likely is the crater of an extinct volcano. The tropical vegetation is very luxuriant, and coffee and sugar cane would grow all over the island, of which only a small portion appears to be cultivated.

We visited the slave barracoon and house, formerly belonging to Madame Farrara, whose

hospitality in former days had a world-wide reputation. The house is now falling to decay, the fountains are choked up, and the garden has become a jungle of exotic plants. Here I found a fuchsia more than twenty feet in height, the bloom of which was larger than any species I had hitherto seen, and it had evidently been grafted, as branches covered with flowers of various colours were growing out of the same stems.

Just below the house was a bright purling rivulet, where we found a capital place for bathing.

During the day, both vessels made some capital practice with heavy guns and small arms, and although I held my own with the rifle against the field, I found myself most ignominiously beaten by Beamish, when it came to long-range artillery practice. He made some splendid shots at 2000 yards range, and we had great fun, battering away at a mark upon the face of a scarped rock close to the water's edge. In the evening I went ashore to shoot a half-wild bullock, which, after some little stalking, I killed with a bullet behind the shoulder.

The next day I made an excursion into the bush, but only saw a tiger-cat and a few monkeys.

On the 26th April, I borrowed Commander Beamish's gig, manned by Kroomen, and pulled round to the town of St. Antonio, a distance of about eighteen miles, and on my way I landed on a detached group of high rocks, jutting almost perpendicularly out of the sea, about a mile from the shore.

After some little difficulty I clambered on the top, which I found to be a table-land covered with sea-birds' nests, the occupants of which were so tame that I caught several and took them on board with me. They chiefly consisted of young penguins, boobies, sea-gulls, terns, and a kind of blue heron. I also discovered the entrance of a cavern in the scarped side of one of the faces of the cliff, and, getting down to the boat, I pulled into it. It very much resembled the "Grotta Azzurra," on the Island of Capri, as the refraction of light through the water causes the sides and roof to assume the most brilliant ultra-marine colour.

The water was deep, but so clear that I could

see the bottom of the sea as plainly as Clarence beheld it in his dream. Numberless fish were distinctly visible, amongst which were dolphin, baracouta, gar-fish, silver eels, cat-fish of strange dimensions, mullet, and a large carp-like looking fish of a golden red colour. Whilst I was amusing myself with watching the manœuvres of these inhabitants of the deep, I saw a huge shark come gliding stealthily along very deep in the water, just below the stern of the boat. In the circumscribed limits of the cavern he might have proved an awkward customer, so, pulling clear of him, I took one of the young boobies and flung him with a splash into the water a short distance astern of the boat. In a moment the monster rose, and, as he was turning over to swallow his prey, I gave him the contents of two barrels in the head, which ended his career, for, turning belly upwards, he sunk down to the bottom, crimsoning the clear water with his life-blood. Having explored this curious place, we continued our voyage to San Antonio, where I called upon the Governor, a dried-up old stick, who never even offered me "the bite

or sup," so it was lucky that I had prog in the boat both for self and Kroomen.

There was absolutely nothing worth seeing in the town, which is situated at the head of the St. Antonio Bay. The entrance is defended by two ill-constructed works, called Fort Ponta Damona and Fort Santa Anna.

The whole island is everywhere intersected by deep ravines and valleys, on the slopes of which are numerous coffee and cassada plantations; but the real Portuguese are very few in number, and the mulattos, or "half-breeds," are a narrow-minded, illiberal and treacherous lot, addicted to the lowest vices. I was much amused at several queer specimens of black priests, several of whom I saw parading about the streets, dressed in seedy-looking cowls, and shaven crowns. The Jesuits have catholicised the negroes, who are chiefly slaves, but I think the extent of their religion consists in the practice of a few external rites.

About 4 p.m. the "Wrangler" came in and picked me up, when the boat was hauled on board, and we started for Fernando Po, anchoring in

Clarence Bay about 5 p.m. on the next evening. We remained a week at "Santa Isabel," as the Spaniards now call the town, and I put up at the Consulate, where Captain Burton made me so comfortable, that I quite regretted when the time came for the "Wrangler" to take another cruise. Burton's iron constitution does not appear to have suffered much from the climate of Africa; he still looks "as hard as nails," and I did not see any change in his appearance since we parted at Misserie's Hotel, at Constantinople, some seven years before, although during that time he had gone through enough hard work to have knocked up half-a-dozen ordinary men, and his name had become famous in Europe "as the most enterprising and accomplished explorer of the present age." Such men have no time to be ill, and their active life does much to ward off disease. I visited the grave of Lander, the African explorer, but was too much debilitated by constant attacks of fever to attempt the ascent of the Peak, which is about 10,700 feet in height, and I spent the greater part of my time in attempting to doctor myself.

A couple of days before we left Clarence, some cases of yellow fever proved fatal, and shortly afterwards the island was decimated with the scourge.

On the 3rd May, at 2 p.m., anchor was weighed, and the next morning we were in the Bonny river, where "Yellow Jack" was killing the people faster than the survivors could bury the corpses.

All communication was prohibited, both with the shore and the shipping; but a well-known sporting character in the north of England, who had made three fortunes on the Coast and gone through them on the turf, pulled up under our stern to ask if we had a late "Bell's Life" on board, and whether we knew the odds offered against "Old Calabar" for the Derby.

Old Rube Hemmingway and I had met on "the Roodee" in years bygone, and, in spite of Yellow Jack, I determined to have a shake of his honest fist, so we made him come on board. His tale was a sad one, indeed: for the mortality was something fearful, and all trade was at a standstill. Almost every case proved fatal, and, in rather more than a

fortnight, one hundred and sixty-two white men died out of two hundred and seventy-eight.

The old sportsman's pluck enabled him to pull through, and I am glad to say that he has returned to Cheshire, and now looks as hale and hearty as as ever.

We left this plague-stricken land in the afternoon, and, stopping for a few hours off Benin on the morning of the 6th of May, anchored off the Lagos bar at 4 p.m. the same afternoon.

Here I landed in H.M.S. "Handy," and remained at Government House with Freeman until the 10th, when I returned to England in the "Armenian."

After a pleasant voyage, in which Captain Wylde and his officers did their utmost to make us all comfortable, I landed in Liverpool on the 10th June, rather shaky, but not much the worse for my trip.

When I left the West Coast, a couple of years afterwards, there was scarcely a single official left of the many who showed me such kindness during my trip. Death had been busy amongst them—

Blanc, Freeman, Bob Hutchinson, Daddy Jim, and a score of good fellows, had all gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, and their places were occupied by strangers.

" But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee
Who shoots with the shaft of the grave ?
Far better to meet him right manfully,
The brave by the side of the brave !
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to the foe let each hero stand,
And await
His fate
From a hero's hand."

# CHAPTER XX.

## PENCILLINGS IN AUSTRIA.

"Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport;
But war's a game that, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

The "*seven days*'" campaign.—The Zund-Nadel-Gewehr.—Austrian officers.—Our social system.—The seventh day in England and Sunday in Vienna.—The Prater.—The Haupt-Allee.—The imperial family.—Distinguished personages.—The belles of Vienna and their different styles of beauty.—The Stadt Park.—The Volksgarten.—The Augarten.—The environs of Vienna.—Schönbrunn.—Hietzing.—*Les agrémens de la vie.*—Austrian wines.—"*Les divertissements de soir.*"—Baden, and the virtue of the waters.—Laxenbourg.—Austria essentially a sporting nation.—Racing prospect.

THE dogs of war were unleashed, and fair fields had been desolated and covered with shattered corpses, when I arrived at Vienna. War had commenced in earnest, battle after battle had been fought, and one event followed another in such

rapid succession, that I could only get up to the front in time to see the closing scene—the grand *finale*—when the hopes of Austria were wrecked, and all was lost save honour. Benedek, although a brave soldier, proved to be no strategist, and the campaign resembled an encounter at chess, when a tyro has to encounter the skill of a veteran player. Courage and patriotism are of little avail when ill-directed, or inadequately provided with the needful appliances of modern warfare. Sadowa proved this, and nations ought to read a lesson in the sad experience of Austria. England, which holds vast and distant empires only by the tenure of the sword, ought more especially to take warning, and ever be prepared against all emergencies:

"Si vis pacem para bellum."

A soldier myself, perhaps I ought to enter into some particulars of "The Seven Days' Campaign," but I shall confine myself to the one question which everyone asked me upon my return from the seat of war. "Was it the needle-gun which enabled the Prussians to gain every victory?"

My opinion is that it was not, although it gave the invaders great advantages over the defenders at close quarters. The game was lost because the Austrian troops were badly handled from the beginning to the end; and I will enumerate half-a-dozen blunders in strategy, any one of which was sufficient to have lost an empire.

The Austrians ought never to have allowed the Prussians to occupy Dresden, and troops ought to have been concentrated in Saxony. Austrian inaction in the beginning of the war gave the Prussians their first great advantage.

The frontier passes of Bohemia ought to have been guarded, as a comparatively small force could have held them against the invaders, whilst the main army might have made a *grand coup*.

Benedek, instead of despatching an inferior force to engage the right wing of the Prussians, should have fallen upon it with his whole army, and exterminated it before any communications could have been established with the left corps. Gablenz was sacrificed at Trautenau, Ramming at Nachod, Leopold at Skalitz, Festetics at Prausnitz

and Trebescow, and Clam Gallas and the Saxons at Münchengrätz and Gitchin. Benedek ought to have beaten both wings of the Prussian army in detail; and he could have done it, had he only possessed common sense.

If he had determined to accept a general engagement, having the choice of ground, his line of battle ought to have been formed *behind* the river Elbe instead of in front of it—a fatal error.

As his army had occupied the field he had chosen for a decisive action for some days, his men ought to have entrenched themselves. The late American war has shown that spades and pickaxes are as much arms of defence as cannon and rifles are of attack; and earthworks, if they had not entirely changed the fate of the day, at any rate would have impeded the progress of the enemy, and saved the army from an ignominious annihilation.

Again, with twenty thousand of the finest cavalry in Europe, Benedek ought to have been made aware of every movement of the Prussians; whereas

he did not even take the common precaution of guarding his army against surprise by having chains of pickets and vedettes thrown out on all sides. The Prussians, availing themselves of this culpable negligence, managed to establish themselves unseen behind the rear of his position (at Chlum), and by this bold but hazardous stroke forced as gallant an army as ever took the field into disastrous *déroute*. Even then, if he had only allowed Edelsheim and his splendid cavalry to make one dashing charge upon the exposed Prussian flank, the day might have been retrieved—but it was not to be.

The game will one day be played over again, and I trust with different results; for I am convinced that the loss of the campaign may be attributed much more to the errors of the Austrian general, and the want of proper organisation in the Southern army, than to any superior prowess of the Prussian soldiers, or even the great advantage they possessed in being armed with the "Zund-Nadel-Gewehr."

There can be only one opinion with regard to

the Austrian officers. They are an honour to any army. A more gentlemanly and finer set of men are not to be met with. Their gallant and unboastful bearing, their extreme courtesy, polished manners, and unassuming mien, make them deservedly loved and appreciated by all classes of society. With all this, they are good soldiers, have great *esprit de corps*, and, if ably led, are capable of great things. Ever ready to do their duty, I found them cheerful under the most adverse circumstances. They were not hopelessly discouraged or cast down by the heavy disaster of Königgrätz, and never for a moment, even in the most trying times (during the retreat), did I experience anything but kindness combined with the most generous hospitality. A Frenchman's politeness, generally speaking, proceeds simply from *l'habitude du pays;* that of the Austrian is the reflection of his innate good nature. I quite agree with the sentiments of one of the special correspondents of the "Times," when he says: "No man can say there is not good stuff in the Austrians, of which God in His own good time

will make use of in some fashion perhaps unconceived by Metternich or Thiers."

The campaign ended, and the preliminaries of peace being arranged, I determined to devote three months to recreation and seeing the country; and I must say that I never found time pass more agreeably. I shall endeavour to portray my impressions of Vienna life, as I think there are certain points in Austrian legislation that might be advantageously adopted even in England; for in some things we are certainly behind the rest of the world and the age we live in.

Whilst all our politicians are agog upon the subject of Reform, either in the franchise, the law, or the constitution, it seems strange to me that no member of the House of Commons should have endeavoured to effect a change much required in our "social system," which in the present age is hampered and oppressed by the gloomy influence of fanatical observances. England is the only country in Christendom where, in order to be considered respectable, it is necessary to be sad upon a Sunday, and where everything like recrea-

tion is looked upon as vulgar. Having been a wanderer over the face of the globe for many years, the unnatural constraints imposed upon society by *subservience to priestcraft* to me are intolerable; and I cannot understand how it is that the most enterprising people in the world, blessed with freedom of thought and liberty of action above other nations, should allow themselves to be oppressed and rendered miserable one day in seven, or a seventh part of their existence, by the chilling atmosphere of puritanism. Are we infallible, and all the rest of the world in the wrong? I do not believe it; and at the risk of being consigned to perdition by the Evangelical order, I go to Nature for my creed, and there read the lessons inculcated in plain and unmistakable language. I believe with the immortal poet that there are

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Looking round upon Creation, I cannot find that anything remains in a state of inaction upon

the seventh day, nor can I see any perceptible difference in the whole face of Nature. Do not the buds unfold and display the gorgeous colours of the flowers? do not the birds sing and chirp as joyously on the Sabbath as upon any other day? and is it not only rational to believe that the great Supreme Power who endued them with instinct will not be displeased to see mortals, whom he has endowed with reason, happy in the enjoyment of those means of recreation which His providence has given them?

What a contrast Sunday on the Continent presents to the seventh day in this country, which our ancestors used to call "Free and merrie England!" Forsooth, times are changed; for in the present age we are the slaves of narrow-minded prejudices, and it has become the fashion to work six days in the week and to mope the seventh, when an atmosphere of sadness seems to pervade the land; and from the gloomy appearance presented on every side, it might be imagined that a plague was hovering over it. The only gathering-places are gloomy churches and garish gin-palaces: in

the one we get damnation wholesale, and in the other "blue ruin" retail. The criminal statistics show us that more crime is committed in this country upon a Sunday than on any other day of the week; and I can well understand the reason of this, for "idleness is the mother of mischief." I am convinced that there would be less work for the magistrate at Bow Street on Monday morning, were the authorities to allow the Crystal Palace, the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, the British Museum, National Gallery, and all other such places, to be open upon a Sunday; and I think it very unreasonable that the populace, who work hard during six days, should on the seventh be debarred from resorting to those public places of instruction and amusement *that belong to them* and are within their reach. Kew Gardens and Hampton Court for some time past have been open to the people upon Sunday; and the propriety of demeanour that characterises the immense crowds that visit these places ought to be a sufficient guarantee to "the powers that be" that a sense of shame, in-

nate to all, will prevent any public exhibition of immorality.

I shall now endeavour to depict a Sunday in Vienna, a capital some writers have described as being the most dissolute in Europe; which character, with all due deference to superior discrimination, my own experience leads me to believe is undeserved. In the morning, as early as six o'clock, the streets are filled with streams of orderly people of all ages and sexes in holiday clothes, *en route* to the different sanctuaries of religion; and in no city do the people seem to attend more regularly to their devotional duties. The magnates of the land and the aristocracy go to mass somewhat later; but up to twelve o'clock the churches are crowded by the different classes, in whose external demeanour propriety is universally preserved.

Vienna differs materially from Paris in one respect, for here on the Sunday the shops are all closed, the industrious classes cease to labour, and the gain of the morrow is not thought of. At noon all devotional observances come to

an end, and the rest of the day is consecrated to recreation.

Most of the capitals of Europe have some place where the people congregate on Sundays and fête days. London has its parks and Kensington Gardens; Paris its Longchamps and Bois de Boulogne; Berlin its promenade, "Unter der Linden," and its "Tier-garten;" Naples, its "Chiaja;" Milan, its "Corso;" Genoa, its "Aqua-sola;" Madrid, its "Prado;" St. Petersburg, its "Summer-gardens" on the Neva, and "the Catherinenhoff;"—and even Constantinople, its "Bella Vista," under the cypress-trees of the Champs des Morts, overlooking the Bosphorus; and in each and all of these much-vaunted lounges have I "meandered" and spent many pleasant hours; but not one is to be compared with the Prater of Vienna for the combination and concentration of everything that can attract and please all classes of the population—rich and poor, the aristocracy and the artisan, old and young: there the people come determined to be happy.

The Prater, which was a deer-park given to the

inhabitants of Vienna by the Emperor Joseph II., extends from "the Prasterstern" to the Danube, a distance of four miles, and is beautifully diversified with chestnut-groves, oak-woods, and green sward. In some places it is intersected by magnificent avenues and well-kept drives, of which the principal, "the Haupt-allee," is the "Rotten Row" of Vienna; but there are also numberless rides, and secluded walks, where lovers may wander unnoticed and unobserved by all save the deer, who can tell no tales. These animals are very tame, and it is a very pretty sight to see them come to be fed in the evening near the Lust-house at the sound of the Jäger's horn. In some parts the more open ground is covered with tents and booths, and presents the appearance of a great fair. Here is a circus, several theatres, shows of all kinds, concerts, dioramas, marionettes, sweatmeat-stalls, jugglers' tents, pistol-ranges, swings and hobby-horses for children, interspersed with *bier-halles* and restaurants, where the "creature-comforts," and really good refreshments, to suit all classes, are served in the open air. From a large *salle-de-balle* joyous

sounds issue, showing that its occupants are merry notwithstanding their many supposed grievances; and, surrounded by a crowd of spectators, are a party of Hungarian peasants engaged in their national dance upon the green sward, whilst, a little farther on, are a group of "Volks-sangers," singing the peculiarly wild melodies of their country, and accompanying themselves upon gitterns and other strange-looking stringed instruments. I listened with pleasure to their performance, which much resembled the native music of Cashmere, and brought to mind that fair land where I have spent so many happy days—

"When youth and vigour—happy times!
Were foremost on the lake;
Joy sat behind to steer the bark,
Old Time was in our wake."

Here every disposition may find amusement and recreation. Are you gay? In yonder gaudily-decorated orchestra a military band is playing such spirit-animating music, that you feel inclined, even in spite of rheumatics and corns, to indulge in a *pas seul*. Are you out of sorts? Listen to

those heart-soothing strains floating on the breeze. That melody would have tamed even old King Saul when in his tantrums, which the most learned of Bishops (he who resides in Bond Street) assures me were occasioned by gout.

All have equal rights on the Prater; groups of fashionably-dressed members of the *beau monde* are interspersed with knots of sturdy artisans who live by the sweat of their brow, yet all are animated by the same feelings and seem equally to enjoy themselves. Thousands of families, men, women, and children, come here to dine and pass the evening; yet there is no drunkenness, no quarrelling, no disorder. The multitude are quiet and well-behaved, and children see nothing there likely to corrupt their morals.

Along a broad avenue of limes and chestnuts, roll strings of equipages that would be remarkable for elegance even in "the drive" at Hyde Park, containing the magnates of the world of fashion, intermingled with ordinary hired *fiacres* of the town, filled with pleasure-seekers of the middle classes. Here and there groups of young bloods and fair

amazons career along the sward, upon thoroughbreds of a beauty and caste rarely seen out of "the Row." My companion pointed out to me so many celebrities and dignities of "blue blood," that I began to imagine half the *Gothaischer genealogischer* in the Hof Kalender were present.

A lifting of hats, accompanied by a demonstrative greeting, announces the presence of some distinguished personage; and in an open barouche, accompanied by a lady of the household, and followed by two equerries on horseback, is the *Kaiserine* of Austria, in my opinion the most beautiful woman amongst the royalty of Europe, except, perhaps, her sister, the ex-Queen of Naples, a heroine in every sense of the word, who would never have lost her throne had its defenders possessed but one-half her courage. Two officers in the simple, but elegant, undress of the Austrian army, followed by a single orderly, ride slowly along, evidently so engrossed in intense thought, that they seemed unconscious of the homage that is shown to them on all sides. It is the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Archduke Albrecht, the

commander of the *corps d'armée*, which hurled back the legions of "*il Rè Galantuomo*" at Custozza.

Other dignitaries of the state follow. The Prime Minister, Mensdorf, with his beautiful countess, Esterhazys, Batthyanys, Carolis, and numberless scions of an ancient nobility. In a royal carriage, on the box of which sits a yäger, *en grand tenue*, I discern a venerable-looking old gentleman, whom I recognise as the King of Saxony, having passed him on the staircase of my hotel (the *Munsch*), where he was ascending to the highest floor to visit and console two of his officers who were supposed to be mortally wounded. A violent waving of hats and handkerchiefs, with a cry more demonstrative of welcome than I had yet heard in Austria, now attracted my attention to an open carriage, where a naval officer sat with two ladies. Well might they greet him, for he deserved their homage. He was Tegethoff, the conqueror of Lissa, a gallant sailor of the Nelson school, who counted not his enemies, but did his duty like a hero. As he passed, both my companion and myself gave him a

hearty English cheer, which evidently elicited his attention, for he bowed most graciously to us. "There's balm in Gilead yet," said I, and my thoughts veered back to the past, when I recalled to mind the enthusiastic *vivas* his antagonist, Admiral Persano, received upon his arrival at Naples with the fleet, some days after it had been occupied by the Garibaldini. If these Neapolitans did not prove to have much stomach for fighting, at any rate they beat creation at shouting, and can keep it up for any length of time, too. Like most things in Italy that cost nothing, you can get plenty of it.

As the stream passed, I was much struck with the extreme beauty of the fairer sex, whose personal attractions are not to be equalled in any capital of Europe, save, perhaps, our own. Their toilette was unexceptionable, evincing great taste, and proving that "*the mode-handerlin*" of Vienna are in no way excelled by the most fashionable *modistes* of Paris. Their types of beauty were so varied, and such diversity of character was depicted in their countenances, that for some time I

amused myself by guessing at their nationality. The ladies of Vienna, strictly speaking, for the most part, have fair hair and blue eyes, after the Saxon type, with clear transparent complexion and fresh colour. They are rather inclined to *embonpoint*, still they have an elegant *tournure*, and are generally blessed with warm feelings and good hearts. Hungarian ladies are easily recognised from the above, as they are taller and perhaps more symmetrical in figure, having extremely small waists and delicate feet and hands. They are often conspicuous for dark-blue violet eyes and magnificent brown hair. I thought them much more piquant and sprightly than the generality of German ladies, highly educated, exceedingly accomplished, and gifted to the highest degree in the art of pleasing. If there is any attribute more to be desired in a woman not mentioned in the above, give them credit for any amount of it, for although I have travelled far and wide, I never came across more charming women in any part of the globe. Bohemian and Sclavonic beauties are again of another order, and in their own peculiar style can

scarcely be surpassed. For the most part they are splendid brunettes, with the most fascinating, gipsy-like countenances in the world, beaming with vivacious merriment and good humour. Now, my gentle reader, after these descriptions, which, I confess, are as inadequate to portray their varied charms as a painter's art is to depict a setting sun, fancy yourself *entouré* with this galaxy of beauty, and tell me, could you not be happy in Vienna, however much you might differ from Austrian politics?

The Viennese have several charming promenades within the town, on the site of the old fortifications. The Stadt Park, with its elegant *kursaal*, is much frequented for breakfasts *al fresco*, in the early morning, and the fair sex often appear there in the most becoming dishabille. The grounds are very tastefully laid out, and there are beautiful walks along the banks of an artificial lake. The Folks-garten, again, is a general rendezvous for all classes twice a week, when Strauss's band discourses such music as is not surpassed by any orchestra in Europe. Here may be seen the highest aristocracy

sitting beside the simple *bourgeois*, all equally enjoying the delicious harmony, supping their coffee, quaffing their beer, or partaking of Corti's celebrated ices, which are quite equal to Tortoni's. In this garden is the Temple of Theseus, a fac-simile of the one at Athens, which contains Canova's magnificent *chef-d'œuvre*, "Theseus conquering the Minotaur." There are also many other beautiful gardens belonging to the nobility, which are generally open to the public, who never disabuse this thoughtful generosity. The Augarten is a beautiful pleasure-ground on an island of the Danube, given to the town by the Emperor Joseph II., who caused to be engraved on the entrance these words, "*Allen menschen gewidmeter Belustigungsort von ihrem Schätzer*" (A place of pleasure consecrated to all men by their appreciator). There is a very fine equestrian statue of this Emperor in a court-yard of the palace; and the Viennese have a saying that he was such a jolly fellow, that even his statue turns sick if a priest of the Ligorian order should happen to pass. This is the only sect of priests who are not social, the rest mixing in

society like ordinary people; and I must say I liked what I saw of them, for they never obtruded their opinions or doctrines, and seemed to be far removed from either hypocrisy or sickly methodism.

Conservative as the Austrians undoubtedly are politically, in one respect they are conspicuously liberal. Blessed with immense wealth, several of their nobility have private galleries of pictures by the old masters that would shame many a national collection, and these are all thrown open to the public. The most important collections are those of Count de Lamberg, Prince Leichtenstein, Count Harrach, Count Czernin, Count Schönborn Buchheim, and Herr von Draxter.

No capital in Europe has so many agreeable places of public resort in the environs as Vienna; and during the summer months, upon Sundays and *fête* days, all are more or less crowded. The principal are Mödling, at the entrance of the Valley of Brühl, where Prince Leichtenstein has a beautiful *château* and pleasure grounds; Dornbach, the charming park of Prince Schwarzenberg, Penzing, Hüttledorf, Döbling, Sievering, and Heiligenstadt,

at all of which places is to be found good accommodation for man and beast.

The imperial residence at Schönbrunn, about two miles from Vienna, possesses many attractions, and is well worthy of a visit. The park and the magnificent gardens, the palm-houses, conservatories, and menagerie are always open to the public from morning to night. The gardens are laid out in somewhat the same style as those of Versailles, and are equally as well kept up. The trees are clipped into walls fifty feet high, and on each side, in niches of living green, are colossal marble statues. Broad gravel walks intersect open spaces of green sward, in which are parterres of flowers glowing with the richest colours. In a circle, where five stately avenues meet, is a beautiful fountain ("die Schöne Brunnen," from which the place derives its name), adorned with marble statues of river gods and water nymphs; and crowning a slight eminence is "the Gloriette," a white marble Ionic temple, which was the favourite resort of the first Napoleon, as it commands an excellent view of Vienna and the environs. Just outside the park, in the

pretty little village of Hietzing, are the two celebrated suburban restaurants of Vienna, much frequented by the upper ten thousand, Dommayer's Casino, where Schröder's band plays twice a week, and Schwender's Park (*Die neue Welt*). In both places the *cuisine* is excellent and the wines much above par.

Austria is famous for *les agrémens de la vie;* and without being *gourmands*, the Viennese have an instinctive skill in the art of good living, their *cuisine* not being surpassed even by that of Paris. There are at least a dozen places in and about Vienna where one is sure of getting a good dinner at a comparatively moderate price. The establishments my friend (Major Massey, late 60th Rifles) and I chiefly patronised were those of Braying and Mobus in the Graben, Prevot's in Herrn Gasse, Streitberger's in Bäcker Strasse, Schneck's in Peter's Platz, or the Hietzing Casino; and we found we got a better dinner at a more moderate figure than we could get either at "the Munsch" (where we were staying), or "the Erzherzog Karl," the two swell hotels of Vienna.

There are two staple articles of consumption for which Vienna is unequalled, viz. the bread and the beer. The first is very white, light, and unadulterated; and the second, like liquid amber, is clear, sparkling, and always in good condition from being kept in very cold cellars. The Viennese say the best taps are Schottenhammer's in Nagler Gasse, Daum's in the Kohlmarkt, and Obermayer's Bierhalle in Weihburg Gasse, but I found "the malt" equally good throughout the country, and everywhere incomparably superior to the Bavarian beer.

Some of the Austrian wines, such as Gumpoldskirchen, Bisamberg, and Vœslaw, are very good, but scarcely equal to those of Hungary, where the soil and sunny hill-sides are quite as favourable for the growth of the vine as the wine districts of France or Rhenish Germany. Tokay, the most delicate and luscious of wines, is the produce of a few vineyards of limited extent, situated on the southern slopes of the Hegy-allia Hills, near the town of Tokay, in Northern Hungary. It is impossible to buy any of the first quality of this wine,

the *Ausbrusch*, it being entirely monopolised by the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and a few magnates of the "blue blood," and it is very difficult even to get any of the second quality, the *Malzchlap*. The Cave-Esterhazy (Harhof-strasse) is the great gathering-place of the *bons vivants* of Vienna, and I there tasted different *vins de pays* that appeared to me to be fully equal in delicate flavour to the generality of Rhine wines.

Suppers are "important considerations"—I may say "regular institutions" of the country; and I must allow that they are very insinuating. Who could withstand Forellen gebachen (boiled trout), Danube schill, sturgeon, or a salmi of Huchen (a most delicate fish like a trout without scales), followed up with wild boar chops, roast bustard, chamois or roe pasty, a capercailzie hen, gray teal, woodcock, kabobbed ortolans, or quail and snipe pudding? These are ordinary items in a Viennese bill of fare, and the odds are ten to one in favour of their being cooked to a turn.

A man must be *blasé* indeed who cannot amuse himself in Vienna, for besides one of the best

operas in Europe there are six theatres, and the "Wien Blatter" teems with announcements of *divertissements de soir*. The new opera-house in the Ring Strasse, which is not yet finished, will be finer than that of Paris. The orchestra of the "Imperial Opera" is said to be unequalled, and the ballet surpasses all that I have hitherto seen, as I never beheld so many pretty and suggestive-looking *danseurs* together on any stage—not even in Seville.

After the theatre, those who have not "home attractions" go to Sperl's in Leopoldstadt, the Elysium, the Sophienbad-halle, or the Odeon, where if they can only "patter the lingo," they will be amply amused, and, if not perfect misanthropes, are likely to find their way home "with the milk in the morning." Such is every-day life in Vienna, and a man with a full purse and a good constitution cannot fail to enjoy himself.

I also made an excursion to Baden by rail, the transit occupying about an hour; and putting up at "the Hirch," a very good and moderate hotel, passed three days most agreeably, roaming about

the surrounding country, which abounds in pleasant walks, charming scenery, and picturesque old ruins. The baths are celebrated throughout Southern Germany, and both sexes, being suitably dressed, bathe promiscuously, having separate entrances and dressing-rooms. The waters, which are impregnated with sulphur, are considered a specific against almost all ailments, and Count O——i, a staunch believer in their efficacy, assured me that even barren women find relief; but whether this proceeds from the virtue of the waters, or the company, or the change of air, or what not, he could not absolutely determine. Baden is very gay, and a great place of resort of the *beau monde* during the hot weather, who stroll about under the trees of the "Theresien-garten," listening to delightful music, or enjoying the *dolce far niente* in the more secluded "Helen-enthal," a beautiful valley about a mile from the town, called after "*la belle Hélène.*" I also visited the Emperor's summer residence of "Laxenbourg," and spent a very pleasant day in rambling over the castle and park. Amongst the many sterling good friends I made in

the Austrian army were several staunch sportsmen, and from them I gleaned much valuable information as to the game of the country and the situation of the best shooting-grounds; so I determined, after a cruise down the Danube, and an excursion in Hungary, to have a scramble after the chamois in the Styrian Alps, as by that time the season would have commenced.

A Frenchman *becomes* a sportsman by *tuition*, generally *parce que c'est la mode*, but an Austrian is one *innately*, although each nationality is distinguished by a certain specialty, and each race has a *forte* peculiar to itself. Thus the Hungarians are "renowned horsemen," the Tyrolese "famed marksmen," and the Bohemians "celebrated for their knowledge of woodcraft." Such a combination cannot fail to produce good soldiers as well as good sportsmen, and a nation that possesses such elements only requires amalgamation, consolidation, and an *entente cordiale*, to make it the most formidable power of Europe.

Racing in Austria has lately made great strides, and under the able administration of the present

Jockey Club its progression is certain. For some years past the large landholders have paid great attention to the improvement of their blood stock, some of the best Arab and English stallions having been imported; and there are now several studs in the country that are likely to send very promising candidates to compete with us for "the blue ribbon." The best blood of England is to be found in the studs of some of the nobility, it being chiefly represented by Bivouac, Lord Chesterfield, Sabreur, and Zetland, by Voltigeur—Comforter and Confidant by Stockwell—Daniel O'Rourke by Birdcatcher—Attorney-General by Melbourne—Teddington by Orlando—Gladiolus by Kingston—and Brown Agnes by West Australian.

Many Austrian noblemen are well known as "fearless riders," even in Leicestershire; and racing is now becoming a recognised institution in the country. The following is a list of the members of the Vienna Jockey Club: Prince Vincent Auersperg, Baron Bethmann, Count S. Batthyany, Prince Nich. Eszterhazy, Count Nich. Eszterhazy, Count Geza Festetics, Prince Max. Fürstenberg,

H. E. Count Harrach, Count Josh. Hunyady, F. M. L. Baron v. Ritter, Prince Ferd. Kinsky, Count Oct. Kinsky, Prince Francis Lichtenstein, Prince Aug. Lichtenstein, Prince John Lichtenstein, Count Koloman Nako, Prince Saphia, Prince Schwarzenberg, Count Jacob Sternberg, Prince Egon Turn and Taxis, Count John Waldstein, Count Rudolph Wenkheim, Baron Bela Wentzheim, and Count Edm. Zichy. Council: Count Edm. Zichy (President), Count Harrach, Count J. Hunyady, Baron v. Ritter, Count J. Waldstein. Secretary; Herr v. Cavaliere.

Having spent a most pleasant month in Vienna, I went down the Danube by steamer to Pesth, "*the gayest town in Europe*," where I passed three weeks most agreeably; but as I had no time even to think of shooting, I shall not enter into any particulars of the trip, although, from my own experience, I think that anyone with a full purse and good health cannot do better than to visit the capital of Hungary. After this I returned to Vienna.

# CHAPTER XXI.

## PENCILLINGS IN AUSTRIA.

"There was one whose brow
Dark with hot climates, and gashed o'er with scars,
Told of the toiling march, the battle rush,
Where sabres flashed, the red shots flew, and not
One ball or blow but did destruction's work;
But then his heart was high, and his pulse beat
Proudly and fearlessly. Now he was worn
With many a long day's suffering."

L. E. L.

The Danube, Dürrenstein.—Aschach.—The falls of the Traun.—Gmunden.—The purchase system.—Ischl, and its recreations.—Preparations for a trip to the mountains.—Hallstadt.—Our guide.—The Vorder See and the Hinter See.—A night in a châtelet.—The ascent of the Dachstein.—Grand panorama.—Life in high altitudes.—The Tyrolese.—Rifle practice.—A *Sen Hütte*.—A hunter's dish.—Morning on the mountains.—Chamois afoot.—Two lucky shots.—The advantages of a breech-loading rifle.—A long shot.—The return.—An accident.—The joys of a chamois hunter.

I LEFT Vienna soon after daybreak, starting by steamer from the pier near the Franz Joseph gate, and proceeded by the canal to Nussdorf, on the

main branch of the Danube, opposite the famous battle-ground of the March-feld, where a larger steamer bound for Passau was waiting for us. I shall not attempt to describe the voyage, as it would take volumes to depict the magnificent scenery of this noble river, which is far grander and more picturesque than the much-vaunted Rhine. We passed numberless relics of bygone ages, and amongst them the castle of Dürrenstein, where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined. Little now remains but a square keep surrounded by battlemented walls, although from the ruins it seems at one time to have been a place of considerable importance. The living was very good on board the steamer, and the captain, a very intelligent man from Ratisbon, gave me much valuable information about the different places we passed. Upon leaving Vienna it was my intention to have gone up the river as far as Passau, and then to have returned to Engelhardzell, on the confines of Austria and Bavaria, I having a letter to the head forester of that place; but I heard such a poor account of the game that I determined to

go back as far as Aschach, where Count Harrach has a fine estate and *château* on the banks of the Danube. Luckily the Count came to meet the steamer, and, although a stranger, I was received with that open-handed hospitality that a true sportsman always extends to a brother disciple of Saint Hubert. After lunch we drove in a mail phæton round the estate, and its flourishing condition convinced me that the Count was a most efficient agriculturist as well as a sportsman of no common order. The pheasant preserves, which are surrounded by a thick, impenetrable hedge, are the most extensive and best contrived of any I have seen on the Continent, being intersected by numerous lawn-like drives, in one of which I observed a rifle range and targets. The *château* is situated in a beautiful well-wooded park, where pleasure-grounds, verdant lawns, and groups of fine trees reminded me of England. The stables, which form a large courtyard, were in splendid order, and there were at least a score of thorough-breds in different stages of preparation, and some very likely-looking hunters for cross-country purposes.

The weather was very unfavourable for out-door amusements, but I had some very fair partridge-shooting with the Count and his two sons, who are all good shots. He was kind enough to invite me to shoot over his magnificent estate in Bohemia, where, close to the fatal field of Königgrätz, he has one of the finest castles in Germany, containing one of the best collections of old carved oak in Europe. This, after the battle, was converted into an hospital by the Prussians, who were not very particular, for they also carried away several valuable horses, and shot the deer in the park, that were so tame that they would feed out of the hand.

Count Harrach gave me such glowing accounts of the game in the mountains near Ischl that I determined to set out for the Salzkammergut the following day; and, bidding adieu to my kind host, I got my gear ready for a start.

Leaving Aschach in a "shandidan," a cross between a bathing-machine and a railway porter's truck, which was drawn by an animal as much resembling a kangaroo as a horse—for the first two

miles he seemed to prefer his hind legs as a means of locomotion—and driven by as wild-looking a gossoon as could be caught in a Tipperary bog, I started for the Salzkammergut. Both wheels screeched like unearthly monsters for want of grease; our Jehu howled, yelled, and alternately sang tunes that I believe would have been as fatal to cattle as the rinderpest; every joint in the vehicle creaked and groaned, as, innocent of springs, we rumbled and jolted along the uneven road, and the rope harness was old and needed repairs; but, prepared for all contingencies, we still carried on, and after some hour's bumping arrived at the railway station of Wels, where I took the train to Lambach, distant seven miles. In the carriage I fraternised with as jolly a *padre* as ever worked a church, who offered to be my *cicerone* to the falls of the Traun, which are about a mile from the village of Lambach. My companion, whatever vows he might have taken, had evidently still an extreme hankering after the forbidden fruit, for he peered under every jaunty-looking hat as naturally as if he wore a busby

instead of the cowl; and a grumpy-looking old buffer, perhaps the father of a rather desirable-looking "little party" (who partook of some sweetmeats and candied fruits offered by the priest), exclaimed, after a succession of grunts denoting dissatisfaction,

"Pfaffen knechte essen mit Schweiss,
Von Arbeit werden sie nicht heiss"*

My clerical friend, not at all discomposed by this uncouth speech, simply shrugged his shoulders, and, as the train stopped wished the girl a *glückliche reise* as he left the carriage. Having sent on my baggage to Gmunden, a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the falls, where the clear pellucid waters of the Traun dash foaming over a natural dam of rock. Although the height of the fall is insignificant, being only forty-two feet, and the body of water small in comparison with many cascades I have seen, still I was much impressed with the picturesque verdure of the woods on either side. There were several visitors at the falls

* "Knaves of priests perspire at their meat,
But never at work get into a heat."

besides ourselves, and the parson managed to ingratiate himself with an old lady who, with three pretty daughters and an invalid brother, had driven over from Gmunden. Not being a shy man, or burdened with an extraneous stock of diffidence, I followed suit, and never had I more reason to be satisfied with my luck, for our new acquaintance turned out to be a charming family. After having explored the neighbourhood and surveyed the falls from every point of view, we sat down to luncheon under the trees, and our hostess, hearing we were also bound to Gmunden, would not hear of our going by rail, but insisted on our accompanying them in their carriages. I always give way to a lady, for—

> "When they will, *they will*, you may depend on't;
> And if they wont, *they wont*, and there's an end on't."

We had a very jolly afternoon, reaching Gmunden by sunset; and, as there was no room in the "Bellevue," we put up at the "Goldenen Shiff," opposite the pier, a good house, the landlord of which did his utmost to make us comfortable. Gmunden is charmingly situated on the Traunsee,

and the numerous picturesque-looking villas, with their bright green doors and windows, and pretty gardens stretching down to the lake, give the place quite an English look. The scenery around is very beautiful. In some places are park-like demesnes, with green slopes variegated by woods of beech and oak, having for a background dense forests of larch or pine, castellated rocks, or cloud-capped peaks, here and there covered with dark green *latschen*. The most conspicuous object in the landscape is the Traunstein (a mountain five thousand feet high), which rises like an almost precipitous wall from the water's edge, and its wild, bleak, weather-beaten look gives a weird-like majesty to the scene, and forms a striking contrast to the pellucid clearness of the lake, the verdure of the valleys, and the sombre depth of the ravines. I remained at Gmunden three days, and, in company with my friend the *padre*, and the "ladies of the falls," made some delightful boating excursions, during which I initiated the devil-dodger in the art of rowing; and we got on so well together, that I believe it would not have been difficult to

have induced him to give up his chance of the mitre for that of a marshal's *bâton*. As he was a cadet of a rich and noble family, his chances were fair, for in the church, as well as the army, money and interest go a long way. It is very easy to ride in the first flight when one has a clipping nag, but it requires science, fearless riding, good condition, and luck, for a plebeian on a screw to overhaul a don on a four-hundred-guinea hunter. It must not be imagined that all who are in at the death get there by the same means. There are some generals to whose names K.C.B. is tacked who have never even smelt gunpowder, except on the parade ground; whilst veterans of a hundred fights, who are covered with wounds and maimed until their very existence is a misery to them, are neglected and left to die in the gutter. However this is but an old grievance, which must have existed even in Shakspere's time, for he thus alludes to it:

"Go to the wars, would you,
Where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg,
And have not money enough at the end
To buy him a wooden one."

* * * * *

"There's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive,
And they are for the town's end, to beg during life."

The one great cause which undermines the efficiency of the British army is the insane persistence of making money the passport to promotion instead of valour and intellect; and so long as "military rank," with its accompanying "honour," can be bought by gold, it will be impossible to exact that high degree of professional skill which ought to exist amongst the officers.

The greatest dolt in the army, who had neither brains nor metal, often now-a-days obtains a command, because, forsooth, his father—perhaps a retired costermonger, or a wholesale snob—was able to purchase his commissions over the heads of better men. The consequence of this idiotic system is that the force which has the misfortune to be under his command fails in everything it undertakes; and the poor brave private soldiers are sacrificed to no purpose, and pay the penalty of their commanding officer's bungling stupidity with their lives.

I have seen many a *grand coup* lost solely because the general was a consummate fool, and without the slightest idea of strategy and military tactics. Had military rank been accorded to ca-

pacity and merit only, such men would have never even risen to be corporals.

Under the pressure of a great emergency, or when the whole nation smarts from the sting of some great disaster, "men of genius," instead of "monied men," will be selected to officer the finest soldiers in the world. Europe is now a great military camp, and continental armies are commanded by experienced generals who are no pedants of the old school, so that, in the present time, an error of strategy may lead not only to defeat but annihilation.

Washington Irving says "the natural principle of war is to do the most harm to the enemy with the least harm to ourselves, and this of course is to be effected by stratagem." The simple fact that there is not a single standard work on *strategy* in the English language shows how very little attention Government has hitherto paid to one of the most important points in making the army thoroughly efficient, viz.—the training of the officers.

Having seen the salt-works and all that is remarkable about Gmunden, I bade adieu to my

friends, and soon after breakfast embarked on board a small steamer commanded by an Englishman, and passing Traunkirchen, where Count Harrach has a snug-looking marine villa close to the lake, in about an hour arrived at Ebensee, a village at the south extremity of the lake, which is about nine miles long. Here taking a carriage, after a drive of about a couple of hours along a good road winding along the valley of the Traun, I arrived at Ischl, which is delightfully situated at the junction of the Ischl and the Traun, in an amphitheatre from which five valleys radiate.

Ischl, more than any place I know, combines the gaieties of a capital with the recreations of country life. Those who prefer society will find balls, concerts, a casino, and, indeed, every kind of dissipation, whilst the lover of nature will be enchanted with the great variety of wild and grand scenery. It is the *beau idéal* of a sportsman's headquarters, for in the surrounding forests are to be found red deer, roe, wild boar, capercailzie, and black game, whilst chamois are not scarce on the higher ranges, and there is the finest of fishing on

the lakes and rivers. The principal fish are trout, grayling, and char. It is a glorious place for those who love the *dolce far niente*, for there is always plenty of agreeable company to help one to do nothing. Beautiful winding walks have been made in the woods on the lower slopes of the hills, and wherever a good view presents itself, commodious seats and snug summer-houses have been constructed, which are distinguished by such names as "Eleonoren's Andenken," "Sophien's Platz," "Wilhelminen's Sitz," or "Ernestinen's Wahl,"—being called after some of the "fair charmers" who from time to time have been the *belles* of Ischl society.

I passed some days at this delightful watering-place, doing as other people did, bathing, drinking *molke* (whey) early in the morning, whilst listening to the strains of an excellent band, strolling about the woods in the society of some of the most amiable of the fairer sex, dining *al fresco* under the shade of an overhanging rock, and joining some *réunion dansante*, or musical party, in the evening. I never once thought of the old fellow bearing the

scythe and the hour-glass, for I met with several genial companions whose tastes assimilated with my own; and, as we are all more or less creatures of impulse, and there seems to be a certain subtle agency or magnetic influence by which our feelings become communicated to each other, I was truly happy.

By a stroke of good fortune I stumbled across an old friend, Herbert L'Estrange, who had served in the Confederate cavalry during the war, and had borne an active part in many of Stewart's raids, and we agreed to have a cruise together amongst the mountains. A day being devoted to preparation for the trip, alpenstocks were got; arms, ammunition, and portable cooking-canteen looked to, and some tins of *pâté de fois gras* and rice bought, in case of any scarcity of provisions *en route*. Leaving our heavier baggage at the hotel, we only took with us a few changes of underclothing, light mackintosh cloaks, and travelling-rugs, with three of Cording's waterproof blankets, without which I never travel, as they form the best substitute either for tents or bedding.

All being satisfactorily arranged, we left Ischl soon after daybreak by a good road winding along the right bank of the Traun, and, after a walk of about three hours, arrived at the village of Steg, on the Lake of Hallstadt, which is about five miles long, and something less than two broad. Here we took a boat, and pulled over to the village of Hallstadt, where we put up at the "Gruner-baum," a very homely, but comfortable inn. After a substantial breakfast upon *saibling* (char) fresh from the lake, *blangesotten* (trout boiled in vinegar and water), and *gemsfleisch-braten* (broiled chamois-steaks), we clambered up to the Rudolphsthurm, an antique-looking tower perched on a projecting rock about a thousand feet above the village, from whence we had a magnificent view of this wild but gloomy-looking lake. Hallstadt is built on the side of the mountain, the houses rising in terraces one above another, so that one has to go up and down flights of steps instead of streets, and it is so shut in by high ranges, that from November to the end of January its inhabitants never see the sun. Somewhat higher than the tower is the entrance of

the famous salt-mine, which we explored; and later in the afternoon we joined a party from Ischl, and strolled up a beautiful valley to the Waldbachstrub Cascade, which is caused by a mountain torrent in two distinct streams, one gushing out of a cleft, and the other dashing over the face of a rock, falling from a height of about three hundred feet.

After dinner, several guides, hearing of our intention of making a trip to the mountain, presented themselves; but at the solicitation of our Kellnerinn, a buxom-looking damsel, who did not scruple to show herself *passionnée* for my handsome companion, we engaged a very intelligent and likely-looking young fellow named Karl, as our guide, and his cousins, Hans and Heinrich, to carry our baggage. They did not belong to Hallstadt, but lived in a chalet near the Tannen Gibirge, a high mountain between the Dachstein Range and Berchtesgaden.

After an early breakfast, accompanied to the pier by our host, who wished us *Waidmann's Heil* (good sport), we left Hallstadt by boat, and landed

at the embouchure of the Gosau, near an aqueduct which conveys the brine from the mines to the salt works at Ebensee. Here we entered a narrow, wild-looking glen fringed with pines, and making our way along the banks of the stream, passed through the village of Gosau, and halted about two miles beyond for lunch, at a *Gast-haus* kept by a smith. The landlord of this establishment was a friend of our guide, and we proposed taking him with us, but unfortunately he was away from home, so we had to make the best of our way without him.

An hour's walk through pine forest brought us to the Vorder See, a romantic-looking little lake, at the south-east extremity of which towered the Thorstein, a mountain over nine thousand feet high, with glaciers rolling down ravines in its sides. Continuing our route, after four hours' sharp up-hill walking we came to the Hinter See, another small alp-locked lake, the waters of which are of a peculiar pale green colour, except under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs, where they appear almost black. Here we put up at a small *Sen*

*Hütte*, and lighting a fire, made our preparations for passing the night comfortably. A hot supper was soon before us, for Karl manufactured a *Schmarren* (a cake, like an Indian chapate, of flour and eggs fried in butter), whilst I made a *rechauffé* of *Gebackenes Huhn*. Having done justice to our good cheer, and washed it down with a hot brew of whiskey toddy, concocted with great skill by L'Estrange, Karl told us some of his adventures whilst poaching in the Baiern Gibirge, and afterwards he and his companions commenced singing "*Jodeln*," and "*Schnadahupfln*," gipsy-like chants peculiar to the mountaineers of Styria and the Tyrol. We then rolled ourselves up in our blankets on some new hay and were soon asleep.

Afoot at daybreak. After a substantial breakfast we made a start, and in two hours reached the Gosau glacier. Then commenced a stiff ascent up the Dachstein; but our progress was slow, as we had not yet got into climbing condition, and it was nearly noon before we arrived at the summit. We were amply repaid for our exertions by the grandeur of the panorama which then lay before us;

for the atmosphere was very clear, and the outlines of even the most distant ranges were clearly defined against the blue sky. At our feet lay the Karls Eis-feld, a vast waste of glacier-ice, which formed a striking contrast to the sombre-looking rocky precipices that inclosed it, or the dense forests of dark fir, from amidst which towered gigantic snow-clad peaks. To the northward were the lakes of Hallstadt, Aussee, and Grundelsee, the peak of the Knippenstein, and the Traunstein and Shafberg in the distance; to the eastward rose the Kammer mountain and the Hohe Gjadstein; to the south were the Gosau lakes, the valley of the Enns, in which the river was seen for miles, glistening in the sun like a silver thread, the Ritterstein peak, and range upon range of the Styrian Alps; and to the westward, in the foreground, was the Hohe-kreutze; whilst, stretched out in the distance, were the Tannen Giberge, the peak of the Ewiger Sehnee, the Steinernes-meer, and the treble-headed Watzmann, which towers over the Konigsee in the Berchtesgaden. There is an intense fascination in such scenery, where all is

still, and the mysterious silence that reigns is never broken, save by the war of elements or the rumbling of avalanches. I love to gaze upon those icy solitudes, the sanctuaries of Nature, and ponder on the future.

There is something invigorating in the pure bracing air of the higher altitudes that appears to revive the spirits after a lengthened sojourn amongst the dwellers of cities, and the change has a beneficial effect on the body as well as upon the mind. Here one appears to inhale health at every respiration; the appetite improves, digestion becomes easy, physical force and elasticity of limb increases, and fatted degeneration changes to firm muscle, whilst a sense of exultation thrills through the whole frame, melancholy gives place to cheerfulness, and the mind feels relieved from all depressing influence of care and anxiety for the future. A life amid civilised society may seem to run smoothly, but "there is a skeleton in every house," and beneath are ever hidden strange things that occasion heart-aches, although they may never rise to the surface. The wildness of a comparatively

savage life is free from many of these troubles and disquietudes; and perfect freedom of action, even if it loses somewhat of refinement, gains much in liberty and the comforts of self-dependence. Mountain life has delights peculiarly its own; there is a mysterious charm in these elevated regions that is never felt on the plains, and the further the wanderer goes from the haunts of man, the stronger become those exhilarating sensations which fill the heart with gladness and nerve the body with energy to put forth its strength. He who lives constantly with Nature, watching and studying all her changing moods, feels that he has a world within himself that no adverse fortune can sweep away.

It has ever seemed to me that amidst the mountains the pulse of Nature beats stronger and more palpably than upon the plains; here everything discovers more life and energy, and speaks more emphatically of the infinite power of the Ruler of the universe. The stream that meanders slowly through the plains dashes impetuously down its mountain course, and even

man (unless education and society changes him) much resembles the soil from which he springs. To a certain extent the mountaineer bears the stamp of Nature upon him: for, like the mountain torrent, his movements are quick; like the sudden changes of the atmosphere in which he dwells, his passions are easily roused; like the oak which shades him, he has a sturdy, bold, and characteristic bearing; like the rock on which he stands, he is true and faithful and makes a firm friend; and the constant presence of danger and peril inures him to the contemplation of death, and renders him fearless and intrepid.

The Tyrolese are conspicuous for their independent manner and manly bearing, and notwithstanding an absence of all conventional manner, they are friendly and obliging, and we found them ever ready to show courtesy to a stranger. In their memorable struggles for independence, their skill with the rifle, hardy habits, and knowledge of the country, enabled them to baffle overwhelming numbers of disciplined troops commanded by skilful generals. Rifle practice is the chief recreation of

the people. Every village has its "*Scheiss-stütte*," or shooting ground, where the peasants meet every Sunday and fête day to contend for prizes with each other, and every valley has its annual gathering, when the best shots of each village contend for the "championship." They rarely fire at longer ranges than three hundred yards, and the general distance seems to be about a hundred and twenty.

From the elevated position we had attained, a very extensive horizon presented itself; and we sat admiring the sublime scenery for more than an hour, my companions indulging in a pipe, whilst I swept the country with my field-glass, in the hope of discovering chamois. It was, however, too late in the day, and none were to be seen. So shouldering our rifles and baggage, we made the best of our way down a rather steep ridge, and after about four hours' smart walking, arrived at a verdant-looking valley formed by a hollow in the side of the mountain, where we found a log-hut occupied by a couple of herdsmen, to whom Karl was well known. Our hosts

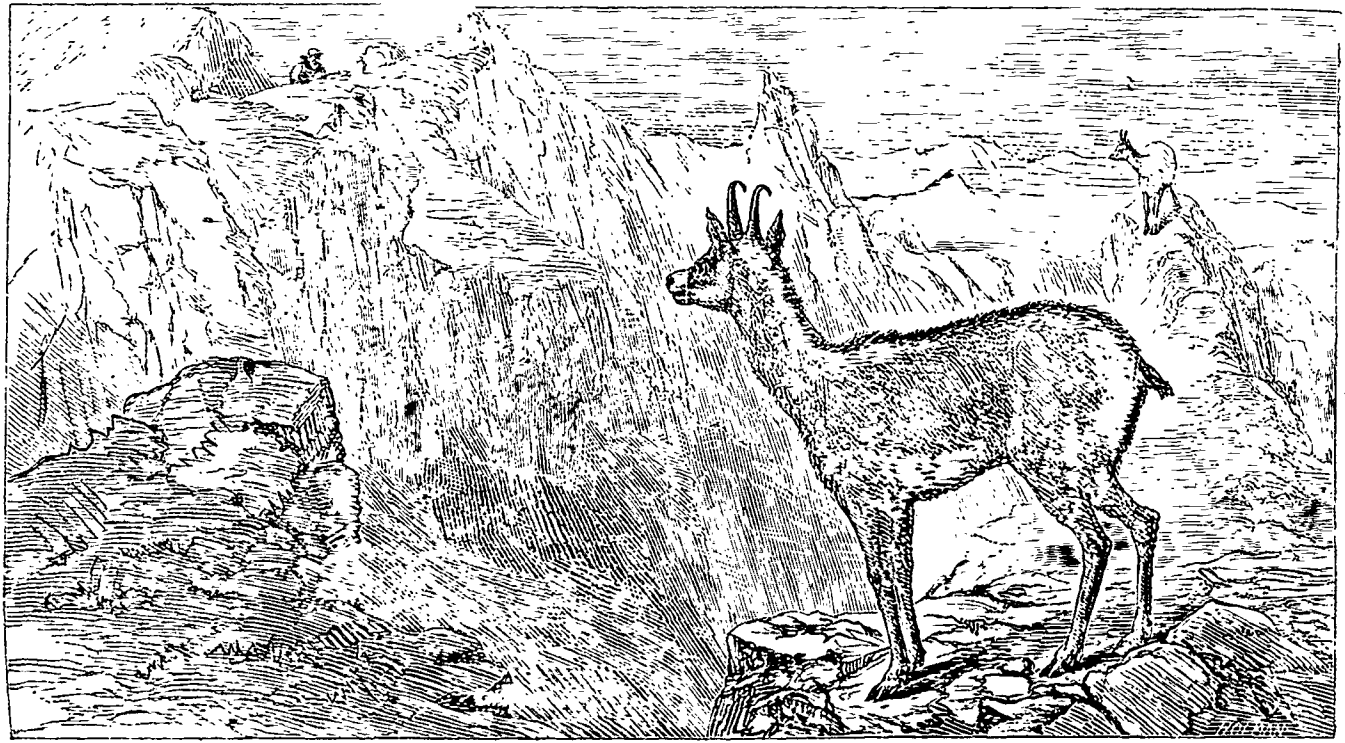
evidently did not expect company, and their domicile at first sight did not present a very inviting appearance; but, like good-natured fellows, they at once set to work to clear up the place, and make us comfortable. A heap of new hay was laid down for us in one corner, on which our rugs were spread, a cheerful fire blazed on a clean-swept hearth, the cooking pots were cleaned, a *schmarren* made, and I set to work upon the *pièce de resistance* of the repast, a huge "*pilau*," after an idea of my own, which, as it was considered a *chef-d'œuvre* of culinary talent, I give the recipe. When the rice has been well washed, throw it in a large pot full of boiling water. After fifteen minutes' hard boiling it will be nearly cooked. When it is so, take it off the fire, and pour in a large cup of cold water, which suddenly stops the boiling, and has the effect of causing each grain of rice to separate from the others; then strain it well; and, whilst the water is running off, melt a large lump of fresh butter in another pan, to which mix a small tin of *pâté de fois gras*. When the rice is well

strained, put it again on the fire, add the butter and *pâté*, stir it up well, and allow it to steam for a couple of minutes, shaking the pan every now and then to keep the contents from burning, and you will have a famous dish with very little trouble. When you have any fowls or game, put butter only with the rice, and you can then save the *pâté*.

After supper, to which we all sat down and did ample justice, a brew of grog was made, pipes were lighted, and a solemn consultation was held as to our prospects of sport. By the advice of the herdsmen we resolved to try the Schnee-wand-kogl mountain in the morning, as a fine herd of chamois had been seen two days before. This being decided, citherns were taken down, and songs were the order of the night; our hosts, notwithstanding their somewhat rough appearance, being accomplished musicians, and, joined by our boys, they sang some plaintive mountain melodies with great taste. By particular desire, Herbert and I struck up some of those spirit-stirring Con-

federate songs that used to ring on the night-air by the James River, on whose banks many of the light-hearted singers now sleep in a nameless grave. Being somewhat tired with our day's work, about eight o'clock we turned in, previous to which I opened the hut door to have a look at the night. The little I could see of the horizon was clear, the stars shone brightly in the firmament, and there was every prospect of fine weather on the morrow. We were stirring long before daybreak in the morning, and having an early breakfast (for it is unadvisable to commence hard work on an empty stomach), we set out under the guidance of Franz, one of the herdsmen. The stars were still brightly shining, but the darkness was waning, and a peculiar reddish effulgence on the eastern horizon announced the approach of day.

When we arrived at the foot of the mountain, Karl and I crept up one side, whilst Herbert, accompanied by Franz and Hans, took the other, so as to command both sides of a ravine, the head of which was considered almost a certain find for chamois at



The Home of the Chamois.

this time of the year. As the day advanced the mist and vapour vanished, and the outlines of every peak were seen in bold relief against the sky. As the foreground grew more distinct, whilst looking below amongst the latchen, I saw three chamois leisurely browsing on the young branches, quite unconscious of our presence. Although far out of shot, there was every prospect of my being able to get within range, for the latchen afforded excellent cover, and what little air there was stirring blew up the ravine. Desiring Karl to remain motionless and watch their movements, I disencumbered myself of my rück-sack, and with noiseless steps crept towards them, hardly raising my head lest I should attract their attention. This was not easy work, for it is difficult approaching game in such situations. After some very careful stalking I got within three hundred yards' range, and, peering through a clump of latchen, saw that they had all stopped feeding, and were gazing inquiringly in my direction, which long experience told me was a certain sign that

suspicion was aroused. I lay motionless and watched their proceedings, for under the circumstances I knew it was impossible to get nearer. At last I distinguished a buck, from his horns being thicker and his coat somewhat darker than the others; and, arranging my sight, I brought the fine bead of the fore-sight against his shoulder, as he was staring at the very bush behind which I lay, as if he knew from the taint in the air that danger lurked there. I pulled trigger, and with a bound in the air he fell down dead. With a shrill whistle the rest bounded away, but, without showing myself, I slipped another cartridge into my rifle, and by a lucky shot rolled over a doe with a bullet through the neck, as from sheer curiosity she stopped a second as if inquisitive to know what intruder had disturbed their mountain solitudes. Karl was thunderstruck at the performance of my rifle, for he had never seen game killed at such distances, and he had no idea of the range of a Whitworth small bore and the quickness of loading of a

Westley Richards' breechloader. Having noted well where both chamois fell, I reloaded, and found the buck lying dead, but the doe had moved away, although I knew that she was hard hit, from the numerous patches of blood, and the slots showing that the toes of the fore-feet were very widely spread, as if she was weak and giddy, and had difficulty to keep on her feet. Following up these signs, I soon saw her staggering slowly along, very sick indeed, and a second bullet entering just behind the shoulder put her out of her misery.

Having gralloched and cleaned the chamois, the buck of which weighed about fifty pounds, we put them in our rück-sacks and clambered along the crest of the hill, where we expected to meet Herbert and the rest of our people; but although we waited for some time, and swept the country round with our glasses, we could not get sight of any of them, so we began to descend the mountain, skirting the crest of the ravine, and expecting every moment to meet them. Whilst

thus engaged Karl caught sight of a solitary buck chamois browsing on some herbs between two ridges of rock just below the crest on which we were standing. To slip off my rück-sack and lay down full length, with my head craning over the brink of the scarp, was the work of a few seconds. He was within range, but it was a long shot, so I took off my felt wideawake, and placing it on a boulder of rock, rested my rifle upon it, and, taking a steady aim, fired. "It was too far," exclaimed Karl; "but no; see, he staggers!" and his face lighted up—for we could see, from his slow, unsteady movements, the buck was badly hit. I felt sure my shot had told, for I was as steady as possible, and I knew from long experience that my rifle was one of the best that was ever turned out by my friend "the worthy Bishop." We had to go along the ridge some distance before we could descend, and then it was ticklish work clambering down the face of the scarp with my long heavy rifle. However, at last we managed it, and had just reached the bottom when a sharp whistle was

heard, and three doe chamois went bounding up the side of the mountain. My rifle was slung on my shoulder at the time, and they were far out of range before I was ready to fire, so we went on towards the spot where the chamois was standing when I fired. There we found loose hair, and the aromatic herbage on which he was feeding was in places wet with deep crimson blood. The bullet, after passing through him, had flattened on a large stone, for the splash of the lead was very plain. We followed up the trail for a few hundred yards, and found him dead, with his fore-quarters half hidden in a clump of latchen, where he had fallen whilst making a last effort to escape. He was not so large as the first I had killed, but had fine horns, and I felt very pleased with my success. Karl having cleaned him, slung the body over his shoulders, and we made the best of our way up to where we had left our rück-sacks. Slinging the venison on to our alpenstocks, we turned our steps homeward, much surprised at not meeting Herbert or any of his party. When we arrived at the hut,

late in the afternoon, I found that my friend, in the dark, had sprained his ankle so severely that he was not able to put his foot to the ground, and it was with great difficulty that Franz and Hans managed to get him home. I was very sorry for this untoward accident, as it did away with all chance of his killing a chamois, on which he had set his mind. However, he was not one to be down-hearted, and he made up his mind to remain and make himself as comfortable as he could in the hut until he was able to get about. As his ankle was much swollen and inflamed, I prescribed cold-water bandages without and hot grog within, which gave him considerable relief, and enabled him to sleep during the night.

Dinner over, Karl related our exploits and the extraordinary powers of my rifle, and after some improvised songs we turned in, *happy as chamois-hunters after a good day's work.*

In the next three days I killed five more chamois, and we then proceeded to Königsee, in the Berchtesgaden, where we had a capital day's

sport, and, by good luck, I managed to kill three fine bucks. Unfortunately I was then obliged to return to England, and could not accept many invitations I received to different shooting parties; but I have since heard that as many as thirty chamois were killed by Count Harrach and his friends in a single day. "*This is sport indeed.*"

# APPENDIX.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S EQUIPMENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S success depends very materially upon his arms and equipment, and a few remarks on this head might prove useful to any hunter intending to wage war with the fiercer denizens of the forest.

I consider the best breech-loading system, both for guns and rifles for sporting purposes, to be that of Mr. Westley Richards, as its construction is a wonderful combination of strength and simplicity, and it is in every way preferable to every other system I have yet seen, "and their name is legion."

A gun or rifle on this system is very similar in outward appearance to a muzzle-loader, having front-action locks, and the grip, or fore-part, being of wood. The barrels are secured to the body of the gun by fastenings, both at the top and bottom,

thus disposing of the strength to the greatest possible advantage; whereas other systems of breech-loaders have only one fastening, and that considerably below the centre, or point of resistance.

The connecting-piece between the barrels is a solid lump of steel, which, when the barrels are closed, dovetails on to the break-off, and holds the two firmly together, like a solid piece; and besides this improvement, that arm has a solid joint which is infinitely stronger than the ordinary fastening made with a loose pin screwed through the ends of the body; and it has, also, a keel, or wedge, fitting between the under part of the action, which adds strength to the stock.

The shooting of Mr. Westley Richards' guns and rifles *is all that can possibly be desired*, as the constant success he has met with at Wimbledon, and in the Gun-Club contests, proves. In durability and finish they are not to be surpassed.

For ordinary large game-shooting, a 12-bore is large enough; but were I going after elephants, I should prefer a 10-gauge.

If a sportsman has a Westley Richards' 12-bore breech-loading gun and rifle, and a brace of revolvers, he may consider himself armed with the *ne plus ultra* of weapons, and may face the most formidable animals of the forest with but little danger to himself. Much of the success I have met with in large-game shooting, I may attribute to the excellence of Westley Richards' arms, with which the Bishop of Bond Street has furnished me for over twenty years.

The second absolute necessity for a sportsman is a set of Cording's waterproof sheets—a large one, with brass eyelet-holes all round, so that it can serve, in case of necessity, for a tent, and two smaller ones for lying upon. I always slept in a hammock, slung between two trees, with the waterproof stretched, tent-fashion, over it, which is far preferable to lying on the ground, as one is not liable to be invaded by noxious crawling insects and snakes.

The third requisite is a good, well-shaped, comfortable saddle, fitted with wallets and dees on which to sling game or supplies.

Shipley, of Regent Street, the saddler to the Royal Artillery, is the most practical man in the trade, and thoroughly understands what a hunter's saddle should be, having made for some of the best sportsmen of the day, from each of whom he has received practical hints, which he has carried out.

In my work, "The Hunting Grounds of the Old World," I have described the best kind of dress for the forest; and I can only add that, with regard to shooting boots, Stokes, of Coventry Street, can—if he will—turn out the best I have yet seen, and the sportsman cannot do better than to give the old soldier a turn.

Sanguinetti, of Regent Street, in former days used to be a famous tailor for "clothes for the bush," but I think he has gone the way of all flesh, as his establishment has vanished; and I have not yet found any other worthy to stand in his shoes, for he knew how to cut clothes so as to be comfortable when in any position, without being baggy, which is a great desideratum when forcing one's way through dense forest.

Savary and Moore always fitted up my medicine chest; and, as they are practical men, and know what is needful, I never found myself without the right kind of medicine when it was wanted.

Thornhill, of Bond Street, can turn out a first-class hunting knife, and the different tools required by one who has often to be his own carpenter, &c.; and Weiss, of the Strand, is great in skinning knives, and all instruments of taxidermy.

THE END.

LONDON :

NASSAU STEAM PRESS—W. S. JOHNSON, 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS, W.C.

# OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

UPON THE WORKS OF

## H. A. L.,

"THE OLD SHEKARRY."

# THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE OLD WORLD.

BY

H. A. L., "THE OLD SHEKARRY."

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"THE TIMES," *26th December*, 1860.

SPORTING adventures depend for their interest entirely upon the narrator. If he adds to professional enthusiasm the qualities of a good companion, the public ear is soon gained. The spirit of our Teutonic forefathers is still strong within us, and the charms of a wild life are heightened by the consciousness of interests to which they were strangers. But the "Old Shekarry" is more than a mere executioner of wild beasts. If but half of his stories are true—and we believe every word of them—he is a sportsman of a very rare order. To first-rate marksmanship, undaunted resolution and endurance, he appears to unite great powers of organisation, and the faculty of attaching men and even animals to himself. Such characters in rougher times have become "hunters of men," and it is a great pity that even now they are not oftener employed on the "special services" of war. Meanwhile, the feats of our countrymen in far-off jungles and on untrodden mountains are not without their influence in supporting that *prestige* which forms the outworks of national power.

These reminiscences range over the Deccan, Southern India, and Circassia, and conclude with some "Practical Hints on Firearms and their Use." A greater variety of sporting experiences has probably never fallen to the lot of anyone, and the invariable good fortune of the author seems

to be of a piece with the "*fortuna populi Romani*"—that success which attends on the old Roman virtues. His first lessons were taken under one "Walter," of whose memory ("for my friend sleeps his last under the shade of a giant forest-tree") the "Old Shekarry" always speaks with the deepest reverence. He was "well known as the most fearless hunter and unerring shot in a country pre-eminent for the excellence of its sportsmen." The first chapter contains the account of a day's deer-stalking under his guidance; the second, an admirable description of a hog-chase, in which, after all the rest of the field were tailed off, the author contends for the honour of the spear with N——, a celebrated hog-hunter. "Another moment and the point of my spear was among his bristles; a touch of the heel, a lift of the bridle, a Chifney rush, and the victory was won." The boar, however, charges, and missing his mark, rolls over N—— and his horse. After hurrying to the rescue, and despatching the "tusker," our hero returns to his friend. The scene which follows deserves to be quoted:

"I found him sitting on the ground, with his face buried in his hands, in great distress, for his horse was struggling in the agonies of death a few paces from him. The boar, in charging, had ripped up his belly, his tushes cutting like a knife, and the intestines, also much injured, were protruding from the wound. I saw at a glance that it was a hopeless case, and, tapping N—— on the shoulder, I gave a significant look to a small pistol that I always carried loaded in my belt on such occasions in case of accidents.

"He understood what was passing in my mind, walked up to his dying *serviteur*, and patted his neck. The poor animal, in spite of his agony, recognised his master, for he raised himself up partly from the ground, and rubbed his nose against his shoulder in a most affectionate manner. N—— kissed his forehead, and, passing his hand across his eyes rushed into the jungle, saying, 'Do not let him linger.' When his back was turned I placed the muzzle of my pistol to the suffering animal's temple, and pulled the trigger—a slight quiver of the body followed the report, and 'Bidgeley' was dead. N—— cut off some of the hair of his forelock and tail for a *souvenir*, I slung his saddle and bridle over Lall Babba's back, and we slowly retraced our way towards the tents."

Omitting the sketches of the "Old Shekarry's gang" of trackers and beaters, and the exploits of a Scotch doctor, who plays the part of Wilson in Lord Dufferin's amusing "Letters," the next campaign is against a formidable man-eating tiger. After following the trail over most difficult ground, the party came upon a hideous lair, fresh with traces of his last victim, before surprising whom "he seemed to have made the circuit of the village two or three times":

"This was evidently the hecatomb of the man-eater, for I counted from skulls and remains of half-eaten bodies, about twenty-three victims of both sexes, as we could see from their hair, clothes, broken bangles (armlets), and gold and silver ornaments belonging to native women."

Meanwhile the population of the whole neighbourhood had been mustered to a grand *battue*. Whatever may be said against a *battue* as a murderous and a mechanical process of destruction, demanding no strength, resource, or instinct on the part of anyone but the gamekeeper, it is a totally different proceeding where wild beasts are the game. A vast quantity of these, including several tigers, are driven into isolated jungles, and the surrounding grass is fired, when a tigress suddenly breaks cover and tears a horsekeeper to pieces.

"W—— was much affected at the death of his horsekeeper, for he had been in his service for some years, and had always proved himself a faithful servant. However, as nothing could be done, we retook our station in the line, and the *battue* was continued." The complete list of that day's bag was "two tigers and two cubs, three cheetahs and one cub, three bears and two cubs (one taken alive), five elk, four spotted deer, four pigs (four small squeakers taken alive), one porcupine, and one bull neilghau—total, 32 head of game.

"When we came near our camp the procession was reformed; my gang and some of the Sepoys amused themselves by dancing in front of the dead tigers, before which our guns were carried decked out with flowers, and singing an extemporary song, the burden of which was something to this effect: 'That great and gallant deeds had been performed that day; that four tigers of burnt fathers having eaten dirt, and the brave and generous gentlemen being satisfied with their day's sport, plenty of bucksheesh and inan (rewards and presents) would as a matter of course, fall to the lot of their well-wishing followers, whose mouths were watering and stomachs panting with the thoughts of how they would be filled by the sheep which the well-known charitable and generously-minded gentlemen would certainly distribute.' The chorus being taken up by the whole party, was something deafening."

Still the man-eater remained at large, and the glory of vanquishing him in single combat was reserved for the "Old Shekarry" himself. Knowing that several post-runners had been carried off by the monster near a particular bend of the road, the author, disregarding the protestations of his gang, provides himself with the jingling rattle of a post-runner and proceeds slowly down the road:

"While ascending the opposite side of the ravine I heard a slight noise like the cracking of a dry leaf; I paused, and, turning to the left, fronted the spot whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way towards me; then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something twitching backwards and forwards behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared. I stepped back a couple of paces, in order to get a better view, which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing. I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for another spring, and when the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his

death agony, for my shot had entered the neck and gone downwards into his chest. I stepped on one side and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when dark blood rushed from his nostrils, a slight tremor passed over all his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead, and his victims avenged."

These personal encounters with wild animals are really the characteristic feature of the volume, and the reader at last takes it as a matter of course that the narrator should "suddenly come face to face upon an immense tiger;" or, after firing at one from an ambuscade dug in the ground, should see the beast leap clean over his head and fall crashing into the bushes behind him. We extract two specimens of hair-breadth escapes such as Van Amburgh might have envied. The first was a *rencontre* with "a huge female bear," rushing down a nullah:—

"I was directly in her path, and, with a roar, she made right at me; I let drive at her head with my only barrel that had not been discharged, but it failed to stop her, and she had knocked me down and was on me in the twinkling of an eye.

"The slope of the hill was steep, and we both of us rolled over and over several times. I was almost breathless, when Googooloo rushed on her with his billhook and endeavoured to attract her attention. Luckily she could not bite at all, as my shot had smashed her snout and lower jaw to pieces; but she kept me locked in her embrace, and squeezed me more roughly than affectionately.

"My head was well protected with a bison-skin cap; and getting a tight grasp of her fur on each side, with my arms underneath hers, so that she could not do me much injury with her claws, I regularly wrestled with her for some time; and, although I brought my science to play, and threw her on her back several times 'by giving her the leg,' she never let go her hug, and I was almost suffocated with the quantity of blood and froth that came from her wound and covered my face, beard, and chest.

"Googooloo made frantic hits at her from time to time with his billhook (the only weapon he had, having lent D—— his knife), but I ordered him to desist, as his blows did not appear to do the bear much harm, and I was afraid of catching one. At last Bruin appeared to be getting weaker, and I saw her wounds and loss of blood were telling; and after a little trouble I managed to draw my knife, and drove it up to the hilt in her body under the armpits. She gave me an ugly hug, and fell over on her side, pulling me with her. It was her last effort, and I picked myself up quite out of puff, but not much injured, having only received a slight claw on the loins and another rather more severe on the instep. I drew my pistol, which I could not manage to get at before, to give her a settler, but it was not required—the game was over, my antagonist was dead."

The other was in a similar situation, but the antagonist was an elephant which was struck by a "shot four inches too low. It failed to stop him, and before I could get out of the way, the huge brute was on me; I saw something dark pass over me, felt a severe blow, and found myself whizzing through the air; then all was oblivion." While the author was lying

stunned and bleeding, the elephant turned upon Googooloo, who escaped by swinging himself up by the hanging branch of a tree:

"The elephant, balked of his victim, rushed wildly backwards and forwards two or three times, as if searching for him, and then, with a hoarse scream of disappointment, came tearing down the bed of the nullah. I was directly in his path, and powerless to get out of the way. A moment more and I saw that I was perceived, for down he charged on me with a fiendish roar of vengeance. With difficulty I raised my rifle, and, taking a steady aim between his eyes, pulled the trigger—it was my only chance. When the smoke cleared away, I perceived a mighty mass lying close to me. At last I had conquered. Soon after this I must have sunk in a swoon, for I hardly remember anything until I found myself lying in my hut, and B—— leaning over me."

One cannot help admiring the adroitness with which this accomplished strategist shifts his tactics. Once he creeps up behind an elephant and disables him from charging by firing two barrels up his raised leg; at another time he shoots an enormous fish with a ramrod, having a log-line attached to it. Now he awaits and drops, at six paces' distance, a bull-bison, much larger than the one which now stands in the Strand as a trophy of Mr. Berkeley's prowess, being nineteen hands high at the shoulder; now he stabs to death a wild bull, sixteen hands high, which has just capsized himself and his horse.

A tigress strikes down "poor Ali, who, notwithstanding my orders, had separated himself from the rest. Although I felt I was too late to save him, I determined he should be amply revenged," and accordingly the infuriated animal is despatched with a single shot. K—— is chased by an elephant, and "would have had no chance if he had not been able to dodge him by running round trees. I could not, for the moment, get a fair shot at any vulnerable part; but, seeing that the elephant had got so near that he could almost have reached him with his trunk, I let drive a double shot at his ear, and brought him to his knees, which gave K—— time to clamber up into a tree. It was a very near touch, for he was breathless, and another few seconds would have seen him trampled under foot; as it was, I was able to despatch the tusker with my second gun, which Googooloo handed me just as he began to recover himself and was getting on his knees."

We have no space for the death-scenes of the Neilgherry tiger and the Circassian bear, though among the most spirited descriptions in the volume, or for the *ruse* by which he turns the superstitions of his followers to account in overcoming the dread of the malaria on the Anamulai Mountains. Nothing seems to come amiss to him. If he loses his game over a precipice, he submits to be dangled down by a rope till he reaches the ledge on which it is lying. If his baggage-pony is carried off by Circassian banditti, he overtakes them while their trail is yet fresh, recovers the stolen goods by a *coup de main*, brands his prisoners with a heated horse-

shoe, and turns them adrift into the forest. The ascent of the El-Bruz, which follows, deserves the attention of the Alpine Club, especially as the higher summit was after all left unscaled, being cut off, like the peak of Chimborazo, from the accessible side by an impassable chasm.

Most pursuits, ardently followed out, contain in themselves the elements of an education. The "Old Shekarry" writes like a man whose character owes much to forest-life. A sincere devotion to his art elevates him into a kind of troubadour of hunting crusades; gives true eloquence to his pictures of forest-scenery, and no mean grace to the improvisoed songs with which he was wont to beguile the evenings after a day's sport. The associations of the tournament predominate over those of the shambles. We can forgive a little egotism, a little unnecessary dialogue, and a little Byronic affectation, for the sake of the great literary merits of the work. It shows us what the life of Mr. Assheton Smith confirms, that a consummate sportsman is made of no ordinary stuff. But it presumes, as a condition of success, a degree of labour and patience amounting almost to self-sacrifice. "M. Jules Gérard spent upwards of *six hundred nights* in the forest before he killed his twenty-sixth lion." The "Old Shekarry" himself was engaged for days together under an Indian sun in following some one quarry, resolutely abstaining from all inferior game. In the valuable hints on rifle-shooting which close the volume he betrays no leaning to short cuts and empirical expedients. "Constant practice," "intense study," and close attention to the regulation system of instruction, are the only secrets of his method. At the same time he declares for the breech-loading principle, and the reasons by which he justifies this preference in the case of fowling-pieces (pp. 488-96) seem to us unanswerable. The man who can knock over an ibex at 400 yards, and meets the fiercest animals single-handed and on foot, has a right to speak on these points.

The "Old Shekarry" represents a class of men with which a country that owns a hundred colonies cannot afford to dispense. The race of "mighty hunters" is not extinct; their descendants are the pioneers of many an enterprise of commercial or scientific discovery. Nor is the most ancient of human occupations robbed of its dignity when it is associated with the tastes of a scholar and the feelings of a gentleman.

"MORNING POST," 10*th April*, 1865.

## THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE OLD WORLD.

For descriptions of wild life and hunting adventures, "The Old Shekarry" has earned a reputation equal to that which for very many years he has enjoyed as one of the best of shots, the most chivalrous of sportsmen, the most daring of riders, and the most genial of companions. His modesty in handling the "gray goose quill," which he says is a more unwieldly instrument in his hands than "the rifle," however becoming, is not to be relied upon, for nothing can be more graphic—more intensely exciting than his writings. Whether describing "a header" into a nullah, or the sublime scenery of the regions of eternal snow, the same fluent yet powerful style of writing is conspicuous. It is, therefore, necessary to decline accepting his own judgment as to his literary qualifications. To the English public the name of "The Old Shekarry" (sportsman) is perhaps not so familiar, but from one end of India to the other there is not a man who is worth his salt in the pigskin, or who has beaten a patch of jungle, that does not look upon him as an old and valued friend. It will be a source of great gratification to aspiring Nimrods to know that the author has described every kind of shooting to be met with from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas; thus making the work a complete guide for the Indian sportsman. He has also included in it accounts of various expeditions to Cashmere, Thibet, and Circassia; and in these days of steam and rail, he hints that it is an easy matter for the lover of the picturesque, instead of forming one of that horde of sight-seers annually discharged on the Continent, to take his lounge one afternoon in Rotten Row, and that day fortnight to find himself sipping coffee in the midst of a circle of mountaineers in one of the romantic gorges of the Caucasus, where a man's worth is not estimated by the length of his pocket, but according to the gifts bestowed upon him by nature, and the manner in which he makes use of them. As "The Old Shekarry" writes, the pleasing recollections of the past come crowding upon him, the memory of friends who have bearded the tiger in his lair, who have tracked the mighty elephant to his haunt in the pathless forest, or pursued the watchful ibex from crag to crag, over precipices, chasms, and ledges of rock. All those, in short, who have been his companions during his eventful life he mentions with an affection, which makes his reader feel that he is pursuing the journal not of a sportsman only but of a generous, kind-hearted English gentleman. It is delightful to find such genuine feeling, such true nobility,

more especially when as a rule, sportsmen's narratives are egotistical and self-laudatory in the extreme. Thus he writes:—

"There are times when the past comes before me with sadly painful distinctness, and my heart yearns to return once more to that land where I have passed the happiest years of my life; and to revisit those scenes which are engraven in my memory in strong and ineffaceable colours, although I know that my merry companions are gone, and that their places are occupied by strangers."

Even his faithful dogs, his horses, and his rifles are thought of with affectionate remembrance, and to them rather than to himself he ascribes all the honours that he has won. Not often is such a purely unselfish narrative of noble deeds given to the world. It accounts for the extraordinary popularity of "The Old Sportsman" throughout British India, and the delight with which any "kubber" of him is hailed in that country. The present work is entirely confined to the hunting-grounds of the Old World, or Asia; but the author proposes, in a second series, giving some account of five exploring expeditions to different parts of Africa, he having hunted all over the country between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers on the east coast; in Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, the confines of the Sahara, and more recently on the west coast of equatorial Africa. But perhaps the most important fact to notice is a trip he proposes undertaking when he recovers from severe wounds received whilst on active service against the disaffected tribes near Lagos. He intends traversing the continent of Africa by starting from the Bights of Benin, and working up in a north-easterly direction towards the regions lately explored by Captains Burton, Speke, and Grant. The chief object of this expedition will be to determine whether the Victoria Nyanza Lake itself is the source of the Nile, or whether a large river, (yet undiscovered) does not flow through the lake, in the same manner that the Rhône traverses the Lake of Geneva. The same generous feeling characterises "The Old Shekarry," as he writes about what he yet hopes to accomplish. His object is not to strip the late gallant explorer of one tittle of the honour gained by him; on the contrary, he says:—

"I shall have certain advantages that my friend the late Captain Speke had not—namely, the safeguard of a gang of sturdy, well-tried followers."

He concludes with the following characteristic remark:—

"Speke, Jules Gérard, and Baikie have gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns; still there are other volunteers panting with hope, who are ready to face the same dangers and undergo the same arduous privations in the furtherance of scientific research."

Of one thing there can be little doubt, with such an experienced Shekarry, so able a writer, and so courageous an explorer as the author of the present volume, the reading public may look forward to another book of adventure as entertaining and as valuable as the one under notice, even though his proposed travels should leave the mystery of the Nile unsolved.

The third part of this work contains a treatise upon firearms, and "thirty reasons for preferring breech-loaders." It is so important that it deserves to be printed in pamphlet form for the use of those who may not have an opportunity of reading the book itself. The author attributes the sad issue of the late Danish campaign entirely to the antiquated weapons which they used. He writes:—

"I was present during the latter part of this campaign, and am of opinion that the principal cause why the gallant Danes had to abandon position after position and finally to succumb, was not so much on account of overpowering numbers of the invaders, but chiefly because of the great superiority of the German breech-loading needle-rifle over the inferior muskets with which the sturdy defenders of the soil were armed, and the great advantage the allied armies had in modern artillery of long range and heavy calibre."

The last chapter contains "Practical Hints on the use of the Rifle," which is equally valuable both to sportsmen and volunteers; while the entire work is so excellent that it cannot fail to become a standard authority.

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"BELL'S LIFE," *3rd June*, 1860.

There is a general impression among the reading public that a work almost entirely devoted to sporting, more especially to the actual narration of sporting events which have occurred in the experience of one individual, must be, to a certain extent, a monotonous chronicle of carnage; and this impression is justified by the majority of works on the subject. But, as there is no rule without exception, the minority do from time to time vindicate, and most pleasantly so, the perfect feasibility of this material, in itself at the time so interesting to everybody taking part in it, being made almost equally interesting to those who have not; and our author in his present work has assuredly well entitled himself to be ranked high among that glorious minority.

His qualifications being, however, first, true sportsmanship, with its

indispensable attribute, great powers of observation, combined with, secondly, an easy, graceful, and gentlemanlike faculty of expressing his ideas, must have gone far towards making his task feasible (we will not detract from his merits, looking, moreover, at the numbers who have tried and failed in the same line, by saying an easy one); but when we add to the other qualifications, thirdly, the power of illustrating by his own spirited pencil the most stirring incidents which he has met with in flood and field, possessed by "The Old Shekarry," we may fairly wonder the less at his success. As in true sportsmanship must be included, as the principal ingredient, humanity, the charge of chronicling butchery, page after page, is disposed of at once; and as an easy and graceful style of writing presupposes a considerable degree of humour and pleasantry, we find matter of fact in this volume quite free from monotony; and as in the sporting events marked by the finger-post of plates, of which the only complaint can be that they are not more numerous, the interest of every reader must be well supported, especially when the softer feelings are appealed to by such descriptions as that of the death of the hog-hunter's horse, Bidgeley; so in the intermediate spaces—such as the stories of the Scotch Indian, who paves the way to getting the Begum to treat our sportsman with a nautch by dosing her well beforehand with stiff gin-and-water, with all the attendant incidents of this Caledonian Machiavelli's interview with her highness—the readers, whether sportsmen or not, will be difficult to amuse if they fail to be tickled by such passages as that just referred to.

Modesty, also another attribute of the real sportsman, shows itself throughout, in the grateful manner in which "H. A. L." acknowledges the services and assistance rendered him by his native attendants, whose attachment to him speaks volumes, both for the kindness which conciliated them, and the good management which kept them up to their ardour and discipline, without his having otherwise to boast of his own deeds to secure these most necessary points for a successful foray against the wild animals of the jungles.

Another very pleasing feature in this book is the circumstance that, wherever much game was killed at once, it seems to have been, not for the mere purpose of collecting trophies, except in the case of ivory, but for the support of his followers and the native tribes who accompanied them, or for the absolute preservation of human life; as also the fact that the most noble of beasts—the elephant—can be, by *good shooting, and a proper knowledge of the point at which to aim*, put to death without the awful cannonading, and consequently protracted misery to the majestic victim, which less skilful hunters have had to employ, and thus given their readers the painful, though we are heartily glad to find *false*, impression that it

was unavoidable to inflict an awful amount of suffering before bringing to bay the grandest quarry that the animal kingdom affords to the hunter.

With these hurried remarks, which want of space alone prevents our adding largely to, we leave the work with the greatest confidence to the reading world in general, and in particular to that portion of it who are smitten with the *ardor venaticus*, as the most interesting, as well as instructive, production of the kind which has appeared since the days of the immortal Nimrod.

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"SATURDAY REVIEW," *June 16th*, 1860.

"H. A. L.'s" book is exceedingly amusing, and its blemishes are very few and very pardonable.

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"THE ATHENÆUM," *September* 1, 1860.

The "Old Shekarry" not only leads us through the great forests of the south of India, and over the plains of the Deccan, but presents us with other multiform experiences; wandering now into the mountains of Circassia, and now to the African plains. The "Old Shekarry" has many things to tell us which have no smack of the shambles in them. In one of his forest rambles he encountered specimens of the wild races who live in trees, deep in the recesses of the mighty Indian jungles, and who seem to have nothing human but the name of man.

After a life of adventure in the far East, it is no wonder that our Author sought in the Crimea a renewal of excitement. When pale peace again made its unwelcome appearance, he betook himself once more to the hunting-grounds; and, wandering into Circassia, adventured the ascent of the giant mountain El-Bruz.

The reader will pass with satisfaction to a very sensible chapter on breech-loaders and rifle practice, with which the work concludes. On such a subject, the authority of such a writer is great; and we are glad to have our own opinion confirmed as to the superiority of the new weapons, and the breech-loading improvement generally. For the rest, the volunteer may glean some useful hints from a writer who speaks of Hythe with more than Hythe experience.

"THE OBSERVER," *May* 28, 1860.

The Author of this work describes himself as "a wanderer over many lands;" and, it may be added, that he is also a "mighty hunter." The volume is a pleasing record of feats of daring and dexterity in the pursuit of wild animals, and will well repay perusal on the part of all lovers of field-sports on a large scale.

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"THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE," *August*, 1860.

We should recommend our modern Nimrods, if they wish for real excitement, to pack up their traps, take the overland route, and try their hands at drawing the noble game inhabiting the jungles of India. There they will have hunting worthy of their great prototype, Nimrod the First, and to which hare or fox hunting is child's-play, and a steeplechase a senseless pursuit of a broken neck.

First of all, however, let him get the "Old Shekarry's" work, and read it carefully, weighing well the dangers of the enterprise, or they may find their courage fail them when the pinch comes.

This most interesting work is full of such incidents; changing the game from tigers to elephants, bears, bisons, deer, elks, wild boars, panthers, and other smaller game, with a variety of anecdotes, illustrative both of high and low life in India, Circassia, and Algeria, for our Nimrod has also paid these countries a sporting visit. We cannot go into particulars, but can honestly recommend the book to all true lovers of field-sports, as a genuine and interesting work on a subject that has hitherto only been touched on by travellers in the countries to which it refers.

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"THE ERA."

No sportsman can read this work without considerable profit; and every one will be struck with the sound truthfulness of this mighty hunter's descriptions of the wild denizens of the forest, and the piquant pictures he draws of "the pleasures of the pathless woods."

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"THE REVIEW," *June* 9, 1860.

An agreeable surprise will await the reader, who, not being addicted to field-sports, may chance to open the volume of which we now propose to enter upon a critical notice, and which, though faithful to the promise implied in its title, abounds in stirring adventures of the chase; appeals largely, also, to a wide range of tastes; and embraces within its contents a varied fund of interest and information.

Thus in the three fields of sporting activity to which the Author introduces us—India, Circassia, and Algeria,—not content with a bare narrative of his marvellous exploits with gun or spear, he often expatiates on striking descriptions of the beauties of nature, or sketches the manners and habits of wild races of men, which he diversifies again with descriptions of towns, and of the softer pleasures there in vogue; paints the voluptuous allurements of oriental life; delineates the grandeur and the grace of the ancient architecture in those interesting regions; and interweaves all that can captivate the fancy or instruct the mind, into his discursive story. There are traits of humour, also, for the reader intent an amusement; tragic incident and tale for more serious dispositions; and poetry both gay and pathetic for the refined admirer of the muse.

It is among the mountain heights, however, and the immemorial forests that our author, though nothing comes amiss to him, is most at home; and he communicates his experience of the sublimities and beauties of landscape scenery with a freshness and vigour that speak his keen sense of enjoyment and ardent sympathies with the glories of creation. Imagination, taste, and sentiment largely pervade the whole composition. As for the sporting performances related in the work, they are truly astonishing, and fill the mind with horror by the perilous character that they assume. Who does not feel an uneasy sensation as he accompanies our author to the tiger's lair, strewed thick with the remains of mutilated victims, with human bones, and the trinkets of the native women devoured by the wild beast? What heart is not turned in its beat, as the same fearless sportsman is hugged by a bear; or, as he dangles by a silken rope, in his descent of the yawning precipice, to recover from a ledge of rock the ibex that he has killed with his unerring rifle. These and the like exciting events are powerfully told, and will arrest the attention of the least inquisitive.

The chase is, indeed, the image of war, when the most ferocious of the animal tribes constitute the game, and the perpendicular height is to be scaled, or the foaming torrent crossed, in quest of the noble sport. There is need for circumspection at every step, when the slightest error or oversight may be irremediable and fatal; and the discipline of mind and body

cannot but be of the most salutary character, when vigilance, caution, fertility of resource, coolness, and courage are all required to circumvent and conquer the wary and formidable monsters, against whom the brute strength of man is wholly unavailing. It is a real war that is to be waged with an enemy worthy of human prowess, and taxing some of the finest qualities to the utmost. What better school can be found for the soldier to practise during peace—the stratagems and arts of war? And what is more likely to sharpen his courage and confidence, on which at such a time must be his main reliance? Add to these exciting pursuits a practical knowledge of military evolutions and tactics, and a proper sense of subordination to authority, and the elements most indispensable to a soldier will be complete.

The practical part of the work which gives rise to these comments is also calculated to be extremely useful, and must not pass without notice. Here the sportsman will find rules as to dress and baggage, and vehicles and beasts of burden, and general accoutrements and utensils, as to provisions and ammunition, and, above all, as to weapons, which will be eminently serviceable to him in taking the field amidst the primæval forests and pathless mountains, where auxiliary or extraneous assistance is out of the question, and a man must depend upon his own forethought and ingenuity to avoid or to extricate himself from the numerous accidents that beset him in his adventurous course. The volume is concluded by a clear, vigorous, and interesting treatise of a theoretical and practical nature, on muzzle-loading and breech-loading arms, and rifle-shooting, with remarks on uniform, the whole of which deserves the earnest attention, not only of the sportsman but of the professional soldier and the volunteer.

As our author is of a very observing turn of mind, he frequently describes the appearance and dimensions, and likewise the habits of the animals that he kills, and indulges in graphic sketches of the trees and vegetation of the tropics, so that the lover of natural history will be gratified, not, indeed, with a profound, but a popular and pleasing account of animal and vegetable life. In general, it is in quest of game that our author explores the picturesque grandeur or beauty of primitive nature; but sometimes the thirst of daring enterprise, and the admiration of towering mountains, leads him far above the haunts of bird or beast, to regions in which the awful glacier, resplendent with rainbow colours, opens its treacherous chasms, and the thunder of the avalanche makes sublime and appalling music, amidst the toppling crags and the precipitous rocks. The Caucasus is the scene of this exploit, and El-Bruz the mountain which, at imminent risk, and with the actual loss, in returning, of one of his attendants, our author ascends.

It is a book of sports and a book of travels in one—of sports the most noble and useful, because they are directed chiefly against the most destructive of animals; and of travels the most interesting, because the delineation of the objects of nature and art is interspersed with "hair-breadth escapes" and the most alarming personal dangers.

At a future day we purpose to return to the volume before us, which, let us not omit to add, is in point of paper and typography well worthy of its agreeable contents, and is illustrated by a series of tinted lithographs that bring before the eye our daring sportsman's encounters with wild beasts. The frontispiece (from a photograph), and its duplicate representation in gilt on the binding of the book, are very appropriate, as the open jaws of the tiger symbolise a principal topic of the work; and interior and exterior are calculated to render it an ornament to any library.

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"BAILY'S MAGAZINE," *November*, 1865.

## THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE OLD WORLD.

The Old Shekarry has long been known as one of the best of shots, the boldest of riders, and the most daring of sportsmen; but it is not in the chase alone that his manhood has been proved, for the *numerous* honours he bears upon his breast attest that his spurs have been won upon other fields. Besides his conflicts with the fiercest denizens of the forest in their own tangled haunts, he can tell of many a red field gained in distant lands against fearful odds. Besides having shared in the exhilarating emotions that succeed a hard-won victory, he can tell, of his own experience, "of the panting thirst which scorches in the breath," when the soldier lies upon the field, stricken nigh to death, for he has *four times* been amongst the "severely wounded."

As a sportsman, his fame is pre-eminent; for in India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, throughout Thibet, Tartary, Kashmere, and Circassia, the oldest and mightiest of hunters still look up to him as their master in "forest-lore." Those venturesome spirits who have followed in his footsteps—and they are many—"good men and true," not only bear testimony as to the fidelity and truth of his vivid descriptions of forest-life, but they one and all confirm his marvellous exploits with the gun and spear which are so modestly, yet so graphically, delineated in this work. The

Old Shekarry's name is still a pass-word amidst tribes of savages far beyond the most advanced outposts of civilisation; and passing travellers say they constantly hear him spoken of in terms of the deepest affection and regard. His favourite haunts and bivouacs in the forest, and the scenes of many a wild adventure, are still remembered and pointed out, whilst his daring achievements form the subject of many a spirit-stirring tale told round the hunter's fire.

Besides being the mightiest hunter of his day, the Old Shekarry may well claim to be one of the greatest of modern travellers, for the crack of his deadly rifle has been heard in almost every quarter of the globe; and for the last twenty years we have been constantly reminded of his wanderings, either by some piquant description of adventure amongst strange people, or by an equally graphic sketch of some out-of-the-way place. For instance, *the last number of the "Illustrated London News"* contained an engraving from one of his drawings (Fernando Po), *and this morning in the papers* relating to the imprisonment of British subjects in Abyssinia just presented to the House of Commons by command of Her Majesty, I find he has offered his services to Earl Russell for the purpose of negociating the release of Captain Cameron, Her Majesty's Consul, and the other persons now in confinement in that country. Although only lately returned from the West Coast of Africa (where he was severely wounded by an iron projectile in the head during a desperate skirmish against savage hordes near Lagos), we find him again proffering his services in a perilous enterprise for the purpose of delivering a brother officer from an ignominious captivity. Were the noble Earl to search the country through, nowhere would he find a man more likely to succeed in such a mission than the Old Shekarry. A good oriental linguist, and acquainted with the habits of the people, accustomed to depend upon himself and his own tact, of undaunted resolution, and indefatigable in expedients, he would find no difficulty in making his way to Gondar, either *vid* Adulis or Massowah, and would succeed with King Theodoros, if it were within the bounds of possibility. Whatever the intentions of the Government may be, it is imperative that energetic measures be at once taken in this matter, as it is a disgrace to the country that the representative of Her Majesty should be allowed to linger in chains without the most strenuous efforts being made to deliver him.

For descriptions of forest-life and hunting adventures, the Old Shekarry is unrivalled, and his book teems with interesting matter. Whether describing the beauties of nature, the manners of wild races of men, the habits of the most ferocious of animals, the voluptuous allurements of Oriental life, or the fascinations of his forest home, the same fluent yet powerful

style of writing is conspicuous. Our author must be of a very observing turn of mind, for nothing escapes his notice, and he interweaves in his discursive story all that can instruct the mind, or captivate the fancy. It is among the mountain heights, however, and in the "deep jungle," that our author, though nothing comes amiss to him, is most at home.

The affectionate manner in which our author ever speaks of his comrades shows the strong brotherhood that exists among real sportsmen. With genuine good feeling he conspicuously brings forward their doings, and without a spark of jealousy extols their achievements. His gang, whom he ever treated like a family of children, were devoted to him, and their invariable steadiness in the hour of peril shows the ascendency that a master-mind may acquire over the common herd. His unvaried kindness gained their love and fidelity, whilst his dauntless bearing won their unlimited confidence. Googooloo, his most celebrated teacher, whom he describes as having "the eye of a hawk, the ear of a hare, and the nose of hound," would coolly stand by his master's side with a second gun, and watch with indifference the charge of a wounded tiger or the rush of an infuriated elephant, never deeming it possible that the nerves could fail or the grooved bore prove false. To the assistance rendered him by his native attendants, H. A. L. attributes much of his success in large-game hunting, but he ever speaks modestly of his own deeds, and he often ascribes the honours he attained to the instinct of his faithful dog, the sagacity of his noble horse, or the extraordinary powers of his unerring rifle, rather than to himself. No one, however, could read his work without feeling convinced that the author is not only a sportsman of the highest order, and a most observant explorer, but also that it is the truthful, unvarnished narrative of a gallant soldier, an accomplished scholar, and a true-hearted English gentleman.

To the third edition has been added 240 pages of entirely new matter, and the work is now a complete guide for the Indian sportsman, containing practical information on every kind of hunting to be met with in Asia. The third part consists of a treatise upon fire-arms, and thirty reasons for preferring breech-loaders, the Old Shekarry having been the first to introduce this system to the English sporting world. The last Chapter, entitled "Practical Hints on the Use of the Rifle," contains information equally valuable both to sportsmen and military men. In the Preface of the present work, which is confined entirely to the hunting-grounds of Asia, the Author proposes, in a second series, to give some account of *five* exploring expeditions to different parts of Africa, he having hunted all over the country between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers on the East Coast, in Tunis, Algeria, and more recently on the West Coast of Equatorial Africa. He

also contemplates making one more exploring trip, and purposes traversing the continent of Africa, by starting from the Bight of Benin, and working up in a north-easterly direction towards the regions lately explored by Captains Burton and Speke. The chief object of this expedition will be to determine whether the Victoria-Nyanza lake is itself the source of the Nile, or whether a large river (yet undiscovered) does not flow through the lake in the same manner that the Rhone traverses the Lake of Geneva. Whether the Old Shekarry succeeds in solving the mystery of the Nile or not, the reading public may look forward to another book of adventure as entertaining and as valuable as the one under notice, which ought to hold a prominent place in every sportsman's library.

# THE CAMP FIRE.

BY

## H. A. L., "THE OLD SHEKARRY."

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"THE MORNING POST," *January* 3, 1867.

## THE CAMP FIRE.

By H. A. L., "THE OLD SHEKARRY."

THE "Old Shekarry" once more emerges from his retirement, and gives to his former comrades another literary keepsake—a keepsake, too, that will be treasured for many a long year to come for its genuine simplicity and unaffected pathos. In the "Hunting Grounds of the Old World" H. A. L. recorded his adventures by "flood and field:" he climbed the gigantic Himalayan snow-peaks with his reader, and pointed out to him, in language full of poetry, the sublimity and awful grandeur of that most magnificent of Nature's pictures; he took him by the hand and led him through the jungly malarious swamps of the Terai, and showed him the tiger in his lair with the mangled bones of his victims strewed around; he mounted him on a swift Arab and took him, spear in hand, scouring helter-skelter across velvety maidans, over nullahs, and into mango topes after "a rattling tusker;" in fact the old sportsman showed what Indian wild life really was, and his volume was received by "travelled" and "untravelled" with equal appreciation. In the book now under notice, however, he depicts camp-life under different circumstances. The wild beasts of the jungle were his foes then; now he stands face to face with enemies of his own species. The volume is a collection of songs written at different periods during the Rus-

sian war, when old friends and comrades used to meet nightly in each other's tents, or round the camp fire, and everyone was expected to sing when his turn came round. It would be manifestly unfair, therefore, to view these fragments by any high poetical standard. The poem of "Inkermann," written whilst the author was confined to his hospital bed from severe wounds received at that battle, is a very fine piece of rough descriptive painting, and its object is to show the incomparable conduct of the British soldier in one of the most sanguinary hand-to-hand fights in which our arms were ever engaged. The poem is accompanied with some very elaborate notes concerning the battle, and, setting the poetry altogether aside, these notes by themselves would deserve the very highest commendation.

The noble-hearted soldier, the true sportsman, the perfect gentleman, are depicted in every sentence. Whilst the subject of how we are to recruit our army is occupying the attention of some of the wisest and most practical men of the day, the following verses, the last that appear in this welcome volume, should not be lost sight of. The "Old Shekarry," no doubt, desires to serve those comrades of the camp fire occupying a lower social position than himself. He thus concludes his book:—

"Fame is but a fleeting shadow,
Glory but an empty name;
Spite of all that I have gone through,
'Tis, I find, a losing game.

"Without interest, without money,
Nothing can a soldier gain;
Though he be the sole survivor
Of a host of comrades slain.

"What avail these glitt'ring honours,
Which a Queen laid on my breast?
Though I've sought them from my childhood:
Would I'd fallen with the rest.

"Then my heart had not been broken,
Life had fled without a sigh;
Hunger presses—I am fainting—
Ought a soldier thus to die?"

It only remains to be added that this last work of the "Old Shekarry" is a worthy companion to his former literary labours, and that it is a volume which every soldier, every sportsman, and every Englishman will most cordially welcome.

"THE FIELD."

## THE CAMP FIRE.

By H. A. L., "THE OLD SHEKARRY," Author of "The Hunting Grounds of the Old World."

This is a volume of songs and poems by H. A. L., who is better known by his exploits in flood and field than by his poetry. But in this case war and the rifle are laid aside, and the softer sport of the muses is followed, and with some success. Most of the songs, he says, were written at different periods during the Russian war, when old friends and comrades used to meet nightly in each other's tents, or round the camp fire, and everyone was expected to sing when his turn came round. The poem of "Inkermann" was written when the author was confined to his couch from severe wounds received at that battle, and when, having but few books and no other means of amusement, time, as may be supposed, hung heavily on his hands. No doubt such a task served to pass away many dull and weary hours, and, besides proving a solace and recreation during a long and irksome confinement, it also served to act as a sedative against continual pain, and prevented the mind from dwelling upon those heart-rending death-scenes that of necessity were continually taking place in a crowded military hospital. The poem of "Inkermann" is divided into four parts; it gives a very graphic idea of that great battle, and we notice some very heart-stirring and warlike stanzas in its course. The miscellaneous poems, the "Bashi-Bazouk" and the "Alarm in Camp" especially, have in them plenty of that vigour and fire with which we are well acquainted in the author's hunting sketches, and are far above the average in these things.

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"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," *December 1st*, 1866.

## THE CAMP FIRE.

By H. A. L., "THE OLD SHEKARRY."

The gallant author of this volume of poems is well known, both personally and in his literary character, as the hero and historian of many remarkable exploits in warfare and in the chase of wild beasts, whether in Central India or in the valleys of the Himalaya ranges, or in Asiatic Turkey,

or in the forests and on the swampy shores of Western Africa, where he has seen much arduous military service and much adventurous sport. These poetical effusions, written during the campaign in the Crimea, partly to amuse the comrades with whom he nightly sat before "the camp fire," and partly to solace himself while he lay severely wounded in the hospital at Scutari, possesses the interest of reality and a tone of ardent martial enthusiasm which may compensate for their want of literary finish. The principal composition is a spirited narrative of the Battle of Inkermann. The cavalry charge at Balaclava is no less worthily sung; and full justice is done to the valour of the Turkish contingent elsewhere.

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"UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE," *November 24th*, 1866.

## THE CAMP FIRE.

By "THE OLD SHEKARRY."

It would be almost sufficient recommendation for a book to say that it was written by the "Old Shekarry," whose previous works have attained so well deserved a popularity. But we shall go further, and press this little volume on our readers, on its own account. It is a genuine contribution to soldiers' literature, and will be welcome in every military library. The most ambitious poem, "Inkermann," is full of fire and elevated description, which has the further merit of being as accurate as it is glowing; but we could have wished that the author, whilst doing justice to the brave resistance of the Guards in the Sandbag Battery, had not forgotten that they were at last rescued from their perilous position by the gallant charge of the 20th of the Line. It would not take a single leaf from the Guards, laurel-wreath, if full justice was done to the gallant comrades who so bravely stood by them on that day of carnage. One of the minor poems, "Balaclava," is well worthy of perusal. We turned with curiosity and some fear to a poem going over the same ground as the immortal "Charge of the Six Hundred," but we were agreeably surprised to see the theme treated in a perfectly distinct and original manner. Comparisons, as Mrs. Malaprop says, are "odoriferous, but in this case the "Old Shekarry" need fear nothing. He has written like a soldier of one of the greatest deeds of daring ever performed by British or any other soldiers, and soldiers' hearts will throb with sympathy as they repeat his trumpet-tongued stanzas.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016